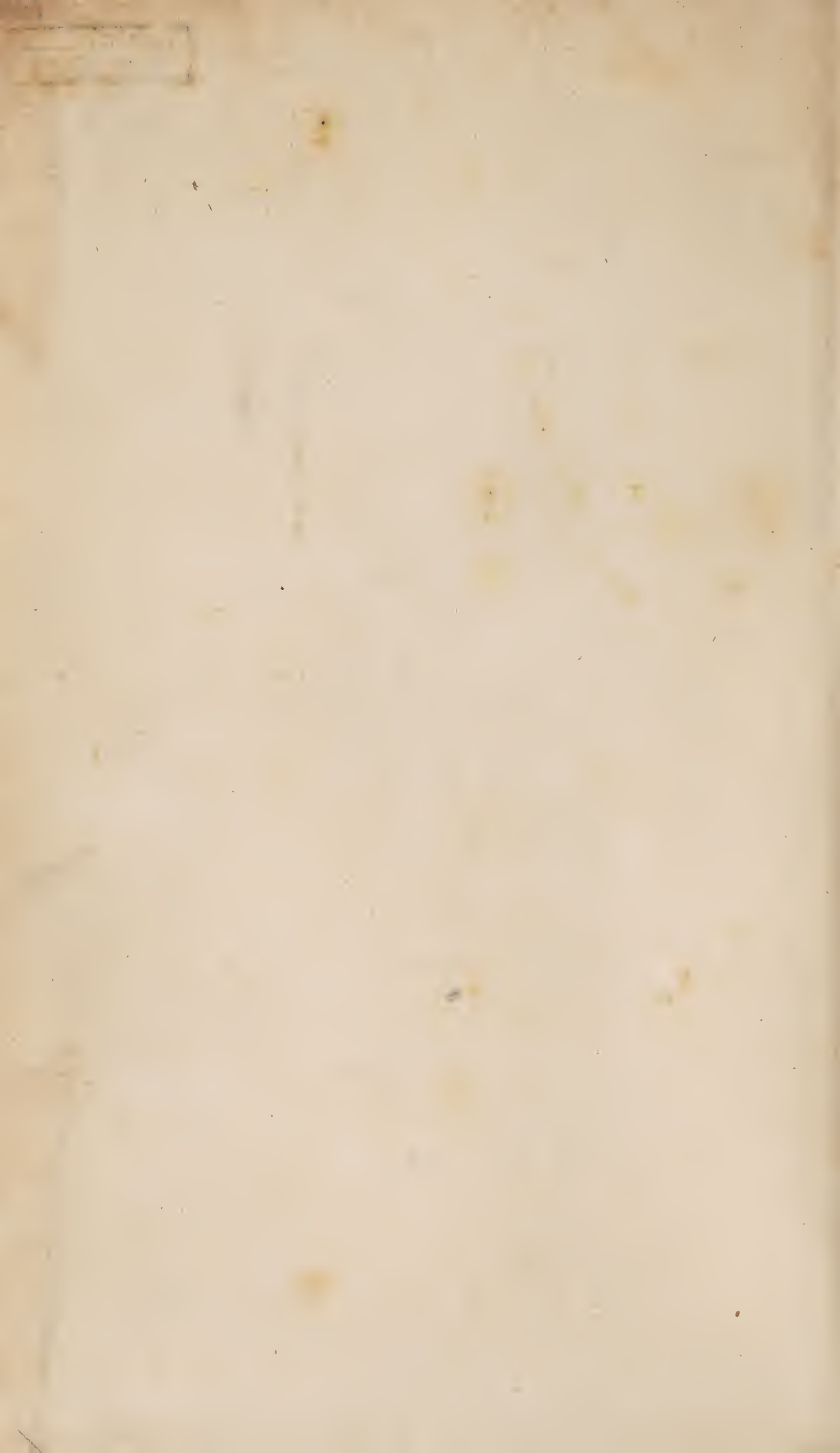




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A
NEW REVIEW;

WITH

LITERARY CURIOSITIES,

AND

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE,

FOR THE YEAR 1782.

VOLUME I.

By HENRY MATY, A.M.

Secretary to the ROYAL SOCIETY,
And under Librarian at the BRITISH MUSEUM.

Sequitur patrem non passibus æquis.

L O N D O N,

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M.DCC.LXXXII.

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JOURNAL OF LITERARY OCCURRENCES:

For MARCH, 1782.

ART I. Die Geschichte der Schweitzer, i. e. *The History of the Swiss*, by John Muller, Part I. Boston, 1780, 8vo.

THERE are men still extant, and those not of the least rank in literary fame, who, from partial observation and rooted prejudices, peremptorily ascribe to nations a general character of dullness and ignorance. The rapid decay of every sort of bigotry renders it probable, that no such man will exist in the next century:

The Germans have met with more obloquy of this nature than perhaps any other people; and, in some respects, it must be owned, not without reason. No one that reads at all can possibly deny them a claim to profound learning; but their manner of displaying that learning, their taste, their judgement in short, has seldom met with the approbation of even the most impartial critics.

Were I allowed to assign a cause for this reproach, I should suggest that if, as I am inclined to think, an extravagant thirst after knowledge does often check the flights of genius, and retard the progress of reason, it is no wonder that the Germans should hitherto have been behind-hand in works of taste and eloquence.—Who that has visited their seminaries of learning till within these thirty years, has not observed the ardor

and diligence with which promiscuous science used to be inculcated, without leaving the student time for recollection, or for the exertion of innate powers?—Hence that chaos of compilations and commentaries for which other nations, whilst they derive from them a great part of their erudition, treat the authors with ungenerous contempt: hence the loads of translations, imitations, republications, with which their presses daily teem: hence also (as that knowledge is still in great vogue among them) that eagerness for the anecdotes of the day, and for the earliest literary intelligence, which, when it is the effect of a natural disposition, is a sure indication of a little mind, and at best only serves to propagate errors.

But those who have attended to the state of German literature since the days of Leibnitz, who dispelled the scholastic mist that darkened reason; of Wolf, who propagated sound philosophy by his luminous manner of treating it; of Gottsched, who combined taste with science, and laid open to his countrymen the treasures of their language; those, I say, who have candidly examined the works of German authors since that period, will, I am persuaded, allow that this censure is no longer due to them, and that even the German Belles-Lettres are now an object worth attention. Without either an Augustus or a Leo, they now emulate the glory of those distinguished ages: they have shaken off literary servility; and, with the confidence they have acquired, their efforts cannot be wholly unsuccessful.—The example of other nations has at length taught them the maxim so necessary to candidates for fame,

Qui sibi fidit,

Dux, regit examen.

A maxim, for the want of which, many a bright genius has died away unnoticed, and which has procured a temporary reputation to many a conceited coxcomb.

The first step the Germans have made towards giving a free scope to the efforts of genius, has been to shake off the trammels of superfluous erudition.—Their best authors no longer blush to write in their own language; and the number of eminent works published in German

within

within these thirty years, is already too great to be here enumerated.—Among these, Mr. Muller's "*History of Switzerland*," will no doubt obtain no inconsiderable rank. The applause with which it has been received by the German critics (who do not scruple to equal it to the best performances of that nature both of ancient and modern times) has induced me to lay the following account of it before the public.

As far as the author has been guided by example, it is evident, that he has formed himself upon the ancient models, particularly of Thucydides and Tacitus; but fortunately he had a subject less gloomy than either of them. The Grecian could never lose sight of the woes he knew the Peloponnesian war had brought upon his country: and the great soul of the Roman pours forth, in every page, its sorrow and indignation at the degraded state of mankind, in the period he describes. Whereas the work before us exhibits the chearful picture of a state rising, under a variety of circumstances, from the most noble exertions of human nature.---A picture which, as the original has not yet outgrown its early features, may be drawn with the greater truth and accuracy; and thence offer to the philosophic mind and to the politician, a curious and interesting display of the several springs, which, with few variations, give rise to all civil societies.

The Preface contains a very short, but comprehensive, view of the progress of civilization in the northern and western parts of Europe. This is carried down to our days, and concludes with the character of a great prince.---Of this passage, the following is the sense, though not the spirit:

Speaking of the great perfection to which the art of war had been brought---"Things," says he, "were in
 " this state of maturity for great events, when Frederic
 " ascended the throne---Whilst the house of Austria
 " might have raised itself into a most formidable mo-
 " narchy, by a wise administration of many extensive,
 " rich, and till then neglected provinces, he, even with-
 " out allies, dared a conflict between his then limited do-

“ minions and that enormous power.---He trained his
 “ troops to the most refined discipline more indefati-
 “ gably in time of peace than in the midst of danger;
 “ he new-modelled his cavalry; he combined the ardor
 “ of heroism with the most accurate observation, pre-
 “ cision with unexampled speed; in the soldier, spirit
 “ with subordination. By simplifying his tactics, he
 “ provided equally for the stability in the essence, and
 “ for an occasional pliancy in the modes. The success
 “ of his motions was more frequently the effect of his
 “ quickness than of a superiority of force. He left no-
 “ thing to fortune, insomuch that after the victory of
 “ Kesselsdorf his terms were not higher than they had
 “ been before; and without dominions, with new-raised
 “ forces, he disputed every inch of ground against one
 “ half of Europe.---He never feared, nor yet pro-
 “ longed a war.---After a long peace, he brought an
 “ army of veterans into the field---And of three wars,
 “ he left no traces in his country but triumphs and con-
 “ quered provinces. From the contemplation of all
 “ Europe, he was ever ready to look down on the
 “ meanest peasant. Every thing was easy to him, and
 “ the least thing he considered as a part of great ones.
 “ In a word, he commanded, fought, governed, wrote,
 “ encouraged arts, and enjoyed life, as if he had been
 “ born for only one of these employments.

“ Ever have fortune and fame been the result of per-
 “ severance.”

Mr. M. unwilling to interrupt his reader, and
 to load his page with the multiplicity of quotations,
 without which, however, an history is mere romance,
 has provided for the authenticity of his work, by
 an ample chronological Catalogue of his documents.---
 They are taken from ancient authors, monuments, and
 inscriptions, and from modern contemporary writers and
 chronologists. At the head of his modern vouchers we
 find the following singular note;

“ The proprietors of the MS. documents refuse to
 “ divulge their names; the reason they assign for it is,
 “ that ere now, in the 18th century, in the midst of
 “ Europe, and in the face of civilized nations, a burgo-
 “ master

“ master and senate have not scrupled to doom a learned
“ man [Waser] to an ignominious death, on the mere
“ suspicion of some sinister intention in the use of an old
“ letter. Darkneſs and myſtery have too long ſcreened
“ ſtates and miniſters from the eye of the world: juſtice
“ at length calls forth the Hiſtoric Muſe to her aſſiſ-
“ tance.”

Is it to be wondered, that the work of ſo free a writer appears without the uſual ſanction of the magiſtrates? and that the place where it is printed is not avowed?

This volume contains only the firſt book, which brings the hiſtory down to the year 1393; it conſiſts of thirty chapters.---After rapidly delineating, in the firſt chapter, the ſtate of this country during the ſucceſſion of the Roman, Gothic, Lombard, and Frank monarchies, our Author relates, as briefly, in the ſecond, the traditional accounts of the origin of the Swiſs, by which are here meant only the people of the three valleys of Switz, Uri, and Underwald. Their ſongs and ſaws derive them from Scandinavia; from whence about 6000 are ſaid to have migrated on account of a famine; and ſo prevalent is this opinion, that when Guſtavus Adolphus ſent ambaffadors to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of the Swiſs, he did not omit to uſe the argument of a common origin. Their mutual confederacy is recorded in the documents of the twelfth century, the oldeſt extant. “ Nor will it be eaſy,” ſays our author, “ to find a people, which, like this, “ has, by one uniform conduct, maintained an abſolute “ independence from the earlieſt period of their hiſ- “ tory to this very day.”

The third chapter opens with the diſputes between the people of Switz and the neighbouring abbot of Einſiedlen for paſtures, which, before the Swiſs had cleared them, were wild foreſts, granted, as the abbot pretended, by an emperor to this foundation. The emperor, whoſe predeceſſor had founded the abbey, favoured this claim; the neighbouring prelates denounced their anathemas; but nothing could intimidate this people. “ It is well known,” ſaid they to the emperor, “ that our forefathers
“ never

“ never lost or surrendered their liberties; they voluntarily
 “ fought for the patronage of the emperor, for which
 “ their military services have amply rewarded him.---
 “ If the emperor pleases to grant the property we have
 “ inherited from our ancestors to the rapacious monks,
 “ what need we his protection? henceforth let our right-
 “ arm protect us. --- “ The Germans were enslaved,
 “ all Italy was oppressed: a small people situated be-
 “ tween both, without a chief, without support, discoun-
 “ tenanced, and soon after proscribed by the emperor,
 “ excommunicated by the clergy; this little people
 “ neither feared the emperor, nor the awful weapons
 “ of the church;---and this in the twelfth century.”

These feuds introduce an account of the neighbour-
 ing nobility and ecclesiastical establishments.---Among
 the former, the lords of Rapperswyl and Lensburg are
 the most distinguished, but their possessions devolved
 soon after by marriages to the house of Habsburg.---
 The fourth chapter treats of the rise of that fortunate
 race, and of course dwells particularly on Rudolph the
 first, who, emerging from obscurity, soared to the impe-
 rial throne. The dignity of his mind, the simplicity of
 his manners, and the great field of action in which his
 talents were displayed, cannot but afford ample mate-
 rials to a skilful artist; nor do I think our author has
 been wanting in the use of them. Without giving an
 abstracted character of this great man, he leaves the
 reader to form his idea of him from his actions.

In a war he had with the bishop of Basle, and the abbot
 of St. Gallen, Rudolph felt his inability to cope with both.
 One day the abbot was sitting at table, with several of
 his clergy and secular retainers---the count of Habsburg
 with only two attendants, was announced, and, after
 some hesitation, admitted. “ I have been your foe,” says
 Rudolph, taking the abbot by the hand, “ because I am
 “ not your vassal (the dispute related to a feudal feig-
 “ neury): let your vassals determine our difference; I
 “ acquiesce in their decision.---Henceforth I am your
 “ friend.”---He sat down at table, and the next day the
 nobles

nobles of St. Gallen marched out with him against the bishop.

His usual dress was a plain blue coat, which in the field he once darned himself.---A woman who mistook him for a private soldier once scolded him, and even bespattered him with dirty water; the punishment he inflicted was to make her repeat the same opprobrious language in the presence of his court, himself being seated on his throne.

The petulancy of his youth, and his unrestrained incontinency, are features not omitted by the historian, who is no panegyrist.

Hence we are brought back to the three valleys to which the friendship of Rudolph, who loved brave men, had restored perfect tranquillity. The topographical description is as animated as it is concise. “ These valleys open to a long meandering lake, which in some places is not three, and in others upwards of twenty miles in breadth. It widens and contracts abruptly. In some places it is deep between craggy precipices, in others it spreads among luxuriant fields, woods, and numberless habitations, offering repeated contrasts between the soft smiles of nature and the gloom of dreary wilds.—It is often violently agitated by winds from Mount St. Gotthard,—the surrounding rocks confine the furious tempest within narrow bounds:—then is its rage terrific—few are then the landing-places, the bare headlong steep reaching from on high far down into the dark abyss.”

I must have leave to contrast this bold scenery with a more placid sketch in the second chapter.

“ Switz lies at the foot of Alps abounding in rich pastures.—The finest meadows extend to the borders of the lake. The surrounding mountains do not exceed a moderate height; their sides are variegated with smiling verdure, and the dusky hue of forests. Several of their summits are bare rocks.—This alternate mixture of solemn waste, and of peaceful flocks and shepherd herds on the downy turf; the play of the sun-beams on the massy breaks, displaying a variety of brown, red, grey, and innumerable other tints; the pureness of
“ the

“ the air, the consciousness of perfect security surrounded
 “ by everlasting walls; the ease and freedom of a pas-
 “ toral life; all these inspire a contented mirth, and a
 “ vigorous intrepidity:—and here do we find the earliest
 “ vestiges of our liberty.”

If those who understand the original will compare these passages with some of the most striking local descriptions in Tacitus*, they will perhaps hesitate on which to fix the preference. If they reflect that our author's paintings are all originals from nature, whilst the Roman in general copied from reports, and no doubt embellished from imagination, they will perhaps no longer hesitate.

The fifth chapter contains an account of the rise of the House of Austria. Albert received from his father Rudolph a great part of the dominions he had wrested from the King of Bohemia. The prevalency of Albert's power, and his aspiring ambition, induced most of the small neighbouring states to court his protection, which in fact was acknowledging his supremacy. “ To the
 “ Swiss alone dependence appeared ignominious.—A
 “ thirst of power is natural to all men; but those only
 “ obey who are pleased with their fetters. A state
 “ without allies, a people without money, in a country
 “ without bread, untutored, but by nature, in the arts
 “ of policy and war, this state, this people, assert their in-
 “ dependency through ages—and that because they
 “ are determined to maintain it.”

The manner in which the Swiss struggled for their independence on this occasion is displayed in the next chapter. Albert held hereditary estates in the valleys; the abbey of Einsiedlen, and all the surrounding petty states, were under his protection—to resist his influence must therefore have appeared the extreme of rashness. His bailiffs were instructed to curb the stubborn spirit of this people, and they failed not to execute their orders with wanton cruelty. The people were patient for some time—at length “ Werner Stauffach, of Switz stepped

* Such as the descriptions of the Spot where Varus had been defeated, of the Storm, in which the fleet of Germanicus was dispersed, &c.

“ into his boat, and crossed over to his friend Walter
 “ Furst, a rich peasant of Uri. He found there a sprightly
 “ youth, who was unknown to him. Walter told him
 “ he was Arnold the son of Henry of Melchthal of Un-
 “ derwald,—he had struck a servant of the bailiff, who
 “ had attempted to take away his father’s oxen, and had
 “ added, that peasants should draw the plough themselves:
 “ for this offence the eyes of the aged father have been
 “ put out: the youth fled, and lies here concealed.
 “ After much discourse on their oppressed condition,
 “ and particularly lamenting that there was no longer
 “ any access to the Emperor, they resolved *to bear it no*
 “ *longer*. They then agreed on meetings at Rubli, a
 “ field, in a wild solitary place; on the lake, between
 “ Uri and Underwalden. They came thither through
 “ secret paths, and Werner in his boat. These meet-
 “ ings were frequent, and always at night. The night
 “ of the Wednesday before Martinmas each brought ten
 “ worthies of his valley; these thirty-three peasants de-
 “ liberated, without fear or passion, on a confederacy
 “ against the house of Habsburg.” The terms being
 settled,—“ whilst with tranquil countenances and loyal
 “ hands each beheld and grasped his friend; whilst at
 “ this instant they were all wrapt in the contemplation
 “ of the fate of their whole posterity; the three leaders
 “ held up their hands to heaven, and, in the name of
 “ God, who had created man to natural freedom, swore,
 “ jointly and bravely, to assert that freedom. The
 “ thirty heard the oath, and repeated it. After this they
 “ all went home, foddered their cattle, and observed a
 “ profound secrecy.” The manner in which the bailiffs
 were soon after taken and conveyed to the frontiers, with-
 out shedding one drop of blood, is another interesting
 passage, which the limits of an abstract prevents my
 laying before the reader. The Emperor scarce knew how
 to resent this treatment, none of his property having
 been molested.

All we find in the 7th chapter is some dissensions be-
 tween the Swiss and the Abbot of Einsiedlen, which
 were accommodated by the people of Zurich. The 8th

contains an account of the first war this people waged with the house of Austria. Frederic I. succeeded his father Albert. Duke Leopold, his brother, prepared to attack the Swiss on all sides, and doomed them to destruction. They being apprized only of his march towards the northern frontiers of the canton Switz, posted themselves, to the number of 1300, on Mount Sattel, which commands the pass at Morgarten. “ Fifty Swiss, “ who in the former struggle had been banished by the “ people, came to the frontiers, and begged they might “ have leave to prove themselves worthy of their freedom and their country, by bravely fighting for the “ public cause ;—they were refused. The reason of “ this refusal is not known ; but this is known, that “ their generous spirit, uninfluenced by private passion, “ led them to expose their lives for their country even “ against its consent—They took post above Morgarten.

“ The 15th of October, 1315, dawned—the sun “ darted its first rays on the shields and helmets of the “ approaching enemy—their swords and spears glistened “ as far as the eye could reach ; and this was the first “ army known to have entered Switzerland. So formidable a host at the inlets of their country, was viewed “ by the Swiss with various sensations—Montfort “ Tettnang led the van of the Duke’s cavalry into the pass. “ The fifty saw it, but suffered him to proceed ;—no “ sooner was the narrow road between the mountain and “ the lake (Egeri) filled with crowded ranks of the “ enemy’s horse, than these fifty hurled down incessantly “ accumulated stones and fragments of rocks from on “ high, which terrifying the horses, threw the whole “ into confusion—then rushed down the 1300 in full “ speed but close array, and fell on the side of the enemy’s column. With clubs they dashed to pieces the armour, and with long spears they dealt out blows and “ thrusts as occasion offered, their bodily strength supplying the want of manual exercise. The narrowness “ of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and the infantry behind knew nothing of the attack. Many of the “ startled

“ startled horses leaped from this unusual conflict into
“ the lake. Here fell Hapsburg, Laufenburg, three
“ Bonstetten, Landenberg, two Hollwyls, two Gesslers,
“ Urikon, with many noble warriors. At length the
“ foe gave way ; but the country not allowing the ranks
“ behind to open, many were trampled to death by their
“ own friends, and still more were slain by the pursuing
“ Swifs. A general panic seized the whole army, and a
“ total rout succeeded. The battle lasted less than an
“ hour and a half. The historian, John of Winterthur,
“ saw Leopold the same day entering that town, pale,
“ fullen, and dismayed.”

Three hundred of the Swifs immediately crossed the lake, and before night defeated two bodies of invaders, who had penetrated into the valley of Underwalden by water, and over the western mountains. This glorious day is still the great festival of the country.

The 9th chapter continues the history of this people down to the year 1332. They were as jealous of their spiritual as of their civil independence. Farther dissensions with the Abbot of Einsiedlen are the subject of this chapter.

“ In time of war the abbot did what is customary in
“ war—in peace he excommunicated as a prelate. This
“ seemed indecent to the Swifs ; and the bearers of the
“ spiritual sentences had little reason to boast of their re-
“ ception. Whenever the Pope put the empire under
“ an interdict, the Swifs always insisted on the priests
“ either continuing to celebrate mass or leaving the
“ country.”

To be continued.

ART. II. *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.*

WHAT remains to be said of Dr. Warton's book must consist of desultory observations on the most remarkable things that offer, it being impossible to attempt a regular extract of such a variety of materials. Having done with the *Essay on Man*, he next

proceeds to the *Moral Essays*, which, he says, ‘ contain
 ‘ all that is solid in the great French writers who have
 ‘ treated of life and manners, namely, Montaigne, Char-
 ‘ ron, Rochefoucault, La Bruyere, and Pascal, (how
 ‘ came Moliere omitted in this catalogue?) so that Pope
 ‘ has exhausted the science of morals, which had how-
 ‘ ever been treated before in a manner the English have
 ‘ no cause to be ashamed of, by Bacon in his *Essays*,
 ‘ Hobbes in his *Treatises*, Prior in his *Alma*, and parti-
 ‘ cularly Addison; many of whose portraits may be com-
 ‘ pared with the most finished touches of La Bruyere.’

Utbought-of frailties cheat us in the wise—affords the Doctor an opportunity of giving some anecdotes, the most new of which are, that Dr. Clarke and Luther both valued themselves upon their agility; the latter being used to box Melancthon's ears, and the other to amuse himself in a private room of his house in leaping over chairs and tables.

“ In this one passion men can strength employ,
 As fits give vigour just when they destroy.”

The Dr. introduces the story of the dying usurer, who cried out he could not lend more than ten pistoles on the crucifix; and of Malherbe, the reformer of the French language, who refused to hear any more of the joys of heaven, if the priest could not describe them in a purer style: to these may be added that of the dying mathematician, whose friend having a mind to try whether he had any recollection left, came up to the bedside, and asked him in a whisper, what was the square of 12, to which the other immediately replied, 144.

In the remarks on the *Epistle on the Characters of Women*, Dr. Warton informs us, that Bolingbroke thought it the master-piece of Pope; and that he himself scarce remembers one of the characters in our comic writers of the first order. If Boileau beats Pope in any thing, it is in the delicacy and variety of the transitions in the tenth satire on the same subject. We are then told (on the mention of the character of Atossa) that in the last illness of the great duke her husband,

husband, when Dr. Mead left his chamber, the dutchess, disliking his advice, followed him down stairs, swore at him bitterly, and was going to tear off his wig; likewise, that these lines were shewn her as intended for the Duke of Buckingham, but that she soon stopped the person who was reading them, and called out aloud, "I cannot be so imposed upon; I see plainly enough for whom they were intended."

This is all very sensible; but surely the Doctor again sacrifices a hecatomb to friendship, where he asserts, that Young's *Universal Passion* abounds in wit, observation on life, pleasantry, delicacy, and the most well-bred raillery, without a single mark of spleen or ill-nature, and that it is written with ease and familiarity of style. I must confess, it appears to me, that far from this being the case, this is a poem fit to be produced as an instance of all the faults which this sort of poetry can have. Wit it certainly has, but you are stopped at almost every other verse with false English, low and incorrect expression, and lame poetry. As you are getting on, you are called off to wonder at the novelty, or examine the justice, of an allusion you hardly understand; and after all, the characters are far-fetched and ill-defined, and the circumstances that distinguish them often disgusting and indecent, and almost always peculiarly coarse and vulgar; in a word, the least improved by the reading of Horace, if he ever did read him, of any poet that I know, and with the fewest marks of having lived in polished society, Young seems to have all the faults of Juvenal, without one of his merits. I know but one passage where there is any thing like either flow of verse, or fullness of description, and that is very far from perfect. I will insert it, that the reader may judge.

"O scene of horror, and of wild despair,
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?

What fiends the *doughter's* destin'd match prevent?

Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?

O nothing, but last night—my lady *play'd.*”

In the epistle on the use of riches, Mr. Kyrle, the Man of Rofs, is elegantly said to be the Howard of his time, who deserves to be celebrated more than all the heroes of Pindar.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day—introduces an original letter of Pope's to Hill, in which he positively denies the charge of having meant to laugh at the Duke of Chandos, and rests his defence on the best ground. *If you calmly read every particular of that description, you will find them almost all point-blank the reverse of that person's villa.* We are obliged to Dr. Warton for this; for here Pope's friends may join issue. It is impossible a man of his keenness and penetration should not have had his friend's house in his head when he was writing; he therefore meant to laugh at him regardless of the consequences, or he studiously avoided putting together many things to be found at Cannons. If therefore the *building* was not a *town*, nor the *pond* an *ocean*, nor the *parterre* a *down*; if the *garden* was *open* to the *country*, the *study* did *admit modern books*, and the music of the chapel was the same as that of other chapels; the whole may be a picture and not a portrait, and the poet may have a verdict. On the other hand, if all or most of these things were really just so at Cannons, and besides these, what is indeed most decisive of itself, the *master* was a *little puny insect shivering at a breeze, who did not bless the eyes of the company till they were got to the study door, and then made them sick of his pride the whole day*, then the circumstantial evidence would weigh against a thousand *ex post facto* denials, however strong, and however solemn.

And be whate'er Vitruvius was before—serves to introduce a great deal of anecdote about Berkley, who was patronized originally by Lord Burlington, and certainly a great man, though that he was much superior to Hoadly in genius, learning and taste, may not possibly be so readily

dily yielded to; on the contrary, his friends, though disposed in general to be guided by Dr. Warton's excellent judgments of men and things, may apply both to this and a few other parts of the books,

“ Et tamen illi

Manferunt hodieque manent vestigia.”

For instance,

In the remarks on the epistle to Arbuthnot there is this striking passage :

“ From these the world will judge of men and books,

Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks* *.

“ Such authors, especially the two last, are a kind of literary harpies; whatever subject they touch, they debase and defile;

At subitæ horrifici lapsû de montibus adsunt

Harpyiæ, & magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,

Diripiuntque dapes, *contactûque* omnia *fœdant*

Immundo; tum *vox* tetrum *dura* inter *odorem* †

“ As to *Burnet*, his character is thus drawn by the very sensible and judicious translator of Polybius, Mr. Hampton, in a pamphlet that deserves to be more known, entitled, *Reflections on Ancient and Modern History*: printed in quarto at Oxford, 1746. “ His personal resentment put him upon writing history. He relates the actions of a persecutor and benefactor: and it is easy to believe that a man in such circumstances must violate the laws of truth. The remembrance of his injuries is always present, and gives venom to his pen. Let us add to this, that intemperate and malicious curiosity, which penetrates into the most private recesses of vice. The greatest of his triumphs is to draw the veil of secret infamy, and expose to view transactions that were before concealed from the world; though they serve not in the least, either to embellish the style, or connect the series, of his history; and will never obtain more credit, than perhaps to suspend the judgment of the reader, since they are supported only by one single, suspected testimony.” P. 28.

Surely this was not the place to pass a judgment on such a man as Burnet; nor is Mr. Hampton, a man known to the world only by a translation, however excellent that translation may be, a name of authority sufficient to be quoted in censure of one who had acted so great and long a part as Burnet had upon a theatre so distin-

* Ver. 145.

† Virg. *Æn.* iii. v. 225.

guished, one who, besides his history of his own times, has left such legacies to his country, as the Pastoral Care and the History of the Reformation. The bishop might have frailties; he might be credulous, he might be inaccurate, he might love story-telling; but there must be stronger evidence than has been hitherto produced, before we can accuse a man of such uniform and active virtue in other instances, of wilfully perverting the truth, or of contaminating whatever he comes near by his touch.

There is however one political or rather antipolitical remark of the Doctor's, which is as just, as it is elegantly introduced.

“Ludicra quid, plausus, & amici dona Quiritis *.

Or popularity? or stars and strings?

The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings †.

“Considering the state of politics, the abilities of politicians in this country, and the number of those who think themselves completely qualified to guide the state, might I be pardoned for the pedantry of recommending to them the few following words of Socrates; who thus addresses Alcibiades: Γυμνασαι πρωτον, ω μακαριε και μαθε α' δει μαθοντα ιεναι επι τα της πολεως, προτερον δε μη.” Alcibiad. 2. p. 133. Serr. Platon. T. 2.

“Go through the proper discipline first, O young man, and *learn* those things *after the learning* of which it is becoming to attempt governing the country, but *before it not.*”

I do really think that politics are a science, and that before any of us sets about reforming the constitution, it is necessary to understand what it is; and if we have not this knowledge, to search for it in history and law; at the same time, I most strenuously contend that every Englishman who sincerely believes he has it, has a right to use it in the most unlimited manner, let his profession or other secondary duties be what they may.

Of the imitations of Horace Dr. Warton observes, that the author has assumed a higher tone, and frequently deserted the free colloquial air, the Socratic manner of

* Ver. 7.

† Ver. 13.

his original, whom he less resembles in style, as well as in temper, than he does the severe and serious Juvenal. This judgment is very well supported by the selection of passages in which Pope may be thought to have equalled, excelled, or fallen short of his original. There is a very classical digression in this part on the passages Horace has imitated from the Greek writers. We are likewise informed that there exist manuscript letters of Shaftesbury, in which he has ranged in three different classes the *Ethical* writings of Horace, according to the different periods of his life in which he supposes them to have been written. The first, during the time he professed the Stoic philosophy, and was a friend of Brutus. The second, after he became dissolute and debauched, at the court of Augustus. The third, when he repented of this abandoned Epicurean life, wished to retire from the city and court, and become a private man and a philosopher.

Free as young Lyttelton her cause pursue—introduces at panegyric on that Lord's writings, in which we are told, that in a little piece written in his early youth, the *Observations on the Life of Tully*, there is perhaps a more dispassionate and impartial character of the orator than in the panegyrical volumes of Middleton. This likewise is a controvertible proposition. As to an assertion made afterwards, that Middleton saw the book *de Tribus Luminibus*, and availed himself much of it; I have been told by a gentleman who lived much with him at the time, that he did see it, but did not find much in it to his purpose.

Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains. Dr. Warton takes occasion to quote the letter this young nobleman wrote to Mr. Mallet, to prevent the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's works. I have found amongst Dr. Birch's papers in the Museum a very curious letter of Bishop Warburton's on this subject, with some fragments relating to a former quarrel between them, which I fancy may prove entertaining to the reader. I shall therefore insert them.

Dr. Warburton to Mr. Millar.

“ Sir,

“ I find in the news-papers accusations to stir up the public resentment against the editor of Lord Bolingbroke's works. This I think ridiculous and unfair ; he is not accountable to any particulars in what concerns his own conscience only : and it is perfectly ridiculous to suppose that Lord Bolingbroke left him the property of his writings with design they should be suppressed. The very contrary purpose is evident to the common sense of mankind. But there is a contradiction between this and the declaration in the prefatory letter to Mr. Pope. Why ? his whole book is full of contradictions, as well as weak reasonings, and pernicious principles. I perhaps may have occasion in due time to shew all this. But what is this to the editor ? Let the author answer for it ; and he will have a hundred writers, I make no doubt, to call him to account. But if the editor grows jealous (as he did in the case of the Patriot King, of one who neither thought nor said a word of him, but addressed all he had to say to Lord Bolingbroke, and yet was villainously abused by somebody or other on that account), he will find himself business. The worst I wish him is the best his friends can wish ; that if he have not published these works with a perfectly satisfied conscience, he may make his peace, not with particulars, or the public, which are nothing, but with Him only who can heal a wounded conscience, or enlighten an erroneous one.

“ Gloucester, March 20, 1757.”

Fragments.

“ With regard to Mr. Mallet's declaration, there is only one way to convince me, he is not the author of that infamous libel, which is, by taking an opportunity of disowning it publicly. I think my honour is concerned, that it be publicly known I had no hand in the letter to Lord Bolingbroke, merely on account of the Apollo story, and I shall do it on the first occasion. If Mr. Mallet does not do the same with regard to this libel, I shall consider him as the author of it, and act in consequence

quence of that belief. This I desire you would let Millar know, and if he chooses, let him have a transcript of what I here say."

Note of Mr. Mallet's.

"N. B. I never took the slightest notice of this impudent and silly threatening from Warburton. The writer I had no reason to be afraid of. The man I abhorred. A head filled with paradoxes unproved and unproveable: a heart overflowing with virulence and the most slanderous malice.

"N. B. I never wrote a pamphlet, nor a sentence in any pamphlet, concerning this wrong-headed, dogmatical pedant.

"D. MALLET."

"In the *Essay on Shakspeare* Mrs. Montague has done honour to her sex and nation. It was sent to Voltaire with this motto prefixed to it, by a person who admired it as a piece of exquisite criticism:

—PALLAS Te hoc Vulnere, PALLAS

Immolat—

VIRG.

"The *Iphigenie* of Racine, it must be owned, is an incomparable piece; it is chiefly so, from Racine's attentive study of Euripides. Corneille had not read the Greek tragedies. He was able to read Aristotle's *Poetics* only in Heinsius's translation. It is remarkable, that there is not a single line in Otway or Rowe from the Greek tragedies. And Dryden in his *Œdipus* has imitated Seneca and Corneille, not Sophocles."

Nobody is more willing to acknowledge Mrs. Montague's abilities than I am. Nobody can thank her more for the admirable vindication of Shakspeare, as far as that goes, than I do; but I have always thought it a pity, that, instead of confining herself to a *defensive* war, she should have attacked the French stage, and still greater, that she should have done it only in those parts which are confessedly weak. Shakspeare *mole suâ stabat*; and she has pointed out the beauties of that great colossal figure with admirable acuteness: but surely, when the cause was to be tried between the theatres of the two nations, the whole of the evidence in favour of France should have been considered.

84 Warton's *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*.

It is not his Iphigenie alone that is an incomparable piece, as Dr. Warton seems to think, but his Bajazet, his Britannicus, and above all his Athaliah, the lyric chorus's of which (as well they may, being taken from the sublimest parts of the Bible; put together with an astonishing degree of taste and elegance) beat every thing in French poetry, and do not yield in matter, perhaps not much in harmony or propriety of expression, to the finest of the Greek. An adept in all the charms of language, his peculiar merit is a diction which unites all the sweetness of verse to all the simplicity of prose. Thus Agamemnon, when Iphigenia, unsuspecting of her danger, asks leave to accompany him to the altar, *Vous y serès ma fille*. Thus Eriphile is, *Toujours infortunée & toujours inconnue*; and Phædra, when she is told, *ils ne se verront plus*, exclaims, *ils s'aimeront toujours*.

The judgment on the Dunciad is that of every man of taste who has read it, to wit, that, considering the beastliness and ill-nature of the three first books, they should only be read once in a man's life. Parts of the fourth are greatly commended.

“ Words are man's province, words we teach alone;
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.

“ Surely our author, when he passed this censure, was ill-formed of what was taught and expected in our great schools; namely, besides reading, interpreting, and translating the best writers of the best ages, to be able to compose essays, declamations, and verses, in Greek, in Latin, and in English; and in some, to write critical remarks on Homer, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Aristotle's poetics, or Longinus; an exercise not of the memory, but judgment. And as to plying the memory, and loading the brain (see verse 157) it was the opinion of Milton, and is a practice in our great schools, “ that if passages from the heroic poems, orations, and tragedies of the ancients were solemnly pronounced, with right accent and grace, as might be taught (*and is*), they would endue the scholars even with the spirit and vigour of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.” The illustrious names of Wyndham, Talbot, Murray, and Pulteney, which our author himself immediately adds, and which catalogue might be much enlarged,
with

with the names of many great statesmen, lawyers, and divines, are a strong confutation of this opprobrious opinion."

I must observe, that those who wish to see all that can be said about public schools, will find it in the two first books of Quintilian.

The last section contains the Imitations of Horace, the Miscellanies, Epitaphs, and Prose Works.

Dr. Warton's observations on the Epistle addressed to lord Oxford are curious.

" But he has made ample amends, by the epistle addressed to the Earl of Oxford, when he presented to that nobleman the poems of his old friend Parnelle*; in which epistle there is a weight of sentiment, and majesty of diction, which our author has no where surpassed. His † genius seems to have been invigorated and exalted by the high opinion he had justly conceived of the person to whom he was writing; who must be confessed, now that party-prejudices ‡ are worn away, to have had great genius, learning, and honesty. Strength of mind appears to have been his predominant characteristic; of which he gave the most striking proofs, when he was stabbed, displaced, imprisoned. These circumstances are alluded to in those noble and nervous verses;

" And sure, if aught below the seats divine,
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine!
A soul supreme in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride;
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

* He was a writer that improved gradually. Very wide is the difference betwixt his poems on the *Peace*, and on *Unnatural Flights* in poetry, and his *Hymn to Contentment*, his *Fairy Tale*, his *Rise of Woman*, his *Night-piece on Death*, and his *Hermit*. All five of them delicious morsels.

† I am well informed that Lord Bolingbroke was greatly mortified at Pope's bestowing such praises on his old antagonist, whom he mortally hated. Yet I have seen two original letters of Lord Bolingbroke to Lord Oxford, full of the most fulsome flattery, and profane applications of scripture.

‡ At the time when the Secret Committee was held to examine the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, Mr. Harley made an admirable speech in the House of Commons, declaring, that he would not treat Walpole, as he had treated his relation; and immediately left the House without giving his vote against him, Sir Robert Walpole seemed much affected with this generous behaviour of Mr. Harley.

" And

“ And of which fortitude and firmness another striking proof still remains, in a letter which the Earl wrote from the Tower to a friend who advised him to meditate an escape, and which is worthy of the greatest hero of antiquity. This extraordinary letter I had the pleasure of reading, by the favour of his excellent grand-daughter, the present Dutchess Dowager of Portland, who inherits that love of literature and science, so peculiar to her ancestors and family.”

Dr. W. observes, that however finished Pope's Epistle to Jervas may be, it does not excel that of Dryden addressed to Sir Godfrey Kneller. I cannot help thinking this is saying a great deal too little. Dryden seems to have known a great deal more of all the arts and all the sciences it came in his way to speak of (and his genius made it in his way to speak of them all) than Pope did. The knowledge of the last was indeed very confined; such as might easily have been picked up from conversation and casual reading. In the works he published before the *Imitations of Horace*, there are very few traces of an acquaintance with the writers of antiquity, which indeed seems never to have gone much beyond that of a Westminster-boy with a tolerable taste; whereas you cannot read ten lines of Dryden without seeing he had formed himself upon those excellent and only models of higher poetry. They had been his true patrons, and they were probably to the last his consolation.

The remarks on the Epistles contain nothing but what has been said before; but any one would hear it again, for the sake of the elegant Epitaph, the author of which, though he must be nameless, we may have leave to guess.

“ O dulcis puer, O venuste Marce,
O multi puer et meri leporis,
Festivi puer ingenî, valetô !
Ergo cum, virideis vicens per annos,
Aevi ver ageres novum tenelli,
Vidisti Stygias peremptus undas ?
Tuum, mœstus avus, tuum propinqui
Os plenum lepida loquacitate,
Et risus facileis tuos requirunt.
Te lusus, puer, in suos suëtos
Æquales vocitant tui frequenter.

At furdus recubas, trahisque fomnos
Cunctis denique, Marce, dormiundos."

With regard to the Prose Works, Dr. W. observes, that the Life of Scriblerus, the only imitation of the serious manner of Cervantes, shews great learning, which he afterwards accounts for, by saying, that Arbuthnot had great a share in it. He likewise commends the Bathos, the History of the Parish-Clerk, and the eight papers in the Guardian, particularly Numbers 61 and 91. He prefers the Postscript to the Odyssæy to the Preface of the Iliad, and says of the Letters what every body has said of them. The following is the conclusion of the whole.

" Thus have we endeavoured to give a critical account, with freedom, but it is hoped with impartiality, of each of Pope's works; by which review it will appear, that the largest portion of them is of the didactic moral, and satyric kind; and consequently, not of the most poetic species of poetry; whence it is manifest, that good sense and judgment were his characteristical excellencies, rather than fancy and invention; not that the author of the Rape of the Lock, and Eloisa, can be thought to want imagination, but because his imagination was not his predominant talent, because he indulged it not, and because he gave not so many proofs of this talent as of the other. This turn of mind led him to admire French models; he studied Boileau attentively; formed himself upon him, as Milton formed himself upon the Grecian and Italian sons of Fancy. He gradually became one of the most correct, even, and exact poets that ever wrote; polishing his pieces with a care and assiduity, that no business or avocation ever interrupted: so that if he does not frequently ravish and transport his reader, yet he does not disgust him with unexpected inequalities, and absurd improprieties. Whatever poetical enthusiasm he actually possessed, he withheld and stifled. The perusal of him affects not our minds with such strong emotions as we feel from Homer and Milton; so that no man of a true poetical spirit, is master of himself while he reads them. Hence, he is a writer fit for universal perusal; adapted to all ages and stations; for the old and for the young; the man of business and the scholar. He who would think Palemon and Arcite, the Tempest or Comus, childish and romantic, might relish Pope. Surely it is no narrow and niggardly encomium to say he is the great poet of Reason, the
first

first of Ethical authors in verse. And this species of writing is, after all, the surest road to an extensive reputation. It lies more level to the general capacities of men, than the higher flights of more genuine poetry. We all remember when even a Churchill was more in vogue than a Gray. He that treats of fashionable follies, and the topics of the day, that describes present persons and recent events, finds many readers, whose understandings and whose passions he gratifies. The name of Chesterfield on one hand, and of Walpole on the other, failed not to make a poem bought up and talked of. And it cannot be doubted, that the Odes of Horace which celebrated, and the satires which ridiculed, well-known and real characters at Rome, were more eagerly read, and more frequently cited, than the *Æneid* and the *Georgic* of Virgil.

“Where then, according to the question proposed at the beginning of his *Essay*, shall we with justice be authorized to place our admired Pope? Not, assuredly, in the same rank with Spencer, Shakspeare, and Milton; however justly we may applaud the *Eloisa* and *Rape of the Lock*; but, considering the correctness, elegance, and utility of his works, the weight of sentiment, and the knowledge of man they contain, we may venture to assign him a place, *next* to Milton, and *just* above Dryden. Yet, to bring our minds steadily to make this decision, we must forget, for a moment, the divine Music Ode of Dryden; and may perhaps then be compelled to confess, that though Dryden be the greater genius, yet Pope is the better artist.

“The preference here given to Pope, above other modern English poets, it must be remembered, is founded on the excellencies of his works in general, and taken all together; for there are parts and passages in other modern authors, in Young and in Thomson, for instance, equal to any of Pope; and he has written nothing in a strain so truly sublime, as the *Bard of Gray*.”

To this judgement it is impossible to accede. Nor does the amiable author seem steady in it himself: for what is forgetting for a moment the divine Music-Ode of Dryden (he should at least have said the two divine Music-odes) whilst we are weighing his pretensions against those of another writer? Is not it as if a lawyer were to say, that his client would certainly gain his cause, if the other side would be civil enough not to call their principal evidence? But I am afraid, we have a great deal more to forget before we can suffer the master and scholar to be named in a day.

We must forget that the essence of poetry is invention; and its great charm harmony and variety of numbers. The last of these Dryden possessed not only above any English poet that ever existed, but in such perfection as to convey a full and clear idea of its effects to those who, from the want of a sufficient familiarity with the languages, can only think they have it from Greek and Italian. Exclusive indeed of the pleasure you receive from the amazing riches of his ideas, the propriety of his metaphors, collected from all the storehouses of nature and art; and heaped upon each other with a profusion that seems to have no bounds, exclusive of the resplendency of a diction eternally varied, and abounding in all the ornaments of style the masters have either used or commended (ornaments I will not say not to be found in Pope, but scattered through his works with a very scanty hand); Dryden's numbers alone, that natural accompaniment, if I may say so, which you hear all around, when you read him loud, secure him the possession of his venerable throne.

If, after all this (and what might still be added in praise of the creator of Ventidius and Dorax), it be contended, that Pope is more moral, and that he knew more of the world than Dryden did, and teaches his reader to know more of it; though I might say a great deal upon the first topic, and justify my assertion by the use Dryden has made of the Bible, and the value he sets upon the Christian virtues, I shall not debate the matter at present. My answer (supposing it all true) shall be that of the Frenchman, who being told gruffly, by a Dutchman whom he laughed at for dancing ill, "*Moi non tanser, mais moi me pattré,*" answered him very coolly, "*Ek bien, Monsieur, pattes vous toujours, et ne tansez jamais;*" Well, Sir, always fight, but never dance: or more gravely with Bayle, in his Preface to perhaps the most excellent work of the kind of that which I am attempting that ever appeared, "This is not a question of virtue, but of poetry." At the same time, I hope it will be understood, that I do not mean *detrahere bærentem multa cum laude coronam.*

ART. III. *Continuation of l'Abbé Winckelman, &c.*

HAVING given a general sketch of the polite arts of antiquity, l'Abbé Winckelman proceeds to their particular history amongst the nations who possessed them. The second book of his work is accordingly appropriated to the consideration of their fate amongst the Egyptians.

Many causes, says our author, contributed to prevent the Egyptians from ever improving much their first style of workmanship. We are to search for them, in the shape of their bodies, their modes of thinking, their laws and customs, their institutes civil and religious, but particularly in the little regard they had for their artists, and the little elevation of mind as well as talents possessed by these last.

In the first place then, Nature, which had done so much for the Egyptian women in point of fruitfulness, had been very niggard to them in external beauty. Eschylus says absolutely, that the human form in Egypt differed much from that in Greece, and his observation is confirmed by that uniform kind of figure resembling the Chinese, which we see on the obelisks, precious stones, and Egyptian statues. The artists of this country could not therefore imitate varieties, examples of which they had not before their eyes; they were obliged to content themselves with exact representations of nature, which is always more alike in its operations at the extremities of the globe, than towards the centre, and in their country seldom produced other than uncouth and monstrous shapes. We cannot absolutely depend on an observation said to be founded on a passage of Aristotle, that the bone of their legs was turned on the outside; but it is certain that their complexions were brown and sun-burnt, and that the breasts of their women (whose figures were elegant enough in other respects) were of an uncommon size.

As to the second cause of inferiority assigned, to wit, the way of thinking and disposition of the people, it may with justice be said, that they had none of that vivacity and gaiety of manners which is so favourable to the fine arts; they had little poetry, and scarce any music. Strabo tells us, that their sacrifices were unaccompanied with the sound of any instruments, but performed in a dull and gloomy silence *. The natural melancholy of their characters spread a gloom on all around them; and unable to take pleasure in the common delights of mankind, they were always searching for varieties more fantastic than pleasurable; it was this habitual melancholy which gave birth to the first Hermits, seventy thousand of whom, l'Abbé Fleury tells us, were to be found in the fourth century in the Lower Egypt alone; it was also this disposition, which made it necessary for them to be subjected to severe laws. Herodotus tells us, they could not live without a king.

But the Egyptians were of all people the most remarkable for their steady and obstinate adherence to whatever had been once the usage of the country. It is far from true, as I have plainly proved in my *Thoughts upon the Imitation of the Grecian Works of Art*, that Cambyfes ever changed their religion, or their ancient usage of embalming the dead. As their physicians were not allowed to give other prescriptions than what they found in the sacred books; their artists were likewise forbidden to attempt any alteration in the manner of their works: accordingly Plato tells us, that their statues made in his time, did not differ either in form or in any other material point from those that had been made a thousand years before.

* This assertion of Strabo's is either not exactly true, or relates only to times of very high antiquity; for we know that there were musical instruments in their solemn processions, made by the women in honour of the god Apis, upon the river Nile, and both at Herculanum and Preneste are figures of Egyptians playing upon instruments.

But what must most of all have contributed to depress the arts, was the little estimation in which the artists were constantly held. Classed amongst the lowest orders of the people, they were always considered as mere mechanics. No man applied himself to these elegant studies from the impulse of genius; but in this, as in every thing else, the son was obliged to follow both the profession and manner of practice of his father, without being allowed to step one foot beyond; the consequence was, that far from there being different schools of the art in Egypt, as there were in Greece, and afterwards in Italy, the name of only one artist has come down to posterity; this was Memnon, who made the three statues placed at the entrance of the Temple of Thebes. Nor was their knowledge less bounded than their ambition; one very material part of it they necessarily wanted, from their total ignorance of the science of Anatomy, which it is well known was proscribed in the country. How should the position or play of the muscles have been studied in that country, where a simple incision made upon a dead body was considered as murder, and the anatomist obliged to run away from the vengeance of an indignant mob, who used to pursue him as far as they could, with curses and stones?

As to the style of Egyptian workmanship (the second thing which I proposed to examine in this chapter) its principal character is straight lines and want of relief, a defect not peculiar to their statues only, but which Strabo remarks in their architecture and ornaments. The position of the figure is stiff and constrained; the arms of the men for the most part hang down, and adhere to the sides (which excludes the expression of any action by the motion of the arms and hands). The women have one arm adhering to their sides, and the other in their breasts. Besides this scantiness of design, the bones and muscles are barely marked, the nerves and veins are not marked at all, the knees, elbows, and toes, have the prominence of nature, the back is scarce ever seen, the statue for the most

part

part leaning against a column. These peculiarities give a compressed and huddled air to the whole figure, which is besides distinguished by the thinness of the body above the haunches; what however is remarkable enough, this poverty of design does not extend to the figures of animals; there are several of these at Rome (undoubtedly Egyptian) in which the large muscles of the shoulders and loins, as well as the veins of the thighs and other limbs, are very distinctly marked, and very spiritedly and elegantly executed; this is another proof that, in the representation of the human figure, the artist was subjected by religion to a certain model, from which he did not dare to deviate, whilst in animals, he was allowed to follow his own genius.

As to the particular parts of the body; in the Egyptian heads which remain, the eyes are generally flat and obliquely drawn up, nearly on a parallel with the rest of the face, and not sunk deep in, as they were with so much effect by the Greeks; the eye-brows, eye-lids, and lips, are commonly marked by lines in the stone; the outline of the nose is as it is in nature, the cheek-bone is prominent and strongly marked, the chin small and drawn up, as also the mouth, which is shut, and the aperture of the lips only marked by a line; all this renders the oval of the face imperfect and ungraceful; the hands are like those of men, who have not them ill-made naturally, but who have neglected them; the feet are flat, large, and without articulation, any more than the fingers.

As to the representations of the Egyptian divinities, (of which I shall say the less, as so much has been said by others) they were of two kinds, one in the human form with symbols, and the others with the heads of animals. Whether these last were more antient than the others, as Warburton has pretended upon the authority of Strabo, who speaks of a temple at Thebes, in which there were no human figures, but only animals, I shall not pretend to determine, though I think not; what is certain is, we possess more Egyptian figures with

with hieroglyphics, which mark them for divinities, than we do figures with the heads of animals, as is apparent by the famous Iliac table, in the cabinet of the king of Sardinia; of the others, indeed, I know of only five at Rome, to wit, an Osyris with the head of an hawk, an Anubis with a head between a lion, a cat, and a dog, another figure with the head of a cat, and two more with that of a dog. Three curiosities however we possess, which I must take notice of; the first a small Isis in marble, whose left foot rests upon a ship; the second a representation of the Egyptian rites of worship, as adopted by the Romans, in which there is a figure whose two feet are upon a ship, and the third a vase of Terra Cotta, on which are represented the sun and moon personified in a chariot drawn by four horses, turning round a ship. These curious remains illustrate a passage of Porphyry, which says, that the Egyptian Divinities rest upon a ship, and not on dry land; and that, according to the doctrine of the Egyptians, both the sun, who is the father of day, and all souls float upon the liquid element, which likewise explains Moses's famous passage on the creation, that the Spirit of God moved upon the waters.

Sphynxes. The Sphynxes were of both sexes, as I had occasion to observe, for the first time, on a gem of baron Stofsch's, by the help of which I explained a passage in Philemon the poet, hitherto not understood. Some of those represented by the Greek artists had beards; those which are at the four corners of the obelisk of the sun at Rome, have the hands of men, and very crooked nails, like those of wild beasts. There were likewise Hermaphrodite Sphynxes, and probably it is these Herodotus means when he talks of *Ἀνδροσφύγες*.

Draperies. With respect to the draperies; the figures of the men are mostly naked, except a small apron fastened round the haunches, which covers the lower part of the body. The women are meant to be cloathed with something like a very light muslin, but the drapery is hardly visible, and seems rather designed than executed; this

this may have led Herodotus to think, that the twenty colossal figures of women, which he saw at Sais, were entirely naked. The head-dress however, is something more discernible: the men wear a kind of bonnet, sometimes like a mitre, and sometimes in the shape of a bushel, on the front of which is a serpent; some of the women have false hair, others seem to wear plumes; on one figure of Isis, which I have described in the *Monumenti Inediti*, there is an entire Numidian hen, the wings of which come down on the face, and the tail falls behind. One particular I must not pass over, and that is, a statue of black marble in the capitol, with only a single lock of hair above the right ear; this explains a passage of Macrobius, which says, that the Egyptians represented the sun with only a single lock on the head.

Only one Egyptian figure known (mentioned by Pocock) has either shoes or sandals; Plutarch tells us, that the women went naked-footed.

This was the antient Egyptian style, or their first manner; they improved a little, and but very little, after the Greek conquest; one, though far from a certain mark of difference between the two styles, is the want of hieroglyphics in the latter.

This may suffice for what was truly Egyptian; but there are works of a third order, viz. a mixture of the Greek and Egyptian, probably introduced by Adrian, who was very superstitious, and had a temple of Canopus at Tivoli, entirely filled with Egyptian divinities, imitated by Roman masters. There are other lesser marks of imitation about these figures; but what particularly marks them is the face, which is always in the Greek manner; one of them is evidently an Antinous. On this occasion I cannot forbear taking notice of a mistake of Warburton's, with respect to the Isiac table, which he supposes (and with some cleverness, as it favours his system), a work made at Rome; but no work made at Rome has hieroglyphics; two other kinds of works are likewise imitations, to wit, the fine Canopus's of green basalt, and all the Scarabe's,

rabe's, or those famous gems which have a beetle in relievo on one side, and the figure of some Egyptian divinity on the other.

Mechanism of the art. As to the mechanical part of the work, the Egyptian artists used to cut the marble in two, and each do a part. There is a curious proof of this in the famous Antinous of the Capitol, the two halves of which are joined together under the haunches. This is more remarkable, because it explains a much contested passage of Aristotle, which should be read, *κατα την οσφυν*, and not *κατα την οροφυν*.

All the Egyptian figures are highly finished, even those which were to be placed where they never could be seen. There need no other proof of it than the Sphynx's ear at the top of the obelisk of the sun; but the most curious thing in this way is the Isis, on a gem truly Egyptian, of Baron Stosch's. The stone is an agate-onyx of a brown colour; but the artist has availed himself of a small layer of white under the brown, and has worked into that the face, arms, hands, and feet of the goddess.

Reliefs in stone and bronze. Their other works in stone were Reliefs, I mean works in Relievo, as to themselves, but as not as to the materials they were worked in, being commonly chased into their tables. Other Basso Reliefs they had none but of bronze, the most remarkable are those on the Situla, or pail used in sacrifices.

The materials which the Egyptians used, were of various kinds, earth, wood, stone, and bronze.

Terra Cotta. Many figures in Terra Cotta have been found at Cyprus (which belonged to the Ptolemies, and was of course inhabited by the Egyptians), and some at Pompeia. Several of the latter representing the priests of Isis, are in the Hamilton Collection. They are all alike, and are covered with a kind of green varnish, or enamel; the arms are crossed over the breast. In one hand they carry a small wand, and in the other, besides the usual whip, a thong, to which a tablet

tablet is fixed behind the left shoulder. There are two of these figures at Herculaneum, on the tablets of which there are hieroglyphics.

Wood. The figures in wood are very common.

Stone. The Egyptian stones are of all kinds, granite, basalt, alabaster, and porphyry. It may be worth while to say a word or two of each.

Granite. Granite is of two kinds, the white mixed with black, and the red mixed with white; the first common to all countries, but neither of so good a colour, nor so hard, as the Egyptian; the second, of which all the obelisks are made, is peculiar to Egypt alone.

Basalt. The basalt is a kind of lava, some green (which is the scarcest) and some black. The statue of Pescennius Niger, sent him by a governor of Thebes, and which was to be seen at the top of his house at Rome in the time of Spartian, was of black basalt, which had been chosen probably in allusion to the Emperor's name, as it was of the most common kind.

Alabaster. There are several small, but only one large figure of Egyptian alabaster remaining. This material, which is known to be a petrification, must not be confounded with the monumental alabaster, which was found in the quarries of Thebes and those of Damascus, is called Onyx by Pliny, and was employed in making ornamental vases.

Porphyry. There are two kinds of porphyry; the red, called by Pliny pyropœcilon, and the green, which has sometimes gold tints, and is very scarce, there being no statues, but only a very few magnificent columns of it remaining. It is probable that there were no quarries of it in Egypt, but that what they had came from Arabia. I take it, as well as granite, to be a kind of lava. Mr. Wortley Montague wrote me word that he had seen none in all his journey from Grand Cairo to Mount Sinai; but that Mount St. Catherine, which is above a league higher than Sinai, was entirely composed of it, and that it grew finer the higher up the mountain one went.

The hardness of porphyry makes it very difficult to work ; it requires more than a year to cut the figure out of the block, and upwards of another year to shape it. The artist strikes fire at every stroke, and is obliged to wear spectacles to preserve his eyes.

Breccia. Breccia is another Egyptian stone, the true etymology of which (not understood by the Crusca or Baldinucci) I take to be from the German word *brechen*, to break, because it is composed of the broken bits of other stones. An attentive observer of nature would be much delighted with the mixture of the colours ; the principal of them is a fine green, far superior to any ever produced by the painter or dyer. Unluckily there is only the trunk of one statue remaining, which, with other lesser works of the same stone, is carefully preserved by Cardinal Albani.

Marble. The Egyptians had certainly marble quarries.

There is only one little figure made of the plasm of emerald.

Bronze. The most considerable monuments in bronze are the famous Isiac table, a sacrificial vase, called Situla by the ancient writers, the Isis with a young Orus sitting on her knees, described by Count Caylus, and several lesser figures at Herculaneum, and in the Hamilton Collection. There is a bronze base pedestal at Herculaneum, on the principal front of which is a long Egyptian boat made of bulrushes, in the midst of which is a large bird ; at one end is a figure sitting, and at the other an anubis, with the head of a dog, steering ; at the sides are several women with wings, like the figures on the medals of Malta, or those of the famous Isiac Table. Mr. Jablonski conjectures this Isiac Table to have been a calendar of the Egyptian festivals adapted to the Roman year, but whatever else it might be, it was certainly a monument in honour of Isis, who is the principal figure.

Painting. The immortal Count Caylus * has anticipated all that was to be said of the manner in which

* Heyne, in his elege of Winckelman, tells us, that a genius of the same kind had arisen in France at the same time. This was Count Caylus,

the Egyptians painted their mummies. We know from him that they made use of water-colours. There were six of these, white, black, blue, red, yellow, and green. The blue and red, which are those that are most common, are very ill mixed. The white, made of a kind of ordinary ceruss, is the ground of the cloth of the mummy, and makes what our painters call the impresson, on which they lay their colours.

This however is but a very inferior sort of painting, when compared with what Norden tells us he saw in Upper Egypt: imagine palaces with columns thirty-two French feet in circumference, and all covered within and without with paintings representing all kinds of subjects; imagine some of these paintings eighty feet high, and proportionably broad, divided into two ranges of figures in bas-reliefs, and covered with most exquisite colours, suited to the drapery and naked parts of the figure; and what is still more wonderful, the azure, the yellow, the green, and the other colours made use of, are as well prepared as if they had been laid on yesterday, and so strongly fixed to the stone, that he never could separate them.

As there are no Egyptian coins or medals known prior to the time of Alexander, we can get no assistance from them as to the state of the arts; though the mouth of many a good mummy has been spoiled by the attempts of ignorant people to find the obolus, which the Egyptians used to put into the mouths of their dead. Pocock, indeed, mentions three Egyptian coins, but they do not seem to be older than the Persian conquest.

Upon the whole, the arts of Egypt, and those of Etruria and Greece partake of the nature of the countries. The one is an extensive flat desert, in which there is an eminence or two from which you may see all that is

Caylus, who understood more of the mechanical part of the fine arts (several of which he was a great proficient in himself) than Winckelman did, but was not so good a scholar. In the 7th volume of his *Antiquities*, there is a plate of the Isiac Table (the greatest monument of Egyptian art that exists) and a very good description of it.

to be seen; the others are intersected by very high mountains, which do not allow of the eye going a great way at one time.

ART. IV. Ricardi Dawes *Miscellanea Critica. Iterum edita. Curavit et appendicem adnotationis addidit* Thomas Burgefs, A.B. e C.C.C. Oxonii, a Typographeo Clarendoniano.

I HAVE attempted to give this very imperfect idea of Mr. Burgefs's work, *vatibus addere calcar*, and to shew, that there is as much acuteness and accuracy in these disquisitions as in the most subtle problem ever invented; but by no means to prevent the study of the book, in which will be found a great deal of entertainment, and much, very much, information indeed.

The merit of the first edition of this book is sufficiently known. The present editor informs us, in his Preface, that the author was born in 1708, and educated under the celebrated Dr. Blackwall; from thence, in 1725, he removed to Emanuel College, Cambridge, and eleven years afterwards published a Specimen of a Greek Translation of Paradise Lost; of which, in his Preface to the *Miscellanea Critica*, he had candour enough to point out the imperfections himself. The blot of his life was taking part against Bentley, whom the present father of Greek literature in this country, Mr. Toup, acknowledges to have learnt more from, than from all the critics of all the ages before. Mr. Dawes died in 1766, and left some Manuscripts, to which the present author had access. There are some others in Dr. Askew's collection, who bought Mr. Dawes's library.

The work, of which this a second edition, and to the merit of which, Valckenarius, Pierfon, Kœnius, and the great Κρίνο-μασις Reiske, have borne the amplest

plest testimony, is made up for the most part of materials which the author had prepared for an edition of the Attic Poets, to whom he meant to have added Homer and Pindar. As his design led him to correct the metrical errors of former editors, he began, not improperly, with observations on Terentianus Maurus.

But though the observations are chiefly metrical, there are many things in them which relate to the genius of the Greek language, and are absolutely necessary for understanding the first principles of it: of this kind are his observations on the different uses of the optative and subjunctive moods, on the analogy of the Ionic future tenses, on the reason of the difference between the Ionic and Attic futures, on the first and third person of the Attic perfect, &c. &c. but principally on the *Æolic digamma* or Ionic *vau*.

The editor, meaning to publish a new edition of the work, and to make some observations upon it in an appendix, has performed it with the help of Dawes's MSS. which he had from Dr. Farmer and Mr. Salter (son of the late Dr. Salter), who has likewise favoured him with a specimen of his father's of the first hundred lines of Homer, with the digamma restored; and with some very material assistance from Mr. Tyrwhitt. To these he has added due diligence of his own. He concludes the Preface with apologizing for any thing that may have fallen from him, not disdainfully, not insolently, for these admit of no apology, but hastily, inaccurately, or in opposition to the sentiments of far more learned men.

Excuse, if youth hath err'd,
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I, thy equal, or in years or sense,
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.

I will

I will now give a specimen or two of the manner in which he has performed his task, not with the expectation of doing him justice, still less to supply the absence of the book.

In his Introduction to his Observations on Callimachus, Dawes had touched lightly on the dispute about accents, the use of which he disapproved. Mr. Burges will not say much of this, which he leaves to Dr. Edwards, who has promised to discuss it in his *Miscellanea Critica*. He only refers us, in the mean time, to Foster, Primatt, lord Monboddo on the Origin of Language, p. 2. b. 2. ch. IV. and a Dissertation of Gesner's, published at Gottingen in 1755, very curious, and which Foster seems not to have known. If he has any sentiments of his own about it, they are the same as Foster's, who thinks that Dawes took up the matter too hastily, and did not spend sufficient time about it; something like a foolish editor of Callimachus, who asks whether it is better to speak Greek by accent or quantity? He might as well have asked, whether it was better to run with the right-foot or the left.

“ Mr. Dawes had enquired how it happened, that
 “ the Ionic futures $\epsilon\lambda\alpha\sigma\omega$, $\sigma\tau\omicron\rho\epsilon\sigma\omega$, &c. were changed
 “ into $\epsilon\lambda\omega$, $\sigma\tau\omicron\rho\omega$, by the Attic writers. The reason he
 “ had assigned for it was the different metres the two
 “ people delighted in, to which these two different for-
 “ mations were adapted, viz. the Ionians in the heroic
 “ and dactylic, and the Athenians in the iambic or
 “ trochaic. From all this he had confuted the absurdity
 “ of the critics who pretend that the Athenians are al-
 “ ways using the present for the future.”

Mr. Burges has very ingeniously set beside this Lennep's Observations, published by Villoison in his edition of Longus; and the result of the two is, that there are in Greek no second futures, or second indefinites, or future middles, or paulo post futura. This is exceedingly
 ingeni-

ingeniously explained, and, if true, a great consolation to poor grammarians, who never knew where to find meanings for them; but the proof must be seen in the book.

Dawes had contended, that Bentley was mistaken in his attempted restorations of Homer's quantity, by inserting the Æolic digamma, for these reasons.

Because Homer was an Ionian, and therefore would not use an Æolian letter; and because the same purpose was to be answered by using the sign [''] instead of the *vau*, and the contrary for the *HE*.

On this Mr. Burges observes,

That Homer wrote in the Æolic dialect, as appears, From the assertion of the author of his life, that he was an Æolian.

From that of Philelphus the Greek, (who understood him best), to which assertion Foster assents.

But, above all, from the consideration of the History of the Greek Dialects. For,

The dialects were nothing but the changes the language underwent in its progress from imperfection to perfection; for which reason, from the very nature of language, some words could not at any period be so appropriated to any particular country, as that they should not have been found in another; for many of the northern nations, who used the Æolic dialect, in process of time, migrated from the northern parts of Greece to Bœotia, and afterwards to the countries of Argos and Laconia. Thence, at the return of the Heraclidæ, they were driven to that part of the peninsula which before was called Ionia, and from thence in their turn expelled some of the old Ionians, who took refuge in Attica. But these several changes could not take place, without the new comers giving the old inhabitants some of their words, and receiving some of theirs in return. And the consequence of this would appear in the several languages for ever.

Again,

Again, this affinity between the two first of these dialects would naturally grow still greater, when the two people afterwards inhabited countries near each other, which was the case when Neleus led an Ionian, and the Achæians an Æolian colony, into Asia Minor.

Finally, as the dialects were only varieties of one common language, which in its origin was the Æolic Homer would do what Milton and Thomson have done since, i. e. be fond of using old words.

But, if Homer, as a lover of antiquity, might use the digamma, there was no need of his using the [''], as Dawes pretends; and if these signs were one and the same, it is impossible he should use them for different things. Let us see what Wise says, in his Enquiries concerning the first inhabitants of Europe? Why, that just before the digamma went into disuse, it was mutilated into this shape F, (or when they wrote Βερεφιδον) into this shape I. That from this arose two characters, meaning just the same thing [''], and that it is absurd to suppose it can be otherwise, or that the grammarians could have had a mark of a lean spirit, for the bare absence of aspiration. Quintilian, indeed, and the Roman grammarians say otherwise; but Wise produces an ancient inscription worth fifty Quintilians.

This then being settled, may we now go on, and publish an *Homerum ad autographum ipsius Homeri conformatum*, with the assistance of this digamma? By no means. Why? Because we do not know where it should be used, or where it should not. In Θαμβησαν δε και αλλοι, ες αλληλεις δε widonlo, it does very well, and the hiatus is saved: but in Ως φασαν, οι μιν widonlo πονευμενον, it would not do at all.

And if it would do ever so well, still we should be as far off as ever this *magnum opus*, unless we had a mind to have a Doric column, with an Ionic or Corinthian capital, for want of knowing what to do with the long vowels, diphthongs, and double consonants, all of which are posterior to Homer. Why not strike them out, as Upton has done, in his Specimen con-

tained

tained in his Observations on Shakespear? Because Upton himself, in that specimen, has retained some diphthongs, whilst he has left out others. Because he has blundered in a substitution for one of the double letters; and because there are fifteen thousand other differences in a language so often changed, and so long dead, about which he and I, and all mankind, still differ.

ART. V. *Disquisitions on several Subjects.* Price 2s. 6d.

AS the author of these disquisitions has not chosen to publish his name to them, I have no right to name him; all the information I can give, to those who may not know him by his style, is, that at the end of the advertisement of the book, it was said that "the View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion" was to be had at the same place.

The disquisitions are eight in number. I shall give an idea of them by selecting something from each.

1. *On the chain of universal Being.*

This chain is not formed by placing Beings of quite different natures above each other, but by granting some additional quality to each superior order, in conjunction with all those possessed by their inferiors; thus man, with a material body, and the vegetation of plants, has the instinct of animals, by which he pursues his good, and by which he traverses inhospitable deserts and tempestuous seas, to inflict and suffer all the miseries of war, like the herring and the mackrel, to hasten to his own destruction, for the public benefit, which he neither understands nor cares for.

2. *On Cruelty to inferior Animals.*

The carman drives his horse and the carpenter his nail by repeated blows; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect nor care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox, with no

more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe, and plunges his knife into the throat of an innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

“The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master’s person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest: the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped, to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other, less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red hot irons under his feet: and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors.”

These things, however, cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated. We have a right to destroy animals who *would* and *could* destroy us, injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but we have no right to shoot a bear on an *inaccessible* island of ice, or an eagle on the *mountain top*.

The pleasures which men take in hunting, fishing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and brawn-eating, are therefore proofs of original sin.

3. *On a pre-existent State.*

That mankind had existed in some state previous to the present, was an opinion adopted by the fathers of the Christian church, and frequently enforced by her primitive writers. It is consonant to *reason*, which teaches, that no man or woman can make a soul; to *appearances*, which speak this place a prison; and to *revelation*, the doctrines of which it alone explains; particularly that

that of original sin, for, if it is not supposed that mankind has existed in some state previous to the present, in which guilt was incurred and penalties contracted, there can be no meaning in the doctrine at all, or only such a meaning as contradicts every principle of common sense.

4. *On the nature of Time.*

There is no such thing as time, which is no more than the shifting of scenes necessary for the performance of this tragi-comical farce which we are here exhibiting, but must undoubtedly end with the conclusion of the drama.

But if time is nothing but a succession of ideas,

1. The life of every man must be longer or shorter, as he has more or less of these.

2. The butterfly may live as long the tortoise,

3. And the horse may have done his apparently long work in a few hours.

4. Pain may add to the flavour of universal happiness, into which it is thrown as a single ingredient.

5. Time can end nothing if it does not exist itself, and therefore the soul must be immortal, and so may every thing else.

6. The receipts by which divines make eternity are absurd; it can no more be made out of time, than you can compose an anthem or an opera, by mixing red, blue, or green.

7. This single consideration sweeps away many theological and metaphysical cobwebs; for,

If it be asked, why God created the universe at the time he did, and not before, and suffered so many ages to elapse before he did it, I answer, that no ages did or could elapse, and that it was not created in time at all.

If you are puzzled with foreknowledge and predestination, I say that these are ideas of time, but that, as all things are equally present to the divine intuition, God can neither foreknow nor predestinate any thing. Thus punishments *must* be eternal in a future state, because there will be no time, &c. &c.

5. *Of the analogy between things material and intellectual.*

In the material world, disorders cure their own excesses. In the moral, our passions or vices defeat themselves. In the natural world, the elements are restrained from their most destructive effects by their mutual opposition. In the moral, the vices of mankind are prevented from being totally subversive of society, by their continually counteracting each other. In the material world, middle climates are the most salubrious and pleasant. In life, the middle ranks are most favourable to virtue and to happiness.

Material world.

Attraction is proportioned to contents of body, and acts inversely, as distance.

Political world.

Self-interest is proportioned to size, *i. e.* operates most strongly in great empires, next in societies, then in individuals. and acts in the proportion of the distance.

We feel most for ourselves, and least of all for the public. Like attraction too, it *dissolves* the villain and the family he murders; but *unites* people in one lodging, a bookseller and a scholar, an auctioneer and the cabinet-maker who builds his rostrum, &c. &c.]

6. *On rational Christianity.*

Learned and ingenious men, by expunging from the New Testament every declaration which agrees not with their own notions of truth and rectitude, have ingeniously converted Christianity into Deism, and have sheltered themselves in a kind of covert way called Rational Christianity, where they now make their stand, and attack Revelation with less odium and more success than from the open plains of professed Deism. This is evident from the fundamental principles of Christianity, which those men oppose by the help of reason, of which they neither understand the extent nor the powers, nor the proper application of them; for reason says there can be no evil, and experience contradicts it. Reason
says,

says, that punishments can be no compensation for crimes, but every body believes they are. Reason gives admirable systems of government, but experiment shews they are productive of anarchy and confusion; therefore, the Quaker, Calvinist, Methodist, Papist, and Church-of-England-man, who hope all things, fear all things, and believe all things, are better Christians than the Rationalist, who hopes for nothing but from his own merits, fears nothing from his own depravity, and believes nothing, the grounds of which he cannot perfectly understand: but why should he be a Christian any more than a free-mason? why assassinate Christianity in the dark? why betray Christ like Judas with a kiss? No man is obliged to be a Christian: to be like Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, is still a character by no means disgraceful to a virtuous man.

7. *On Government and Civil Liberty.*

False and dangerous propositions, with their antidotes.

All men are born equal. No; for some are not straight, some are ideots, and some are poor. But if they were born equal, they ought not always to continue so, any more than one man ought to be restrained from growing six feet higher, because he was born of the size of one who was only four.

All men are born free. No; they were born without any consent given either by themselves or their representatives. Their whole process to manhood is in a state of slavery. It is the will of the Creator it should be so; and nothing can so effectually disqualify them from being members of the celestial community as a factious and turbulent disposition, and an impatience of controul, which frequently assumes the honourable title of the love of liberty.

All government is derived from the people. True; if it be argued that there could be no government at all if there were no people to be governed, but false in every other sense; for if the people at large are the governors, where are the governed? Not that I deny the fullest

exercise

exercise of the rights of the people to resist upon extraordinary occasions; but I mean by the people, the whole body of the nation, advised and directed by the most respectable members of it, the rich, great, wise, and experienced, not by those who have no public spirit but in the garrets of Grub-street, no reformation but from the purlieus of St. Giles's, nor one Solon or Lycurgus but who is to emerge from the tin-mines of Cornwall, or the coal-pits of Newcastle.

All government is a compact between the governors and the governed. Where is it? Where is it kept? The natural state of man is a state of society and subordination, because the power of being in this state is bestowed on him by his Maker, like every other part of human art. If he had a right to this independence, the majority would chuse to retain it, and make a scene of confusion of the world. Though no particular forms of government are, yet government itself is of divine institution,—as much as eating—and for the same reason, because we cannot live without it.

No government ought to subsist longer than it continues to be of equal advantage to the governed as to the governors. If it is meant by that there are to be no poor men in a state, the proposition is false. Love of liberty being an independence of controul, if an angel was to come down from heaven, and govern like an angel, he would soon be left to govern by himself. The faults of government arise from the people; the governor is in the situation of a gaoler, whose very office arises from the criminality of those over whom he presides. There may be too much of liberty.

On Religious Establishments.

Government has to do with mens religion, because mens religion has to do with government, to which it is the riband that marks opposition. The former is not indeed to act as long as they continue opinions, but they will shoot up into actions, and these government is to compose, by protecting one, and an establishment. The toleration however is to be universal; but tests are necessary, which should be comprehensive to lessen the number

ber of the enemies of government, who will be every honest man that differs in religion.

As to those who will not conform to any Christian establishment, under pretence that they are all corrupt, they do wrong, for corruption in some degree cannot be avoided; birds of prey and plunder will make themselves comfortable habitations when the grain of mustard-seed is grown up to a large tree, and thence deface its beauty and destroy its fruits. Any religion is better than none; and any establishment which contains nothing repugnant to the principles of sound morality, and the doctrines of Christ, better than every man setting up his own teacher. Man as an individual may chuse his own religion; as a citizen he must profess that religion, and practise that mode of worship, which the laws of the community enjoin.

Such, or pretty nearly, are the writer's arguments.

I am not conscious of having misrepresented a single one (weakened them I may from the nature of my work) nor of having made farcical what he intended should be serious.

As to the truth and falsehood of his opinions, they do not lye within my province to discuss; for though I mean occasionally to exercise the right of every man in giving my judgment of the published books which fall in my way, I will not tye myself down to do it, nor is it what I ever intended when I took up this employment. The answering with accuracy such a set of dissertations as these are requires leisure and application to a single study, very incompatible with that versatility of genius (*or stupidity*) which a man must have who undertakes singly, or with very little assistance, to give an account of numerous and various publications.

But though I shall not think myself bound to answer every man I review, I do not mean on this occasion to disguise my opinion. It appears to me that there is more levity in the work before us than there ought to be, mixed with more argument than at first appears. The author attacks very serious opinions and very considerable men. With a few things in them all parties will approve, his politics are singularly his own; and as to his religious opinions,

opinions, he will be assuredly asked whom he means by those asserters of a *reasonable service*, whom he so warmly and directly attacks? Was he conscious that the names of Grotius, Le Clerc, and Jortin, to say nothing of living persons, are on that respectable list? or is he prepared to prove the charge of Deism upon them from their lives and writings? As to his thoughts on toleration, it appears to me that there is some ambiguity in the expressions. At one time he seems inclined to grant it; then contends that it is neither safe for the state who gives, or creditable to the individual who claims it; and after all allows, though he does not say so in express terms, that it is not a thing in which the civil governors will ever be able to interfere with effect, as long as there is any religion at all. Indeed they will not: penalties or encouragement operate in this respect alike, they may create solitude—*Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*—but cannot produce peace.

For one thing, however, this writer is greatly to be commended, and that is for wishing to make the basis of the establishment as broad, and as little liable to the objections of even *reasonable Christians*, as may be. It is to be hoped that, amidst all the improvements which we are told are to be made in the state, the church will not be wholly disregarded. Surely it is time that inconsistencies, such as those to be met with in a late excellent publication, Paley's sermon at Carlisle, in which the very best advice is given to those who are in orders (I might add to young men in every profession), whilst those who mean to come for orders are advised to prepare themselves by reading books directly contrary to the articles of the church of England, should be put an end to. If it is too much to expect, that a profession of belief in the Bible, should be thought sufficient security for the teachers of Christianity to give; if Dr. Balguy's own concessions in the motto he took from Hoadly, that there were some things wanted amendment, in what, as far as man can effect it, ought to be pure and without blemish; if the terrible lesson of the late riots (riots I will not hint, because I do not think it, supported, or in the least encouraged, but

but certainly given unfortunate occasion to by the zeal of those whose professions of a more exact adherence to the letter of their subscriptions is one great source of their weight with the common people)—if these, I say, are still thought weak motives to plead for a comprehensive toleration; if there are still fears for the doctrine of the Trinity; if no way can be found out of conciliating and uniting (by substituting such general forms of prayer as shall at least much widen the door, if not entirely open it; if this is still impossible, yet surely we may hope, now that the Pope has travelled to Vienna to make his last ineffectual stand against absurdity, that such absurdities as those of the Athanasian Creed, and the still (if possible) greater, of solemnly repeating the Lord's prayer five times within the hour, will not long be heard-of in England.

As to the doctrine of a pre-existent state, it has been asserted since the Gymnosophists and Fathers. Bayle (*Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*, Vol. I. p. 219) gives a very entertaining account of a book published in London in 1684, with this title, “Two hundred queries moderately propounded concerning the doctrine of the revolution of human souls, and its conformity to the truths of Christianity.” In this the author pretends, that all souls existed before they came into the world; that, after they are united to the bodies, they undergo an earthly visitation of a thousand years, and are born twelve times; that the people on earth at our Saviour's coming were then born for the twelfth time, by which they were made partakers of the benefits of his passion, which no man (except a chosen few to whom it had been revealed) could be without having been the better for his exhortations; that however no one ought to trust to the twelve births, since it is probable that if they do not grow better after the second or third, they will probably grow worse.

I do not find this writer said any thing of a prison; but Father Malebranche, in a controversy he had with Mr. Arnaud, defied him to prove that he had not com-

mitted some sin ten or twelve thousand years before, which exposed him to evil desires, and bad thoughts, whilst he was writing.

The style of the present work is uncommonly elegant and animated, and reminds us of the *cruda Deo viridisque senectus* throughout. Some of the *loci*, particularly those on cruelty to animals, and the comparison of the world to a prison, are remarkably splendid, and must last as long as the language.

ART. VI. *The History of Russia, compiled from Original Chronicles and Authentic Papers, and the best Historians of the Country, by M. l'Evesque, 5 vol. 8vo.*

I AM afraid that my account of this history will put the reader a little in mind of what a critic said of a tragedy called Zingis, which abounded in hard names and noisy lines. It is of little moment to us, said he,

How gainst the Nirons the bold Naimans stood,
And red Taxartes foamed with Omrah's blood.

I hope, however, that no unlucky blunder of mine between a Naiman or a Niron, no confusion of the accurate Mr. Nichols between Vassilievitch and Danilovitch, or Potemkin and Patiomkine, will be as fatal to the extract, as the hard names had like to have been to the tragedy. It did not indeed much matter whether the audience gave up the latter as a species which with their best efforts they could not understand, or no; but the history is the history of Russia; and the first authentic one, of that mighty and formidable empire, that has ever appeared; and though it is more a history of facts than of manners, and its beginning may be more dry than those of other histories, owing to the *nomina inornata* (which I am afraid we shall not prevail upon the empress to give up) still there are some splendid parts, and I shall extract as many as I can without breaking the thread of the history.

Prefixed to the book is a list of the subscribers, at the head of which we find the names of the Grand Duke and
Grand

Grand Dutcheſs of Ruſſia, the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Peterſburg, and moſt of the principal Ruſſian nobility. There then follows an apology for the orthography of particular words, ſuch in particular as Tſar, Tſaritle and Tſarevitch, which M. l'Eveſque writes ſo, inſtead of Czar, Czarina, or Czarovicz (as they are commonly written) on the authority of the Ruſſian alphabet, theſe words beginning in Ruſſian with the character Tſi, which answers to our Tſ.

After this is a catalogue *raisonné* of the principal works made uſe of by the author, 57 in all. Eight-and-twenty of theſe have been only publiſhed ſince the year 1767, and many of them much later. We have then a very ſenſible and modeſt preface, in which, after dwelling a little on the importance of a good Ruſſian hiſtory, and the inſufficiency of Voltaire's, owing to the ſcantineſs of that writer's materials, the preſent author tells us that he has neglected no pains to procure proper information, having reſided ſeveral years in the country (where he had free acceſs to ſtate-papers) and made himſelf maſter of the languages, both the modern Ruſſian, and old Sclavonian, in which the older Chronicles are written. The oldeſt of theſe Chronicles, he then tells us, is that of Neſtor, who was born in the year 1056, and whoſe work finiſhes in 1115.

M. l'Eveſque gives the greateſt praiſe to this writer, who, he ſays, ſeems to have worked with good materials, and whole ſtyle is unaffected and ſimple, but not deſtitute of eloquence. From his time there is a regular ſucceſſion of chronicles to the time of Tſar Alexis, father of Peter the Great, whoſe life is written in great meaſure from his own journal. Our author concludes with ſaying, that as to himſelf, he has written the hiſtory of a foreign people, without prejudice and without intereſt, but with a proper degree of liberty; that he has ſpared no pains to come at the truth; and that whatever talents for the work he may have received from nature, he is confident at leaſt of having omitted nothing that depended upon himſelf.

After the preface follow three introductory dissertations.

The first is an enquiry into the origin of the *Slaves* or *Slavonians*, whom the author asserts to have come out of the East very early, and to have spread themselves in the different countries of Bohemia, Servia, Bulgaria, Dalmatia, Silesia, and Pomerania. Great numbers of them however remained in Russia, to several of the places in which they gave names of their own.— Thus the Boristhenes, now called the Dnieper, is taken from the two Slavonian words, *Bor* a forest of pines, and *Stena*, a wall, and it signifies a wall bordered with a forest of pines, which is very analogous to the truth, for the Boristhenes is the wall of the country, and there are many pines upon its banks. These people were not known by their present name till the fourth century, when they were a very powerful people indeed, who received tribute from foreign nations, from Lithuania to the mountains on the borders of Silesia, and from Bialo-Ozero and the lake of Rostof to the White Sea: but all their power ceased at this period, and here properly the history of Russia begins.

The second dissertation is appropriated to the discussion of an opinion the author entertains, that the Slavonians were some of the first inhabitants of Latium, and of course of very high antiquity indeed. This argument he endeavours to support by remarks on the similarity between the two languages, a similarity which he contends is not to be found only in those words which all nations borrow from each other to express any new ideas, and which might therefore have been adopted by the Slavonians when they invaded the Roman empire, (for this would be no proof at all) but in those *primitive* and *original* words which natives invent to express their first wants, at the time they first emerge from barbarity to civilization.

In proof of this, he gives the following primitive words, which seem nearly the same in the two languages.

SCLAV

SCLAVONIAN.

LATIN.

NUMERALS.

dva
tri
chest
sem
deciat

duo
tres
sex
septem
decem

PRONOUNS.

menia, or mia
méné, mne, or mi
ny, or my
ty
tebe, or ty
tia
vy and vas
ollas, or olla
mon, ma, moi

mei
me
nos
tu
tibi
te
vos
ille, illa
meus, mea, mei

Thus again in the most striking objects,

yoda
more
terou

vada
mare
tero (whence, according to
Varro, terra

den
nostch
fneg
grad
vetr
teploi
fol-ntse
ogon
plamia
glyba
fol
oco
nor
hosti
palaka
palatka }
levy
nov
vetkhy
jouny
div, dwyny

dies
nox
nix
grando
ventus
tepidus
sol
ignis
flamma
gleba
fal
oculus
natus
hostis
palatium
lævus
novus
vetus
juvenis, junis
deus

What

What is more extraordinary is the similarity of the inflections of the verb of existence, which must have been the first verb in every language.

SCLAVONIAN.

LATIN.

esi

es

est

est

este

estis

sout

sunt

Still more perhaps that of the first verbs invented to express action or passion.

griaditi

gradire

iti

ire

fiditi

federe

videti

videre

vol-iou

volo

dati

dare

The third dissertation is on the Slavonian religion ; but this must be read in the original.

There is no regular history of Russia carried up higher than the 9th century ; but we learn from traditions preserved in the most antient chronicles, that the cities of Kief and Novgorod were founded in the fifth. Kii is said to have founded the first in 430 ; he is looked upon by some as an antient prince of the country ; but by others as a boatman, who used to ferry passengers over the Dnieper.

The Russian Chronicles talk much of the cities this Kii built, and of the splendor of his arms, which he is said to have carried to the gates of Constantinople ; but as the Byzantine historians do not mention it, nothing certain can be affirmed about it. We hear nothing of his successors, nor even of his city, till the year 851, in which we are told by the aforementioned historians, that as the Emperor Michael the third was marching against the Saracens, he received an express from Constantinople, that the Russians were coming with a fleet of 200 ships. The city was already besieged when he got back, and it was with great difficulty he could throw himself into it, where, after consulting the patriarch instead of his generals, and attending the holy man at a washing of the Virgin Mary's vestments in the sea (a ceremony undertaken

undertaken in hopes of a miracle) a tempest luckily did arise, and the enemy's fleet was dispersed. Oskhold, the Chief, was forced in consequence to beg a peace, and return to Kief, but not till after he had been baptised.

A city of far greater consequence than Kief, and which, from its situation and commerce, was long one of the most considerable of Russia, had been founded about the same time; this was Novgorod, which stood on the borders of the Volkhof, and near the lake Ilmen; it was the principal residence of the Slavonians of Russia, who are said to have inhabited a city of the name of Slavenfk on the same spot many centuries before, from which they been twice driven away by war and contagion; returning, however, in the fifth century, they rebuilt their city, and called it Novgorod, or the Rebuilt City, in allusion to what happened before. From this period to the ninth century, its history is not better known than that of Kief; but the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenetes speaks of the trade which it carried on with Constantinople in his time, a trade which probably had existed for a long time before; it consisted in an exchange of slaves, furs, salt-fish, honey, perhaps salt, and other eatables, for wine, cloaths, and stuffs.

This people were for a long time independent, and so formidable to their neighbours, that it was a common saying in the country, "Who dares attack God or Novgorod the great?" In process of time, however, for some cause or other, not well explained by historians, they were obliged to ask protection, and of course chains, from the Varaigne Russians.

Who these were, is not very certain; the Russians themselves would fain be thought Slavonians; some would have them Goths; others, with more probability, think them a colony of Huns, who, about the time of the foundation of Kief, had come into the West, after having beat the Alans on the borders of the Tanais; but we know nothing of the Huns having settled on the
borders

borders of the Baltic, from whence these Varangue Russians certainly came.

Be this as it may, Rurik, Cinaf, and Trouvor, the three brothers who in 862 had come to the assistance of the Slavonians, soon divided the country between them. Rurik, who upon his first coming had built a fortified city near the Volkhof, to prevent the enemy from coming to invade the country by the Lake of Ladoga, removed to Novgorod, after having subdued the Slavonians who had risen against him, killed with his own hand Vadimus their chief, and put to death after the battle all those who resisted his authority. At this time all the people under his domination were first called Russians; but the name was not originally derived from him, it having been given before to several northern nations. This prince fortified Novgorod, after which he lived in peace, and died, after a reign of seventeen years, in 879, leaving behind him a son of the name of Igor under the care of Oleg his relation.

Oleg had no sooner possession of the government intrusted to him, than, having taken Smolensko, and made himself master of Kief by a detestable artifice, he led his troops to Constantinople.

M. l'Evesque gives us a very entertaining account of the manner in which this army, consisting of 80,000 men in 2000 boats, must have performed their journey. “ The only entrance to the Euxine Sea was by the
“ Dnieper; the voyage down this river was very easy,
“ till they came to the seven Cataracts which impede its
“ navigation for 15 leagues; but here there were dangers
“ and difficulties which only barbarians could encounter;
“ they were obliged to unload their boats, and slide
“ them along the rocks with long poles. When they
“ came to the fourth Cataract, they were forced to carry
“ their baggage for 6000 steps, sinking under the
“ load of it, and every moment in danger of being
“ attacked by the Petchenegues, who were almost al-
“ ways at war with them. Having surmounted all this,
“ they came at length to an island at the mouth of the
“ Dnieper,

“ Dnieper, where they were forced to refit their vessels
“ and wait for a favourable wind. They were obliged
“ again to refit at the mouth of the Dniestre; by this
“ road they carried on their commerce, and this road
“ Oleg was now forced to take.” His journey was
not however unsuccessful, for having conquered Leo
(called the Philosopher, because he applied himself
to idle studies instead of taking care of his people),
and forced him to pay tribute, he returned victo-
rious to his own country. A second treaty, concluded
with the same emperor a few years after, is mentioned
by M. l'Evesque, as containing some curious particulars
of the manner of the times; as does likewise the
story told of the death of this monarch. It is said, that
before he went to Constantinople it had been foretold
him, that a favourite horse he had would be the cause
of his death; at his return, enquiring for the animal, he
was told that he was dead; upon which, unable to bear
his joy, he ordered himself to be led to the place
where the bones lay; “ There, then,” says he to the sooth-
sayers, with an air of insult, “ is the animal that was to
“ be my death!” At the same time he gave the skull a
kick, but in doing it, disturbed a serpent, which came
out, and stung him to death.

He was succeeded, after a reign of 33 years, by his
pupil Igor, who, notwithstanding an incursion of
the Petchenegues, followed his example in marching
against the Eastern empire. At first he was equally
successful and barbarous, till at length, in consequence of
the more frightful than formidable invention of the
Gregorian fire, he was forced to return with not above
one-third of his army. He rallied however again, and
forced the cowardly Romanus, who had usurped the
throne of the Cæsars, to agree to pay a tribute. Igor
would not have made peace even upon these terms, had
it not been for the sensible advice of some of his
counsellors: “ If Cæsar, said they, according to old
“ Nestor, makes such propositions, is not it better to
“ have gold and silver, and precious stuffs, without the
“ risk of a battle? can we tell which will be conqueror,

“ and which the conquered? or are there any treaties
 “ with the sea? we do not walk upon dry land, we are
 “ carried upon the abyfs of the waters, and a common
 “ death threatens the two armies.” Igor was not always
 happy enough to meet with fuch wife counfellors, or
 he did not always follow their advice; for, having foon
 after exacted one contribution from the Drevlieans, and
 returning to compel them to another, he was attacked
 by them, and put to death: a fate not unlike that of
 Cyrus, and what it would be happy for mankind if
 every conqueror met with.

The reign of Olga lafted fome years; the tranfactions
 of it are much diffigured by Romance, and it contains
 nothing material but her embracing Chriftianity. She
 was fucceeded, at what period is uncertain, by her fon
 Suiatoflaf I.

Suiatoflaf was what in thofe times they called a hero.
 He may, indeed, ftand for the representative of all the
 barbarians who overturned the Roman empire. His
 ufual dwelling was in the camp, where he fleep on the
 bare ground, or at moft with a branch of fern under
 him, and with his head refted upon his faddle. Far
 from allowing his army any luxurious camp equipage,
 he had no boilers to drefs his meat, nor any plates to
 eat it on, but ufed to tear the flefh off the animal
 (this when he had nothing elfe was his horfe), and
 grill it upon the coals. The firft people this Alexander
 conquered were the Kozarians, who had defcended
 from Mount Caucasus in the fixth century, and given
 their name to the Caspian Sea, which by Perfian
 writers is called the Kozarian Sea. He entirely defeated
 them; and they are never mentioned in hiftory fince,
 though probably the Turks might be defcended from
 them, as they inhabit the fame countries.

He then founded Iamboli on the banks of the
 Danube, near a country he had taken from the Bul-
 garians, againft whom he had been fent by the emperor
 Nicephorus Phocas; but was foon obliged to return to
 the defence of Kief, which had been attacked by the
 Petchenegues in his abfence. With thefe, however, he
 made

made peace for the time, and returned to what he meant for the capital of his empire; but after various fortune, and having divided his dominions between his three children (reserving however to himself the supreme authority), was killed by the Petchenegues, who attacked him near the Cataracts of the Dnieper, as he was returning from Bulgaria, and put him to death. His skull was encircled with a rim of gold, and served the conqueror as a drinking cup. This happened in 973. This prince was the first cause of the ruin of the empire, by the division he made of it among his three sons.

This division however did not last long. In 980, we find Uladimir reigning alone, after having killed his remaining brother, who had himself slain the other competitor. One hardly knows whether to praise or find fault with the first action of his reign. The infamous Bloud, who had betrayed his brother to him, during three days he treated with the greatest distinction, and heaped the highest honours upon; but at the end of that term spoke to him in this manner: "Now, says he, " I have fulfilled my promise; I have treated thee as " my friend, the honours thou hast received have gone " beyond thy expectations; it remains, that as a judge " I proscribe the traitor and assassin of his prince." After which he ordered him instantly to be put to death.

His reign is famous for the conversion of the empire to Christianity. Having determined to embrace the Greek religion (it is said, but not with sufficient authority, after having heard the report of ten wise men whom he had sent to examine the several religions of the world), he could think of no better method of procuring priests to instruct himself and his people, than putting himself at the head of a great army, and going to Theodosia, now Kafa, to take them by force; the siege lasted six months; but the city was at length taken. Constantinople would have shared the same fate if the reigning emperors had not deprecated the vengeance of

the Conqueror, by giving him their sister in marriage even before he was baptized. With this condition, however, he soon after complied ; and does not seem to have had much difficulty in persuading his people to follow his example. “ If it had not been right, said some of them, “ the prince and the bojars would not have done it.” He died at length in 1015, after having done what he could to civilize his country. M. l'Evesque, who gives great commendation to the pains which he took for this purpose, by cultivating the waste lands, building cities, encouraging Greek artists, and *forcing* the nobility to send their children to public schools erected by him, concludes his encomiums with a pretty observation : “ He “ remained a barbarian,” says he, “ because he lived “ in a barbarous age : had he lived in the 17th century, “ he probably, and not Peter, would have civilized his “ country ; but no man soars very high above his cotem- “ poraries. In the 11th, Voltaire would have been only “ the most ingenious of the Troubadours : and Newton “ would have calculated the influences of the planets on “ political events, and the characters and lives of princes.”

He who the world subdued had been
But the best wrestler on the green.

This prince died in 1015.

Civil dissensions between petty princes, begun in treachery and ended in blood, occupy the next two hundred years of the history, during which, the only facts worth remembering are, the first regular code of laws established by Jaroslaw in 1054, a dreadful famine and inundation at Novgorod in 1128, and the foundation of Volodimer (long the capital of the empire) and Moscow by Jouri in 1157.

We should now proceed to give an account of the invasion of the Tartars ; but, for fear of fatiguing the reader with one subject, will reserve it to next month, and conclude this with a characteristical trait or two, which could not so well be introduced before without breaking the chain of the history.

It were to be wished, that princes had always this saying of Uladimir's in their heads. "Who am I, to exercise the right of putting other men to death?"

In 1097, Vasilko, one of the petty princes of the empire, in consequence of a court intrigue, had been seized by assassins, who put him almost to death, stripped him, and threw him into a cart, in order to carry him to prison. When he recovered, and found they had taken away his bloody shirt and washed it, he regretted it, and said, "I would have wished to have died with it unwashed, that I might have appeared thus before the divine tribunal."

Old Nestor gives this moving account of a conference he had afterwards with the same unhappy prince: "I have learnt," said Vasilko to him, "that David means to deliver me up to the Poles; he knows the mischiefs I have done them, but he is not yet satisfied with my blood. I am not however conscious to myself of any crime; my sole intent was, had the Turks or the Polowtsi attempted to have invaded my country, to have desired Uladimir and David to have trusted me with their troops. I should have said to them, Enjoy the blessings of peace, stay in your houses, partake of the pleasures of the table, and let me alone try the fatigues of war. I will carry it into the country of the barbarians, and avenge Russia. At other times I have had thoughts of marching against the Bulgarians, who inhabit on the banks of the Danube, and of cutting out for myself a kingdom amongst them; I sometimes thought to myself, I shall acquire glory, or I shall dye for my country. This is true, as I believe in God, and in his precious coming. But I have indulged proud thoughts, I have attempted to become great; and God has brought me low."

After a short time, by one of those unexpected revolutions so common in Russia, Vasilko is set free; but the prince who had freed him for his own ambitious purposes, turns his arms against him and his brother, and endeavours to deprive them of their dominions. Vasilko, who had had his eyes put out, and therefore could not fight,

fight, is represented as going from rank to rank with the cross in his hand, and saying to the soldiers, " Upon this cross Suitopolk swore to love us, and to protect us as brothers ; the perjured wretch has put out my eyes, he now wants to take away my life ; but God arise and judge between us."

David, however, the greater tyrant of the two, was at length humbled ; a congress of the princes was held to settle all differences ; the assembly was in a tent, David was called to it ; after the usual compliment, he sat down with his brothers upon the carpet, but nobody would speak to him : at length he broke silence himself, " Why have you sent for me ? What do you want with me ? Here I am !" He was answered by Uladimir : " You let us know you had many grievances to complain of ; what are they, speak, thou art setting on the same carpet with thy brethren : which of us dost thou accuse ? " David was conscious of guilt ; he would answer nothing. The princes went out of the tent, and mounted their horses ; it was the custom in those days, when there was any cause of fear, and is the custom in Poland still, they consulted with the great men of the country ; the son of Igor stood at a distance abashed and confused ; his dominions were taken from him ; but he had some cities allowed him for a maintenance.

Rotulaf, frightened by a fit of sickness, was going into a convent in 1166. The monk Simeon (as an authentic chronicle relates) had the good sense to oppose it. " It is God himself," said he, " who has made you a king, for the purpose of governing your subjects, to guide them, and make them happy, and not to spend an inactive life in a cloyster. Can it be virtue in you to resist his designs, to shrink from the special duties he has imposed, to be wanting to the fellow creatures he has entrusted to your care ? "

Such were the manners of these early ages ; the imperfect codes of legislation offer nothing sufficiently distinct from those of other nations to make it worth while to mention them.

ART. VII. *Storia della Letteratura Italiana, or History of Italian Literature; continued.*

THE five first centuries of the Roman Republic were confessedly without literature, though l'Abbé Lemoine (*Considerations sur l'origine et progres des belles lettres ches les Romains*) has endeavoured to prove the contrary. The only science of which it can be pretended that there are any fragments remaining, was that of Law.

The Abbé Terrasson, in his learned history of the Roman jurisprudence, has given us fragments of the Codex Papirianus, compiled by order of Tarquin the Proud. He has likewise asserted the existence of the Decemviral laws against Vico, who (*Principi di una scienza nuova intorno alla natura delle nazioni*) has denied it altogether, and against Bonami, who (*Memor. de l'Acad. des Inscript.* tom. xii. p. 27.) denies the particular circumstances mentioned by historians. Tiberius Coruncanius, who was consul in 473, opened the first public law school. Near this period, the other sciences began to be introduced, and though they slept awhile by reason of the first Punic war, they were revived with additional lustre, when to the taste and learning that had been acquired in the conquered cities of Etruria and Magna Grecia, came to be added those of Sicily, where every art and every science at that time confessedly flourished.

The two periods which the Abbé Tiraboschi next examines, is that between the first Punic war and the final overthrow of Carthage, and that from the overthrow of Carthage to the death of Augustus. We shall put them together.

It would be tedious to the learned, and not very entertaining to the unlearned reader, to repeat the well-known things which he says of the origin of the Roman poetry, and of the first Roman Poets. The only question upon which he has any thing new, and which may be

be interesting as a question of *ton*, as well as of literature, is a disquisition on the cause of Ovid's banishment. He begins by laying before his readers the passages from that poet's works, which absolutely assert, that it was for his indecent verses, and for having seen what he ought not; and then asks, what his crime could be?

It could not be the having had an intrigue, or the having been privy to an intrigue, or the having been the witness of one, with Julia Augustus's daughter, for this plain reason, that Julia was banished thirteen years before him; nor the having detected Augustus in an intrigue with the other Julia, his niece, for in that case, besides that Augustus was above seventy at the time, the poet would not in common prudence have repeated the cause of his misfortunes so often. What then was it? L'Abbé Tiraboschi thinks, it must have been not the having detected the uncle with the niece, but the having been unfortunately and innocently witness to some of the crimes of the latter, who, unfortunately for Augustus, turned out as ill as her cousin. This opinion appears very probable, when we consider, that she was banished precisely at the same time as Ovid, and that Augustus was so exceedingly hurt with the disorders of his family, especially the publicity of them, as to repent his having himself divulged the first Julia's infamy, by punishing her, and to say, that it would not have happened, if either of his old counsellors Agrippa or Mæcenæ had lived. As to Masson's opinion, that the poet was really guilty, but that he wished to persuade the emperor that he was only a witness, it does not seem to correspond either with the emperor's lenity, or the supposition that he must in that case have been as sure of Julia's secrecy as his own.

Grammarians. The first Grammar-school at Rome was opened in the year of the city 519, and, what is odd enough, by Carbilus, a freeman of that Carbilus who was the first man who had a divorce. He, however, only taught the elements. Craotes of Malleum, surnamed the Homeric, an ambassador from Attalus king of

of Pergamus, was the first who taught criticism. These grammarians explained the poets, and taught declamation; their schools were much resorted to, not only by children, but by grown persons. Cicero went to that of Antonius Gnifo, when he was prætor; Orbilius, the Busby of his day, had a statue at Palestrina.

Philosophy. Notwithstanding the encouragement given to philosophy by Scipio Africanus and the great men of his time, their example does not seem sufficient to have given it reputation. In 592, Pomponius the Prætor was ordered to clear Rome of the whole tribe of philosophers; they were, however, again received for a time, and much followed, when Carneades, Diogenes, and Critolaus, the chiefs of the three great sects, came to Rome on an embassy from Athens. They opened schools, and for a time were quite popular. But when Caius Acilius asked leave to repeat in full senate, in Latin, what he had heard from the philosophers in Greek, Cato, notwithstanding his being a writer himself, could bear it no longer. He insisted upon the authors of the mischief being immediately banished, and was content that the fine of the Athenians should be lowered, to get rid of them with speed. Why Cato, who was so good a writer himself, had such an aversion to philosophy, is not easy to conceive, especially as he learnt Greek himself, though indeed at a late period of life. He could not hate Greek philosophers for the same reason as he hated Greek physicians, whom he seriously believed to have formed a settled design of poisoning all the Barbarians, and the Romans of course, as the first of them with their Physic. It is more to his credit to suppose, that he thought philosophy, the academic especially, of very dangerous consequences to the morality of his countrymen: this is the more probable, because Panætius the Stoic was suffered to remain.

Natural Philosophy Natural Philosophy, it is possible, Cato did not so much disapprove, since Cicero, in his treatise on old age, introduces him giving great praise to Caius Sulpitius Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprized by the evening;

and when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprized by the appearance of morning; and thought himself well paid for his labour when he could foretell an eclipse. His labours were very useful to his countrymen in the last battle against Perſes, for, by foretelling an eclipse, he enabled them to put to the rout the Macedonian army, who had no astronomers in their camp. Pliny tells us, that this Gallus published a treatise on eclipses, which was certainly the first seen in Rome.

After this, L'Abbé T. gives a short history of the fate of Aristotle's works, which he affirms were hidden from Aristotle's days to Tully's, and refers for further particulars to Brucker and Bayle. He then examines the charge brought against two learned Italians, Alcionius and Sigonius, the one for having destroyed Cicero's treatise on glory, after having inserted the best part of it in his own treatise on banishment; the other for having forged a treatise de Consolatione, and published it as Tully's. With respect to the former point, l'Abbé T. after having shewn his learning on the subject by giving us an history of the controversy, ends it where it ought to have begun, by giving us a passage from the book which no man certainly who had an idea of stealing from Tully would have written; Sigonius he entirely acquits.

Eloquence. With respect to eloquence, when we mention Cicero, we have said all; those who are desirous of knowing more of it need not have recourse to Tiraboschi, but will find it in Middleton's Life of Cicero, where there is a great deal from those sweetest of books on the subject, the Treatises *de Oratore* & *de Claris Oratoribus*. As to the corruption of it, the l'Abbé Gedoin, in his fine preface to Quintilian, published at Paris in 1718, ascribes it to Mæcenas and Ovid; the present writer seems to think that it began with Asinius Pollio; and, indeed, if the finding fault with every great writer of his country that had gone before is a sufficient proof, it is probable enough that it did; certain it is, that this was the æra of its downfall.

History.

History. What has been said of Roman poetry and eloquence is equally applicable to history. No man who abridges any intelligence about that can expect to be read in this country. All I shall say about it is, that l'Abbé Tiraboschi makes himself very merry with the prospect entertained at different times of recovering the whole of Livy's works, which he says have been looked for, not only at Constantinople, but at Drontheim in Norway, in Arabia, and (on no less an authority than that of Paulus Jovius) in the Hebrides of Scotland, where King Fergus is supposed to have carried them after having helped Alaric to sack Rome. He concludes what he has to say of this writer with the story of the Spaniard, who came from Cales on purpose to see him, and when he had seen him, went back again without caring to see any thing else. I do not find however, that he was ready to beat the customhouse officers for not knowing where so great a man lived, as was the case at Paris with the Italian, who had come to see Fontenelle.

Physic. The history of Physic we have from Pliny, who, after laughing at the nervous gentlemen of his day, who were always changing their physicians and their physic, adds, that Rome had existed 600 years without a physician in it,—not however absolutely without physic, for the elder Cato had written a book of simples. Arcagathus, who came to Rome in the year 535, seems to have been the first regular physician, or rather surgeon, for he used to cut and burn so unmercifully, that he obtained the surname of the Butcher; it is not quite sure that he was stoned to death; he was succeeded by the famous Asclepiades, who affected to laugh at Hippocrates, and to prescribe only exercise and regimen. Temison his scholar changed his manner; and Antonius Musa, as was the fashion, changed Temison's. At the end of this article l'Abbé T. as usual, shews us that he is acquainted with the controversy on the state of physicians at Rome, which was begun in this country by Middleton, and the history of which he gives pretty much at length.

Law. Law, properly speaking, did not yet exist; there were lawyers, but there was no code, and the decisions of the courts of justice were arbitrary, and liable to change; we are referred to Tully and Terrasson for what is to be said of it.

Teachers of Oratory. Rhetoricians, or the professed teachers of oratory, shared at first the same fate as the philosophers. Aulus Gellius has preserved a copy of the Reglement de Police, or Censorial Edict, against these fellows with a new-fangled name, who kept young men idling in their schools, and prevented their going where they ought to go. "We publish this, say the Censors, that both masters and scholars may see that we do not like it." Marius, however, whom Sallust has represented as laughing at all the arts, liked them very well; for he made much of Lucius Plotius Gallus, the first rhetorician who was a Roman. He had indeed a particular reason for it; the hopes that he should get him to write the fine things which he had done.

Public Libraries. Mader talks of public libraries that were before the flood, and Paul Christian Ilker has given us an exact catalogue of Adam's. Father T. does not take it so high; he is not even quite sure whether the library mentioned by Isidorus, as the first in Rome, to wit, that taken from Perses by Paulus Æmilius, was a real library, or not, tho' he is apt to think that if it was, it must have been out of that library that Scipio Africanus lent books to Polybius, because Scipio (as every fool must know) was Æmilius's son, and had been adopted into the other family. Be this however as it may, the first real library that we hear of, was that which Sylla took at Athens; and the first librarian Tyrannio, who, tho' a slave, seems to have had some ambition, and to have vied even with Lucullus in collecting books. But Lucullus beat him, and was indeed the first Roman who distinguished himself by protecting all the arts and all the sciences. The libraries of Atticus are well known.

These however were all private libraries. Julius Cæsar, who was indeed a great man in every thing,

was

was the first who conceived the design of a public one; but he left it to be carried into execution by Asinius Pollio, and Augustus. Ovid mentions them both in that ingenious passage in the third book *De Tristibus*, where he supposes his poor book to have been kicked out and prevented joining its brethren, both by the keepers of the Atrium Libertatis and Atrium Apollinis libraries. These keepers, however, tho' very good courtiers, were men of merit, tho' I am sorry, for the honour of the profession, that I cannot allow with Morhoff that they were "amplissimæ dignitatis;" for unluckily they were only slaves, or at best freed men. Vitruvius has left an account how libraries should be built.

This is the substance of what is contained in l'Abbé Tiraboschi's two first volumes, which I thought might be entertaining here. As his subject becomes less trite, it will of course become more interesting, especially when he comes to treat of the several law and physick schools in Italy, and particularly at the revival of letters. But whether I shall ever get there, must depend upon the taste of the public, to which it will become me to submit both the whole publication, and every particular part of it.

ART. VIII. *An Archæological Epistle to the Reverend and Worshipful Jeremiah Milles, D. D. Dean of Exeter, 4to, Price 1s.*

THE sublimity of Juvenal, with the wit (I wish I could add the good-humour) of Horace; but it is hard to be good-humoured, when one has talents to write such lines as these:

“Expand that cloud still broader, wond’rous Dean,
 In pity to thy poor Britannia’s fate;
 Spread it her past and present state between,
 Hide from her memory that she e’er was great,
 That e’er her trident aw’d the subject sea,
 Or e’er bid Gallia bow the proud reluctant knee.
 How if it should be a first attempt? If it should

Δις μὲν ἐπ’ αὖξεν τὸ δὲ δευτέρῳ ἔκλετο τέκμῳ.

And the immortal race of poets shall be continued in the land.

ART. IX. *The Interests of Great-Britain with regard to her American Colonies considered, with an Appendix, containing the outlines of a plan for a general Pacification.*
By James Anderson, A. M.

OUR American Colonies, instead of promoting the Trade and Manufactures of Great-Britain, have tended in a most powerful manner to depress them: instead of having added Strength and Stability to the Empire, they have necessarily weakened it in a great degree, and exposed it to the most imminent danger. Therefore the settling of these Colonies at first was unwise, and the subsequent encouragement that was given them highly impolitic. This is the author's proposition, which he attempts to prove in the following manner.

Modern Colonies were founded, under the impulse of the moment, by authority from the King to whom the country they went to was supposed to belong, and without the most distant view on either side of what were to be the consequences.

The power of a people consists in the number of its inhabitants in proportion to its extent of territory. For though the number of inhabitants be great, if the territory be much greater, the defence will be more difficult, the officers of state and justice will run away with more money, taxes of every kind will be higher, and the country, after all, less able to defend itself. &c. &c.

But as America caused a diminution of people in proportion to territory, the settling there would impair the strength of the country even if it had been nearer this than it is. And this weakness would be still greater, if the people thus disjointed had, as they certainly have, separate interests; for, by the nature of mankind, each would promote his own, let the right lay where it would.

Again, the prosperity of a country consists in the proportion of its *useful* trade, that which increases its industry and carries off its manufactures, and *that only*. But if the migration of Colonies is such that while external trade

trade is increased by it, the internal (as the shoe-maker and taylor) suffers in a *greater* proportion, the migration is a disadvantage to the country. Now this is likewise the case.

The loss, however, does not *yet* quite equal the natural increase by procreation, but it will be greater and greater. But if there had been no migration at all, the population at present would have amounted to better than fourteen millions and a half, so that Britain has lost about five millions and a half of inhabitants, while her Colonies have gained only two millions and an half.

How then has the change affected the trade?

Why, the whole exports to America, on an average of ten years preceding 1770, amounted to the value of 2,300,000; and the annual consumption of about five millions and a half of people at home, at the rate of ten pounds a head, would have been 55,000,000*l.* so that, without allowance for the surplus of exported produce and manufactures, Britain suffers a diminution to the annual value of upwards of fifty-two millions sterling. And this likewise will grow worse and worse.

4. Extended empire is unfavourable to liberty.

By the great number of places to be disposed of, which encourages court dependance, and represses industry, not only of those who obtain, but of those who hope to obtain.

By the wars it encourages, and which for their profits are greedily and sometimes treacherously looked forward to, whilst all the money, and all the people of the country hurry to the capital, there to be lost for ever—unless the latter migrate—which the increase of taxation (which the decrease of their numbers makes them still less able to bear) inclines them to do. If our people had not gone to America, instead of twenty millions, our expenditure would have been six millions a-year; instead of nine millions of people, we should have had fifteen; instead of forty-four shillings and five-pence a-head, our taxes would not have amounted to more than seven shillings and six-pence a-head.

5. In consequence of these causes,

The

The price of our manufactures has been so enhanced, that they have not been able to stand in competition with the manufactures of other nations. Nor does monopoly, when monopoly can be obtained, remedy the evil ; for it only produces an increase of manufactures, higher wages, ruin (from dissipation) to those who receive them ; the consequence of all these bad goods, and the consequence of that contraband, and consequently the ruin of the manufacturer in the only market he had left. This would have happened with regard to the American trade, had not the minister been wise enough to wink at the contraband for a long while. When he opened his eyes, the consequence was the ruin that has come on us.

But it is said,

1. The trade with the colonies is nearly equal to the whole exports from England to the world at large, before they were planted. So that the commerce is doubled, which it could not have been any other way.

It has been proved that the home commerce has decreased ; but this the greatest masters of the business have declared was the principal thing to be attended to. *And*, as our foreign trade has increased even under the circumstances of colonization to three times the amount, it is possible that, had it not been for the discouragements mentioned, it would have increased much more.

2. Trade depends on colonies.

Spain and Holland.

3. Colonies the cause of our superiority at sea.

Trade might equally have given it without colonies ; Spain never had it ; Holland, without an inch of territory beyond its own marshes, beat her in every part of the globe.

4. But our having the country, has kept France and Spain from having it.

They might have been kept out by forts along the country, as in Hudson's Bay, Africa, and Asia. But they should have been suffered to have it, if we meant to ruin them.

5. There must be resources for men of broken fortunes.

People must be blooded in acute disorders; but it is not necessary therefore to open a vein, and let the blood run off *ad libitum*.

6. Send your poor there. Neck and heels? And increase the depopulation?

7. A remedy for a country over-peopled with inhabitants. Not a very common complaint.

This is a very short abstract of the reasoning part of this ingenious pamphlet, the calculations by which it is supported, the learned account of ancient colonies (in which the author differs from the author of the History of Colonization of the Free States of Antiquity) the comparison between the Spanish colonies and ours, many deep political remarks occasionally interspersed; and, above all, the appendix; in which he proposes the terms of a treaty of peace equally advantageous to the two countries, must be seen in the book itself. And most undoubtedly this will raise curiosity to see what such a writer has said on the means of exciting a spirit of national industry.

ART. X. *An Essay on the Study of Antiquities.*

THIS elegant pamphlet, formed upon the ancient models of composition, must be read through. My only meaning is to say enough of it to make it be desired.

The study of antiquity improves arts, and forms manners.

Antiquities are either political or monumental.

1. Ancient language is analogous to ancient manners.

The Athenians, habituated to naval affairs, had a rough dialect, delighted in contractions suited to the dispatch of business, and abounded in metaphors taken from naval affairs, the distinguishing appearances of which has been worn off by the interval of two thousand years.

The Romans drew their metaphors from the camp.

Architecture was severe with the Dorians, like the style of their Pindar. Delicate and refined with the Corinthians, like the style of Isocrates. Amongst the Ionians simple without harshness, and elegant without luxuriance, like Homer and his best imitators.

2. But architecture points out the *general* progress of national manners and taste, whilst the peculiarities of private life are more strikingly portrayed in the remains of ancient painting, bas-reliefs, marbles, and coins.

To sculpture we owe intelligence of religious and political institutions. Coins and marbles have transmitted to us important decrees, which have improved civil law. What history, geography, and chronology have gained, is well known. The single Monumentum Ancyranum, on which Augustus describes the principal actions of his life, attest their obligations. The Phidian Jupiter and the Laocoon attest the obligations of poetry.

3. Again, the study of antiquity is doubly dear, when it teaches us the manners and customs of our own country. Civil institutions in general mark the character of a people. The Attic law shews a liberal, humane, and polished people. The Roman demonstrates dignity of mind, and military genius. The laws of Hoel Dda shew the simplicity and frugality of our British ancestors. The Norman institutes the martial spirit of the feudal baron.

And these (the antiquities of our own country) do not only give *one* view, but mark the progressions of manners, in which light they have the advantage over Greeks and Romans.

But (even in our own antiquities) laws give general characters; the peculiarities of private life, and foibles of domestic character, are found in poets. History fastidiously neglects minute actions and important collateral events; the antiquary supplies them. Ancient castles teach chivalry; monastic antiquities religion and science. The history of churches recalls the memory of many venerable persons who would otherwise be forgotten, and leads to biography, which, by its close connection with history (many of whose misrepresentations it corrects) assumes an interesting

resting form and dignity of character. Nor is the study of antiquity, thus useful and interesting, more comprehensive than it is connected in its several parts. An accurate knowledge of primitive manners illustrates the earlier periods of a language. The analysis of language points out the genius of a people; and the first principles of language are only to be ascertained by the study of marbles and coins. Thus again, manners are illustrated by laws, and laws by early monuments; and thus coins and marbles illustrate poetry, and poetry illustrates coins and medals. All unite in the illustration and embellishment of history, poetry, and philosophy.

This is the author's reasoning. The ornaments of style he abounds with will be estimated by the following piece.

“ In surveying the proud monuments of feudal splendour and magnificence exhibited in the remains of ANCIENT CASTLES, the very genius of Chivalry seems to present himself amidst the venerable ruins, with a sternness and majesty of air and feature, which shew what he once has been, and a mixture of disdain for the degenerate posterity that robbed him of his honours. Amid such a scene the manly exercises of knighthood recur to the imagination in their full pomp and solemnity; while every patriot feeling beats at the remembrance of the generous virtues which were nursed in those schools of fortitude, honour, courtesy, and wit, the mansions of our ancient nobility *.”

The learning, which is very great, must be looked for on the spot.

As to the second part of the book, which is only a prospectus of a specimen of a proposed enquiry into the origin of the Greek language, it would be doing it injustice to attempt an analysis; it must be seen in the author, where, whoever reads it, though they may not be immediately convinced, will still have cause to admire the uncommon proficiency of the author's learning in every branch of polite literature; a proficiency which, at the same time it has furnished his mind so well, may perhaps have prevented his style from being quite so clear as we should wish to find it in such abstruse enquiries.

* Hurd's Dialogue on the Age of Queen Elizabeth, p. 172. note of Vol. I.

L I T E R A R Y C U R I O S I T I E S.

W A R B U R T O N I A N A.

“ I Do not know what you think in town of the Miscellany papers; but, I protest, the surprizing absurdity made me think, that people would imagine I got somebody to write booty, had not the equal virulency shewn the writer to be in earnest. You surprize me much in what you tell me of the London Doctors of my acquaintance. I can only assure you, upon the word of an honest man, they expressed themselves in a direct contrary manner to my face, and pretended to seek my acquaintance and friendship; but, as Donne says,

Teach me to hear the Maremaids singing,

And to keep off envy's stinging

And to find

What wind

Serves to advance an honest mind.

Now if this, learned and knowing in mankind as you are, you cannot do, why should not I be easy under the common lot of my betters? ”

“ There are several letters of Burnet Bishop of Salisbury. If you have not yet done his article, and make it in *Salisbury*, I will lend you his letters: there are some singularities in them. They are wrote to Mrs. Wharton the Poetess, Lord Wharton's first wife, whom Burnet rapturously esteemed.”

“ I hope you read my last; you might perceive I was in a passion against W. when I wrote; but his last letter against me has cured me of it, and I design to take no manner of notice of him in the preface of my sermon. You will wonder at this odd kind of cure. But there is a certain point at which when any thing arrives, it loses its nature; so that what was before only simple calumny appears now to be madness, and I should have an ill-office to endeavour the cure of it.”

“ I take

“ I take the liberty of sending the inclosed, which I beg you would carry to Mr Murray of Lincoln’s Inn. It is a case on which I want his opinion, I beg you would give him two guineas with it, which, on the favour of your answer, I will order to be thankfully repaid to you.”

“ I received the favour of yours the 8th, with Mr. Murray’s opinion enclosed, for which I return you many thanks. Mr. Robert Atkinson has orders to pay you the two guineas for me.”

“ There is a book called ‘ The Moral Philosopher,’ lately published. Is it looked into ? I should hope not, merely for the sake of the taste, the sense, and learning of the present age ; for nothing can give one a worse idea of them than that book’s being in any degree of esteem, as a composition of a man of Letters. I have some knowledge of the author. An evening’s conversation when I was last in town gave me the top and bottom of him. And though I parted from him with the most contemptible opinion both of his candor and of his sense, he has had the art, in this book, of writing even below himself. It is composed principally of scraps ill put together from ‘ Christianity as old the Creation ;’ larded with some of the most stupid fancies of his own that ever entered into the head of man, such as Moses’s scheme of an universal Monarchy. This, I take it, was a simple genuine blunder from Toland, who had said, with something more pretence, that Moses aimed at a perpetual Monarchy ; and, by a true Irish blunder, this blockhead took perpetual to signify universal.

I hope nobody will be so indiscreet as to take notice publicly of this book, though it be only the sag end of an objection. It is that indiscreet conduct in our defenders of religion, that conveys so many worthless books from hand to hand.”

“ It is a great pleasure to me that such judges as you approve of my sermon, and almost as great that my enemies

mies are such as W. As I am resolved for the future not only not to answer, but even not to read what that wretch writes against me; his putting his name to what he does will be of use to me. I wish you could contrive that that should come to his ear."

In the same letter, which is no *Warburtoniana*, but the *Ana* of every man who ever lived.

"I have not seen Webster's circular letter. Pray, when you go by Mr. Gyles's shop, desire him to send it me."

"What a happy thing it would be if we could send over on a mission some of our hot zealots, to cool themselves in an Indian Savanna! Don't you think V. and W. would make a proper as well as pleasant figure in a couple of Bear-skins! Methinks I see them march in this terror of equipage, like the Pagan Priests of Hercules of old,

*Jamque Sacerdotes, primusque Potitius ibant
Pellibus in morem cincti, flammæque ferebant.*

The fanaticism of some of these Missionaries gave birth to a very serious thought, which you will find in the 2d edition of the *Divine Legation*, now printing; therefore I shall not repeat it here."

"You see I have published a 2d edition of my first volume: there are several additions in support of my scheme, and reasonings on it, which I hope will not displease you, as likewise several omissions of passages which were thought vain, insolent, and ill-natured, particularly that against the author of the *Enquiry into the Demoniacs*, which I hope will less displease you."

"We shall now soon have Dr. Middleton's *Tully*: the following passage relating to it, I transcribe from one of his last letters to me, because I believe it will please you; 'I seem now determined for a subscription, especially as I have got an additional charge since I saw you, two small girls, about eight years old, who are now in the house with me, left by an unfortunate brother who had nothing else to leave; but they are fine children, and have gained already so much upon our affections, that, instead of thinking them a bur-

‘den, we begin to think them a blessing; my subscription therefore is likely to be of the charitable kind, and Tully to be their portion.’

What think you of this? I think it more edifying than all Waterland’s books of controversy.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,

He can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.

You see this, if known, would much advantage his subscription; but I have no reason to think he has a mind it should be known; and therefore keep it secret.”

“P’s advertisement has been an unexhaustible fund of mirth in this place, and I don’t doubt but our good friend Mr. Ray has had his share of it. He seems to have had a design of confirming what I said of the Poem, that it was his own, when he says that, being his own property, he will give the reasons that induced him to pitch upon Milton for the author; which implies that, being his own property, he had a right to give it to whom he pleased; and he pitched upon Milton as the man most in his favour whilst he was writing blank-verse. But his joining Herod the Great to it, which is undoubtedly his own, ascertains the property; a Poem, as well as a man, being to be known by his company. On which I will venture to pronounce condemnation in due form of law, that it shall return from whence it came. From a dunghil he says he received it, and to a dunghil it shall go, let him print upon as stiff paper as he pleases. In this case I am as clear and positive as the famous Etymologist, who said he not only knew from whence words came, but whither they were going.

“I hope you received one from me by the last post, and that we shall ferret out the Epsom letter-writer.

It is the sport to see the Ingeneer

Hoist with his own Petar---

says Shakespear. If it was he, never was there a more execrable scoundrel, who calls down the secular arm upon me. Can I outlive it? If I do, it will be in mere spight, to rub another volume of the Divine Legation in the noses of Bigots and Zealots.”

The

“The Abbé Pluche, and the author of the letter about Poetical Translation, seem either to banter with an ill grace, or talk seriously with a worse. I cannot tell (whilst I reflect on such writers) whether you gentlemen in town have the advantage over us in the country with regard to literary entertainment. Few books indeed reach us, but then those which do have some merit. I often think it is in this as in public shews; your great town abounds with them, but then they are all monsters; white bears, and Champantzeis. We have few fine fights, but those we have, have something of the dignity of nature in them: a large gigantic stone-horse, or a huge ox with the fat of an hundred acres upon his back. But for a couple of idle puppies to tell me Virgil is a rhymmer, and Newton a dreamer, and to expect I should read through a hundred pages to see how finely they will prove it, is ten times worse entertainment than to sit a whole evening in seeing horses and monkeys play at putt and all-fours.”

“Good old Mr. Baker of St. John’s has indeed been very obliging. The people of St. John’s almost adore the man; for as there is much in him to esteem, much to pity, and nothing (but his virtue and learning) to envy, he has all the justice at present done him that few people of merit have till they are dead.

“What you say of the History of Charles the Twelfth is perfectly right. I remember, when that book first came out, a gentleman in town wrote me word of it, with this character, that it was a Romance, or rather half a Romance, all fighting and no love.”

“Mr. Gyles has sent me word that W. has published all his letters together; and he thinks it proper to do the same by those news-papers wrote in defence of me. I have returned answer, that it was a matter of the utmost indifference, but that if he thought it worth his while, I gave my consent, so I have left it to him to do what he thinks proper.--- To think I will ever enter into a

con-

controversy with the weakest as well as wickedest of all mankind, is a thing impossible. This I shall do indeed; in a short preface to the second volume. I shall hang him and his fellows as they do vermin in a warren, and leave them to posterity to stick and blacken in the wind; and this will I do was the Pope himself their protector. Other business with them in the way of argument I shall never have any."

"I mentioned the second volume, it is now in the press, I have received two sheets, two more are coming, and they cry out for more copy. *Inter nos*, I only write from hand to mouth as they say here, so that an East-wind, a fit of the spleen, want of books, and a thousand other accidents, will frequently make the press stand still. This will be an inconvenience to Mr. Gyles, but I told him what he was to expect; and his hands are so full of great works, that I may well be spared, amongst the first-rate of the fleet, and cruize at my leisure in a lee shore, safe from W. and the rest of these Guarda-Costas."

"What you tell me of the Society's referring Fourmon's book to Pierce was pleasant enough, as he differs so greatly from Sir Isaac Newton, whose conjectures the examiner takes for *demonstrations*. A word in your ear—what Sir Isaac wrote of the Egyptian Antiquities is the most wretched thing that ever was wrote by any body. But more of that in time. As to the passages of Mr. Pope that correspond with Leibnitz; you know he took them from Shaftsbury, and that Shaftsbury and Leibnitz had one common original, Plato, whose system of *the best*, when pushed as far as Leibnitz has carried it, must end in fate. It is pleasant enough to see the different taste of authors. Leibnitz in his Theodiceè scheme, objects against Sir Isaac Newton's theory of attraction, because on that scheme the revolutions of the celestial orbs could not be performed without a perpetual miracle. And Mr. Baxter makes that very consideration one of the most recommending qualities of that theory, and has,

T

you

you know, wrote a large book to prove that there is a perpetual miracle in the case; i. e. God's immediate power exerted in every moment of time.—I have a poor opinion both of Markland's and Taylor's critical abilities, between friends: I speak from what I have seen. Good sense is the foundation of criticism, this it is that has made Dr. Bentley and Bishop Hare the two greatest critics that ever were in the world. Not that good sense alone will be sufficient; for that considerable part of it emending a corrupt text, there must be a certain sagacity, which is so distinguishing a quality in Dr. Bentley. Dr. Clarke had all the requisites of a critic but this, and this he wanted. Lipsius, Jos. Scaliger, Faber, H. Vossius, Salmasius, had it in a great degree; but these are few amongst the infinite tribe of critics."

One of ALSOP's fables, mentioned by WARTON.

81. VULPES et LIGNATOR.

CANES virosque persequentes dum fugit
 Vulpecula, in sylva laborantem videt
 Lignarium; oratque sibi aliquod ostenderet
 Latibulum, quo paululum reponere
 Lassata membra posset: hic blandè suum
 Monstrans tugurium, illic jubet divertere.
 Ingressa vulpes delitescit in angulo,
 Secum revolvens quas viro persolveret
 Servata grates: interim venantium
 Clamora turba sequitur, atque hominem rogat
 Conspexeritne transeuntem istâ viâ
 Vulpeculam? Ille voce simulata negat
 Vidisse, sed manu suam ostentat casam.
 Hi indicia digiti negligentes magno iter
 Clamore prosequuntur; et vulpecula
 Quæ perfidi probè noverat dolum viri
 Nihil allocuta egreditur; atque huic rusticus
 Sic insalutatum relinquit hospitem?
 Has reddis, inquit, gratias? cui callida
 Respondet illa; fateor equidem, vir bone,
 Debere me tibi gratias quamplurimas:
 Tuum os, fatendum est, callidè mendax fuit,
 O si tacuerit garrula nimium manus!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THIS Article is only submitted as a specimen. The author is establishing correspondencies in several parts of Europe, for the purpose of procuring the earliest knowledge of what is going forward, together with foreign books as soon as published.

John Bernard de Roffi, professor of Oriental languages, and vice-president of the Theology Faculty in the Royal Academy of Parma, proposes to publish by subscription, "Various readings of the Old Testament, taken from an immense quantity of manuscripts and printed editions. Illustrated with continued notes, both historical and critical, in four volumes. The price of subscription to be a guinea a volume, to be paid at the time of subscribing."

The new materials, by the assistance and on the confidence of which Mr. Roffi undertakes this work, are, first and principally, three hundred and fifty manuscripts in his own possession; all of them, a very few indeed excepted, hitherto uncollated, and some of them older than the Bodleian or Vienna manuscripts, the two which Dr. Kennicott thinks the oldest of all.

2. Fifty or sixty other manuscripts from foreign libraries, which Dr. Kennicott had not an opportunity of seeing, but which have been collated by the author, as far as his plan required.

3. A hundred very scarce printed editions of the 15th and 16th centuries (forty of them older than the first Masoretic Bibles), and which appear to have been all unknown to Dr. Kennicott.

4. A very copious collection of *manuscript* and nearly all the old *printed* commentaries, in both of which it is well known the best readings are often to be found.

5. Many select readings from other sources.

To these the author means to add, of his own, a Latin Interpretation to every various reading; together with a *clavis* of his manuscripts, and short prolegomena relating to the fountains of sacred criticism. These will be given with the first volume.

These are the materials; as to the plan, it is different from Dr. Kennicott's.

The author proposes to *give* all the various readings, but to *select* and *compare* only those which seem to him of importance to the cause of Christianity, those which affect the sense of the words, those which are supported either by manuscripts or the Samaritan text, or the oldest versions. By this means he avoids troubling the reader with chusing between various readings, which have often arisen from the blunders of ignorant transcribers.

As there is not, at present, any thing in the literary world which appears to be more deserving the attention of the Learned in general, and the Antiquary in particular, than Dr. Hunter's expected publication, it will not, perhaps, be unacceptable to my readers to receive the following short account of this work.

Few places, in this or any other kingdom, are so well furnished for the instruction and entertainment of the Curious as Dr. Hunter's Museum, where, besides the extensive and costly library, the anatomical preparations, universally acknowledged to be superior in number and elegance to any collection of this kind in Europe, the minerals, shells, corals, insects, &c. there is an invaluable repository of ancient medals, by far exceeding in number and variety any collection of this kind hitherto published.

The above mentioned work; in which the Doctor, assisted by Mr. Combe, is at present engaged, is a description of the Greek coins of this cabinet, accompanied with engravings of the Anecdota, more accurately and elegantly done than in any other publication.

The whole work is intended to be divided into three parts: the first, which is nearly finished, contains the coins of the antient towns and provinces which struck money independently of regal authority. The number of this part of the collection amounts at present, in gold, silver, and copper, to about five thousand four hundred: every coin is briefly though minutely described, as to the metal, size, type, inscription, monograms, &c. and the weight of every gold and silver coin accurately marked. To such as have already been tolerably engraved, are added references to the books where they are to be found. Those which have not been accurately engraved, or hitherto not known, are, as before mentioned, engraved in the plates affixed to this work: fifty-eight of these are already finished, and near three hundred and fifty pages of the letter-press worked off.

In this collection will be found many towns heretofore unknown to medallists. The whole is arranged alphabetically, and will make one large volume in quarto, with near seventy plates, and will be published some time in next November.

The second part will contain the Persian, Phenician, Palmyrene, Samaritan, Punic, Celtiberian, and such other antient coins as have characters, which are now but little known. The whole of this collection amounts to above five hundred coins, exclusive of those which belong to the Regal and Roman Imperial Series.

As the variety and exact forms of these letters may be of considerable use to the studious in this branch of learning, it is intended to have every coin of this part of the collection engraved with the greatest exactness.

Here the curious Antiquary may observe antient Persian coins, authenticated by other undoubted remains of Persian antiquities. He will likewise, from these plates, be inclined to think, if not be quite convinced, that the very antient Persian letters were the same, or nearly the same, as the antient Phenician.— Here, for the first time, he will see Palmyrene coins
with

with Palmyrene characters; and the curious in antient Oriental literature will here find a better fund for the enlargement and improvement of the various alphabets, than is to be found in any other work.

The third part will include all the antient regal coins, beginning with the kings of Macedon. This part of the collection is likewise very extensive, and contains not only the greatest variety of the coins hitherto known, but possesses the coins of several kings unknown in the most numerous collections. The whole of this series will also be engraved; and it is hoped that the confusion which has arisen from the same name being borne by different kings, and which has greatly perplexed numismatic writers, who had not a sufficient variety of coins to consult, will here be avoided. The number of this part of the collection is very considerable.

If we consider what great advantages the learned world may derive from so great a treasure, in respect to antient geography, chronology, history, mythology, and arts, I think they will agree with me, that few publications are entitled to so much attention, or have so just a claim to the protection and assistance of the public.

To the collection the Doctor is already possessed of, he has just added the famous collection of Mr. de France, supposed to contain the most curious assortment of Roman gold and silver coins of any private cabinet in Europe.

I wish I could think myself justified in adding to this article a specimen, however slight, of Mr. Glasse's (B.A. of Christ Church) translation of Caractacus into Greek verse, which I may speak of, because I have read; but nothing farther without his permission. Without entering into a particular account of its merits, or pretending that if we had not the original, it would be mistaken for a recovered tragedy of Sophocles, I can assure the learned reader he will receive infinite pleasure from it, if at any part of the noble race Mr.

Glasse

Glasſe ſeems intended to run, he ſhould be diſpoſed to let us ſee where he ſat out from. In the mean time, I muſt mention, ſince I can do no more, the peculiar ſpirit of the tranſlation of the “ I know it, reverend fathers, ’tis heaven’s high will,” &c. “ Evelina, thou beſt of brothers, come to my arms;” and the chorus which begins “ Hail, thou harp of Phrygian frame.” Mr. Glasſe was not, I believe, Bachelor when he did this. *Hac arte Milton—*

*arces attigit igneas,
Hercule ainſi que lui commenca ſa carriere.*

I have ſeen a ſenſible ſermon: two things, however, I could wiſh had been omitted; the firſt, a compliment to the King at the beginning, and the ſecond a compliment to the Queen at the end (not that I think them undeſerved, or ſo unſeaſonable at this period as at another); but I am of the opinion of that Monk, who, being called upon to go through this uſual ceremony at the court of Verſailles, concluded his ſet of ſermons in the following unexpected manner: “ And now, Sire, cuſtom preſcribes that I ſhould make your Maſteſty a compliment; I have accordingly looked over my whole Bible for one, but have met with nothing there but admonitions.”

The author of a didactic Poem has alſo done me the honour to ſend me his book, and of courſe deſires my opinion of it. My opinion is, that it ſhews a great deal of learning, and a great deal of virtue. I am however afraid, that, like other gentlemen occupied in the purſuit of the exacter ſciences, he is not ſufficiently aware of the difficulty with which

The various members of the world, the tie
Which knits diſcordant principles of things,
What rules the ſeaſons, and what changes heat
To cold, obſcures the ſun and ſilver moon,
Of the fix’d ſtars the ſplendid magnitude, &c.

yield to become the materials of a didactic Poem. The invocation of thoſe who attempt to force them is
generally

generally easy and beautiful, like this (and there are many other passages as warm): but when we come to

Much lighter is phlogisticated air

Than atmospheric; but in density

The nitrous much exceeds; and most the fix'd—

and thither we must come, if we would not lose our reputation of being accurate philosophers: the Muses run away as if they were afraid of breathing this phlogisticated air. Upon the whole, however, I could very conscientiously recommend the work to those who don't mind a little bad sound for a good deal of good sense; but to the author must recommend Horace's rule, *Et quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit*; i. e. to chuse a happier subject.

Much the same may be said of many poems, and of many moralities in prose I have lately seen: for instruction, there is certainly a great deal; for reputation in a private circle not a little; but for the broad face of day, for the fastidiousness of a publick who has permitted Mrs. Barbauld, whom every willing Muse obeyed, to spend her days in obscurity, I am afraid, not quite enough.

March 28th. I have this instant notice, That professor Simler of Zurick is about to publish, in two vols. Folio, "Anecdotes of the Reformation, containing, amongst other matters, 750 manuscript letters of the first Reformers." As a specimen, he gives, in his proposals, one of Jane Gray's to Bullinger, written at the age of fourteen; from the original manuscript in the library at Zurick.



A NEW REVIEW,

For A P R I L, 1782.

ART. I. Muller's *History of Swisserland*—*continued*.

“ON whatever nameless shore, in whatever sequestered wood it had its origin, this confederacy united thus a people from the earliest period of their known existence. No sooner had they established their independence in the valleys, but all the neighbours honoured their arms; wished to acquaint themselves with the confederacy; sought to be, and by degrees were, admitted into it. Thus various nations, of different laws, languages and customs, owe their freedom and constitution to the simple herdsmen of the valleys of Switz, Uri, and Underwalden.”

This reflection at the beginning of the 10th chapter leads to the history of the other cantons. This chapter, and the 11th, treat of Lucern; the six following ones of Bern; five more of Zurich; and one of Glaris and of Zug: the remaining seven are general and miscellaneous. The rich conciseness of the author compels me to relinquish the intention I had of following him throughout all the great events that signalize this history. I shall here confine myself to that part only that relates to Bern, the canton that made the most effectual stand against the efforts of despotism.

This district was part of the kingdom of Burgundy, which in 1032, by the death of Rudolph III. without issue, devolved to the emperor Conrad II. The people had many privileges arising from the nature of the military government of those times, and for these privileges they had frequent struggles. The Emperor, who was

engaged in greater enterprizes, delegated his power to the nobles of the country, of which our author gives us an ample list. Berthold of Zahringen had the chief government: from a desire, it seems, of checking the power of the other nobles who thwarted him in his designs, he determined to lessen their authority, by raising the lower classes to an equality with them. "Where all are equal, one only, or no one, is obeyed." The confidence with which the fame of the Emperor's brilliant actions had inspired the people, the security of each individual of the lowest rank, who was as safe in his cottage as the Baron in his castle, together with several local advantages, soon increased population to such a degree that towns were gradually built. Cuno de Bubenberg, under the auspices of Berthold, founded Bern in 1191: a wooden town, which in a few centuries became one of the greatest commonwealths of Europe; "and this by the simplicity of ancient manners."

On the death of Berthold in 1218, without issue, his estates were divided among his near relations. But the Emperor gave Bern a charter confirming their constitution. This constitution was, as to its form, similar to many others, but it resembled few in its principles. "Other states rest their prosperity on laws, alliances, or conquests, but Bern fought men and arms. Other states emerge after a long tranquillity; but the senate of Bern, not thirty years after the death of Berthold, had coped with all its powerful neighbours, had formed alliances, determined differences, had been in vain assailed by the House of Habsburgh, and in less than ten years it had seen its enemies a fourth time at its gates; and this town, small as it is at present, was then not half so large, and had no territories but an adjacent meadow, and a right of forest. But in its senate there were no common souls that are debased by the love of gain."

Here follows a catalogue of the fathers of this infant state. They were chiefly of noble origin, and had considerable estates in the neighbourhood; they had no wish; they could have no interest but the public good.—

"Lawyers are often good advocates and judges, but seldom

“dom skilful rulers ; merchants thirst after gold ; but
 “*men and steel, the soldier and his sword**----these are the
 “pillars of a free state.”

The

* These words of Mr. Muller being evidently an imitation of Alcæus, I have not been able to resist the temptation of inserting the following most spirited paraphrase of the fragment whence they are taken ; a paraphrase which is another confirmation of what I said about the Archæological Epistle, that poets are not wanting to us. It is not so clear in this iron age (when the first question about every man is, what does he think of the American war ?) that we are not wanting in poets.—When I say this, and when I insert this fragment as a specimen of beautiful composition, I do not mean to be understood as either adopting or disliking all the sentiments in it. I have my opinion of men and things, as well as books ; my friends know them, and I shall not affectedly conceal them upon proper occasions, even in this book. This is not however the place to look for either my political or religious creed ; for this plain reason, I do not profess to write about myself : and my principal business with other writers is to consider their literary talents.

Οὐ λίθοι γδὲ ξύλα, γδὲ
 Τέχνη τέκτονων αἱ πόλεις εἰσὶν,
 Ἄλλ' ὅπ' ὅτ' ὦν ὥσιν ἌΝΔΡΕΣ
 Αὐτὰς σώζειν εἰδότες,
 Ἐλαῦθαι τείχη κ' πόλεις.

ALC. quoted by ARISTIDES.

WHAT constitutes a state ?

Not high-rai'd battlement or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 Not starr'd and spangled courts,
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride ;
 No :—MEN, high-minded MEN,
 With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
 Men, who their *duties* know,
 But know their *rights*, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain :

The character of the people of Bern is an interesting chapter. "The reverse of our present manners is the key to the manners of those times." Epigrams are unworthy of an historian, nor is this an epigram. The present manners are neither so simple, nor so patriotic, nor are they so rough, and so *barbarous* (as we must now style them) as those of the early times. Fixt annual incomes were unknown—the rich had flocks and large white oxen—trades (four only excepted) were left to the neighbouring towns—the style of living was wholly military. Whilst grave old men were deliberating in the senate, the youths, adorned with flowery garlands, danced, and spent their hours in gay festivity. No sooner was an order issued for military service, but they assembled, sung the war song, and followed the banner. A martial people is seldom distinguished for strict morals, but the warrior on his death-bed bequeathed a candle to his tutelary saint. At funerals they drank more than they wept; they talked less of their loss than of the enjoyments they had had with the deceased. Many of the institutions of those days appear to us uncommonly defective. "But a society that cannot subsist without many and complicated laws, is like a man that lives on medicines."

These constitute a state,
 And sov'reign LAW, *that state's collected will,*
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
 Smit by her sacred frown
 The fiend *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en the all-dazzling *Crown*
 Hides his saint rays, and at her bidding shrinks,
 Such *was* this heav'n-lov'd isle,
 Than *Lesbos* fairer and the *Cretan* shore!
 No more shall freedom smile?
 Shall *Britons* languish, and be MEN no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave*.

* I do not think *Alcæus* ever excelled this.

The War of Laupen.—I must have leave to be less concise in the abridgment of this chapter.

The Emperor Lewis V. had been excommunicated by the pope ; the Berners withheld their allegiance, at least it was so said. The Emperor was but little concerned at this defection, but the nobles availed themselves of the opportunity to gratify their jealousy and revenge. Everard of Kiburg represented to the Emperor that the senate of Bern had refused his coin, out of mere contempt of the imperial authority, from which he derived the right of coinage. His coin, in fact, was much too base. The emperor resolved to chastise this daring people. He convened an assembly at Nidau---Gerard Count of Vallengin was his commissary. Here came all the nobles, and the representatives of many distant princes.

Accusations were preferred from every quarter, and it was agreed that the many injuries they complained of were owing to one cause, to wit, that Bern had wrested the superiority from the nobles, and transferred it to the people ; that therefore it was needless to oppose them in single instances, that their total extirpation could alone restore matters to their former state. The report of this hostile combination struck terror into the minds of the forsaken Berners. The elder Bubenbergh, the chief magistrate (Shuldheifs) convened the senate, which, unawed and with its wonted dignity, determined to satisfy all just demands, and to repel force by force. A meeting was agreed upon with the nobles, but the demands they made could not be complied with : the enemy gained time ; and, what must have greatly discouraged the senate, they found themselves abandoned even by Fribourg, whose friendship they thought was not to be shaken. The nobles, from Savoy to the heart of Suabia, from Burgundy to Austria, assembled. Five hundred chiefs with crowned helmets, and seven hundred of inferior rank, collected an army of 15000 foot and 1200 horse.

Now came the formal declaration of hostilities from Count Gerard, in the name of Lewis, and Laupen* was

* A small town about nine miles to the west of Bern, which the republic had newly purchased.

besieged.

besieged. Bodies of fresh troops arrived daily before the town, and were received with joyous acclamations.— Among the chiefs were even the Bishops of Geneva and Lausanne, and John the brave and only son of Lewis of Savoy, who had come indeed as a mediator, but yielded to the persuasion of the nobles.

Bern now shewed how happy a people is who in such perils has taken a determined resolution, who has nothing in contemplation but victory or glorious death. As their fate was now to be committed to one supreme commander, great was the perplexity as to the choice. Many there were who knew how to wage partial war, but no one was thought equal to the conduct of a war of such a magnitude as this. In an undisciplined army, 40,000 men will always be 40,000 men; but in an army led by a good general, 40,000 men are one man, equal in strength to 40,000. The very difficulty of the choice however is often more honourable to those between whom there is a competition, than a victory. A wise people is well apprized that among great men none is so great, none of more consequence, and none so rare, as a good general.— Rudolph of Erlach appeared the least exceptionable, he was chosen by a general acclamation, and received the banner. He then addressed the people: “I have fought
“ with you in six pitched battles; in all of them the great
“ armies have been defeated by a smaller number. Victory
“ is the result of strict discipline. I will have absolute
“ power over the lives of those I command: I will be
“ accountable to none for the punishment I shall inflict
“ on disobedience.”---The men held up their hands, and swore implicitly to obey the chief.

John of Kramberg, a Knight whom the Berners had formerly assisted in a feud with his neighbour, was not ungrateful----He hastened over the mountains, and told the people of Underwalden that the fate of Bern depended on a battle with the combined host of all the neighbouring Lords and Princes. No alliance subsisted then between the Swiss and Bern; but the people of Underwalden assembled, and said---“ Good Knight of
“ Kramberg, the hour of distress is the hour of friendship;
report

report this at Bern."---They sent over to Switz and Uri, and in a few days 900 men marched down the valleys, and joined Erlach. At a general council of war, the question was put, "When shall we march and fight?" The answer was, "Immediately." The question then went round, "How shall we fight?" The answer came, "To the last drop of blood." Of all the old allies of Bern, the people of Soleure alone were faithful to their engagements. They sent 80 men on horseback.

On the 20th of June, 1339, the Swiss auxiliaries were feasted by the burghers. The army was admonished by the priest Dietbold, and solemn worship was performed with vows and offerings, with solemn processions by the men at day, and by women in the night.---At midnight the order came for marching.

Four thousand burghers, 600 from the territories belonging to Bern, 900 Swiss, and the 80 men of Soleure, marched out by moon-light: about noon, they took post on an eminence before a wood, not far from Laupen, and observed the enemy. News came from Soleure, that Count Riburg was approaching with 4000 men of Hapsburg. Erlach, determined to attack the foe before the arrival of this reinforcement, arrayed his forces.---The enemy's cavalry was ordered to wheel round and fall upon the rear of the Berners.---The Swiss and men of Soleure were, at their own desire, opposed to this detachment. Bern undertook the infantry. Erlach rode among his men. "Where are ye now, ye gay, ye sprightly youths, who ramble day and night, decked with flowers and feathers, and lead the dance? Here is Erlach! Here is the banner! This day the fate of Bern is in your hands."---"Lead on, we follow," was the general cry: and they all closed round their chief.---The signal being given, a body of slingmen advanced towards the enemy, threw stones, disturbed their ranks, and then fell back.---Heavy-armed chariots drove down precipitately, and with a rattling noise: the men upon them fought desperately, for they had no retreat.---The less-experienced troops behind, mistaking the return of the slingmen for the beginning

beginning of a flight, sought shelter in a wood. Erlach perceived it, and, with a serene countenance, called out to his people, "The victory is ours, all the cowards have left the field." He snatched the banner, and led where the chariots had forced the line. The fury of the attack proved irresistible. The Fribourgers made the greatest stand; but their leader Montmayor, their standard-bearer Fulistoff, and sixteen of their relations, having fallen, all resistance proved ineffectual; the whole of the infantry threw down their arms, and fled along two roads, one above and the other below Laupen. The Berners hastened to the assistance of the Swiss and men of Soleure, but they came too late: the enemy's cavalry had attempted to surround them; the Swiss, according to their custom, stood firm, until the slingers had wounded and terrified the horses; their attack was then successful. Here fell Nidau, and near him Vallengin. All lamented the untimely death of John of Savoy, the sole comfort of an aged father. Among those that fled, was the baron of Blumenberg. When he was told who, and how many, had been slain, "God forbid," cried he, "that I should survive such men, such friends!" He rushed among the Swiss, and fell. The field was covered with the dead, their arms, their horses, eighty crowned helmets, and twenty-seven banners.

The victorious army assembled to offer up thanksgivings. Erlach addressed them, "By good discipline, and by your valour, brave, faithful, dearest friends of Switz, Ury, Underwalden, and Soleure, have we this day conquered. Never shall I forget, that I owe the glory of this day's victory to the confidence of such an army. When our posterity shall hear of this day, the Swiss and Berners will prize their friendship above all things. In their wars, they will remember whose sons they are."

The garrison of Laupen, who had suffered great distress, were apprised of the victory by the arrival of the banner at their gates. Many wept, as men are wont to weep at the recital of great actions, which they are conscious they could have achieved. The Swiss and Berners

Berners fwore an alliance, and thefe gave to the former fome hundred pounds of filver to indemnify them for the neglect of their cattle this expedition had occafioned. The men who had fled into the wood were ever after, to their perpetual fhame, called *forefters*.

I am not very apprehenfive of fatiguing the reader by one more extract.

“ The diftribution of labour, whence trades have
 “ had their rife, was unknown to our ancestors.---Each
 “ individual depended on himfelf; each family fupplied
 “ its own neceffities.---No one was then fo fkilful in
 “ one art, as we are now; no one among us is practifed
 “ in fo many things as they were.---Our age abounds
 “ more in ideas; but none of us has fo many ideas as
 “ one of them.---We know the Eaft-Indies better than
 “ they did, the Weft-Indies are our own; the an-
 “ cients knew themfelves, and how few are the wants
 “ of nature!---We have now a freer intercourfe; but
 “ at that time it was not in the power of one fool or
 “ madman to deftroy the peace of millions.---Manu-
 “ factures, trade, navigation, are the means of acquir-
 “ ing gold; but they wanted it not.---Travelling was
 “ inconvenient; but they ftaid at home, and preferved
 “ their manners.---Our writers glow in the caufe of hu-
 “ manity and general fociability; but a Spartan was a
 “ Spartan, and a fhepherd of the Alps was faithful to
 “ his friend.---Authors know at prefent, that their
 “ works will reach from pole to pole; but they know,
 “ that little good will thence accrue.---Our forefathers
 “ were men who only fought for freedom; and with
 “ that view alone, they formed focieties. The manu-
 “ facturer, the merchant, the prieft, the man of letters,
 “ the courtier, are each intent on gain, on ftipends:
 “ Wealth is thereby accumulated; but the property is
 “ precarious. We calculate with great acutenefs; but
 “ the foldier compels us by force and wanton fway;
 “ and this becaufe force and wanton fway are now en-
 “ trusted to a diftinct clafs of men.--- This the an-
 “ cients would never fuffer; they knew for what

“ purpose the wolf has teeth, the ox hath horns *,
 “ and what use men make of arms. They were poor,
 “ but free ; we are rich, but not for ourselves.”

* *Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit.*

ART. II. *Continuation of the abridged Translation of
 Winckelman's History of the Arts of Antiquity. Original
 3 vol. 4to. 2 l. 16 s. Debrett.*

Of the Arts in Phœnicia.

Phœnicians.

THE Phœnicians inhabited a pleasant country on the banks of the Mediterranean ; they were well-made, laborious, and learned, particularly in Arithmetic and Astronomy, the last of which was of use to them in navigation. They were also proficient in the fine arts. Solomon's temple, it is well known, was built by Phœnician workmen, and the Romans used to employ Carthaginians in making their finest wooden furniture. Strabo says, that the houses at Carthage were higher than those of Rome, and Appian mentions some six stories high in the heart of the city. Their temples were distinguished by a great deal of costly magnificence, such as statues of emerald and gold, and golden columns. Appian, in his description of the port of Carthage, speaks of Ionic columns, and Livy mentions a silver buckler, with the head of Asdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, upon it, which weighed 130 lb. and was hung up in the capitol.

The only works of Phœnician art which have come down to us, are medals struck in Spain, Malta, and Sicily : the grand duke has ten of the city of Valencia, equal in point of workmanship to the finest medals of Magna-Græcia : on these is the head of Proserpine, and a horse the symbol of Carthage, *Hic caput acris equi*.

We know little of the Phœnician dress, except that it had long sleeves, and that they delighted much in striped stuffs ; it is thus, at least, that they were represented on the Roman stage, as may be seen in the

figure of the Phœnician merchant in the Vatican Terrence.

The Phœnician divinities were represented with wings, as appears upon the medals of the Island of Malta.

Jews.

As the neighbours of the Phœnicians, the Jews, were forbidden to make any visible representation of the Divinity, the arts could not make any great progress among them: most of the artists they had seem to have come from Phœnicia; these, however, must, at one time, have been very numerous; for we are told, that Nebuchadnezzar carried away 1000 craftsmen and smiths with him into Babylon*.

Of the Arts in Persia.

Persians.

There are remains of Persian works in marble and brass, and likewise some gems.

The monuments in marble are in relief, and come from the ruins of Persepolis: they are described much at large, and plates given of them, in the English Universal History. Persian gems are to be found in many cabinets. As to bronzes (a few medals excepted) I know but of one. It is a long square in the Hamilton Collection, on which there is a man with a helmet on his head, in the act of stabbing a lion. There is a silver medal, supposed to be of the time of Alexander the Great; on it are two persons, the one has a Persian bonnet on his head, and the other is holding the reins of a quadriga or four-horsed chariot; on the reverse is a ship with oars, and on the rim unknown characters. The Greeks tell us, that the Persians were very handsome, which the remaining monuments seem to confirm: besides, we know, that the Parthians, their neighbours, were distinguished for the beauty of their persons. Appian tells us, that Surena, the general of Orodes, who was remarkably handsome, used cosmetics. The most remarkable particulars of

* 2 Kings xxiv. 16.

the Persians, with regard to the arts, were, that they never represented the divinity, or the naked figure, both which they thought indecencies; nor are there any women to be seen upon their monuments; the figures of the God Mithras, to be met with at Rome, must therefore be of a later age, the worship of that divinity having been introduced (as Plutarch tells us) by the pirates whom Pompey destroyed.

Particular parts of the Persian edifices seem to have been magnificent; but they are overcharged with ornament.

To conclude, this people, who could not well have any artists of their own as they lived under a despotic government, in which there were no rewards for merit, and no statues in honour of distinguished men, seem to have been sensible enough of their own disadvantage; for they employed foreigners to execute their great works. Telephanes of Phocis was in the service both of Darius and Xerxes.

Of the Arts of Etruria.

We now come to a very interesting part of the history, to-wit, that of the Etruscans, who possessed the arts prior to any people except the Egyptians; and whose oldest monuments are singularly interesting, because, besides treating on subjects of Grecian history which are no where else to be found, they give us some idea of the oldest Greek manner, which is not to be seen in monuments purely Greek, there being none so old remaining. It is impossible, however, to give an idea of the arts in this country, without previously saying something of the history, character, and politics of the people.

History speaks of * two colonies of Greeks, who settled in Etruria, and mixed with the old inhabitants of the country; the first were Pelasgi, who came partly from Attica, and partly from Arcadia. These

* See a very sensible Dissertation in Heines's Virgil.

people understood navigation earlier than the Greeks, were very jealous of them, and are said to have fought a great battle with the Argonauts near the Hellespont, and wounded all the captains of that celebrated expedition, except Glaucus.

The second colony came to Etruria 600 years after, that is, about 300 years after the time of Homer, and about the time of Thales and Lycurgus; these spread far and wide, contracted alliances with the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, and gave to the whole country the name of Magna-Græcia. This is a fact not only attested by history, but by medals, many of which (evidently of this time) have the names of the cities upon them in Greek characters.

These people then, it is probable, civilized the ancient Etruscans, and communicated to them, together with the Greek character, mythology, and history, their own love for the arts. If the Etruscans did not carry these last to their height, notwithstanding the peace and plenty they for a long time lived in, the cause must be sought for in those circumstances of their character, which foreigners might soften, but had it not in their power to change. The old Etrurians were of a melancholy and gloomy disposition; they delighted in blood and barbarous superstitions; their funeral rites were distinguished from those of other nations by the combats of gladiators; accordingly all the fables we see represented upon their funeral urns are dismal and forbidding; whereas those on the Roman ones are all pleasing subjects, and seem intended to lessen, as much as possible, the shock which human nature feels at the thoughts of its dissolution. An Endymion asleep, or an

* There is a pretty inscription, allusive to the subject, on a broken column of the *Cala Capponi* at Rome, Ἡσπασαν ὡς τεσπνὴν Ναιαδες ὁ θάνατος; "the Naiads have run away with the delightful boy, not Death:" which reminds us of the beautiful epigram,

ἸΕΡΟΝ ὕπτιον

Κοιμάται, θνησκεῖν μὴ λυγέ τες αγαθός.

Which may be rendered, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labour."

Hylas ravished by the Nymphs *, are some of the most common subjects of the latter, at other times, they represent Bacchanal dances, or marriage ceremonies. Nor were such representations unexpressive of the manners of the people. Dionysius Halicarnassus tells us, that it was the custom at Rome, to dance before the corpse of the dead person. Scipio Africanus ordered a drinking-bout at his grave, at the Villa Albani. There is a great basso-relievo (which made part of a sepulchral urn) representing a pantry, with butcher's meat and animals of various kinds hanging up in it, ready for dressing; there is a woman sitting, and a young girl standing up by her. A subject of the same kind is in the Gallery Giustiniani, and over it these beautiful lines of Virgil;

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

After all, the great reason why the arts never reached their highest point of perfection in Etruria was, the conquest of that country by the Romans. What they might have come to, if this had not happened, may be guessed at from the 2000 statues taken at the city of Bolsena alone.

Peculiarities in the Representation of Etruscan Divinities.

As the Greeks had their Jupiter *Απομυιος*, or the fly-headed, so called because the head of the statue was a fly, the Etruscans had their Jupiter Pampho, who was covered with horses' dung. All their gods have wings, and some of them the thunder-bolt. Jupiter is thus represented, coming in all his power to Semele, on a fine glass-paste in Stofsch's Collection.

Apollo.

The Etruscan Apollo appears with a shepherd's hat upon his head, allusive, as it should

should seem, to his servile condition at the court of Admetus.

Mercury. All the Mercuries are distinguished by their pointed beards; but there is a very singular one in the Hamilton Collection. This is a bronze figure, about the size of one's hand, with the helmet on the head, but the legs and thighs are without armour. Apollonius * tell us, that it was thus the god appeared when he went to war with the Titans.

Juno. Juno is represented, both by the Greeks and Etruscans, with a forceps or pair of pinchers in her hands. This is the Juno Martialis, and alludes to that mode of battle, called "*forcipe, et serra*" "*præliari*," when an army was so drawn up, as to be able to open and enclose the enemies within its line.

Venus. The Etruscan Venus appears with a dove.

The Graces. On an altar at the Villa Borgheze, the Graces appear dancing, and holding each other by the hand.

Animals. The finest Etruscan animal known is the bronze chimera, with an Etruscan inscription, in the gallery of Florence. This is a being made up of the lion and the goat.

There are few other capital bronzes, and not many marble statues.

Basso-reliefs. The most conspicuous basso-relievo, is that which represents Leucothoe, called Ino before her deification: she is represented sitting, with a young Bacchus on her knees; behind her are three nymphs, one of whom is holding the child's leading-strings. We have besides a square altar representing the labours of Hercules, and a Bocca di Pozzo (*Putealia Sigillata*, Tully's Letters to Atticus, lib. i. ch. 10.) on which is a young Vulcan, with his hatchet lifted, and in the act of going to open Jupiter's head, for Minerva to come out of it. This subject is frequently repeated both on

* Bibl. i. p. 10.

the Etruscan and Greek bas-reliefs. Marchese Rondinini has one (which I have had engraved for the frontispiece of the second volume of the *Monumenta Inedita*) in which the stroke has already been given; in this, the Jupiter is sitting.

Gems.

The gems are the most precious and valuable part of what has been left us by the Etruscans. The most famous of these are, first, the beautiful Cornelian in the Stosch cabinet, representing a council held by five of the famous chiefs who went against Thebes. It is uncertain whether the artist meant to represent them all; for the ancients certainly varied about the numbers. Eschylus * mentions seven; Pausanias tells us, that there were more. Be this as it may, the names which we read upon this gem are those of Polynices, Parthenopæus, Adrastus, Tydeus, and Amphyareus; both the inscription and design prove it to be a work of very high antiquity. Some of the parts, the feet for instance, are exquisitely finished; but the whole is without grace, and the heads scarce make above a sixth part of the bodies; as to the inscription, the letters are more like the old Greek character than those found on other monuments. The second figure is a Tydeus, who is pulling out of his right-leg the javelin with which he was wounded by the fifty Thebans, who lay in ambush for him, by the orders of Eteocles, as he was returning from Thebes, and only one of whom he left alive. The story is told at length in Homer †; but one would think, from his description of the little thickset muscular hero, that Statius had seen the very gem.

* In the play so well translated by Mr. Potter.

† Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage, fifty warriors lay.
Two heroes led the secret squadron on;
Mœon the fierce, and hardy Lycophron.
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was. See Pope's *Iliad*, lib. iv. line 444.

—Quam-

—Quamquam ipse videri
Exiguus, gravia ossa tamen, nodisque lacerti
Difficiles ; nunquam hunc animum natura minori
Corpore, nec tantas ausa est includere vives.

Theb. l. vi. v. 480.

It is impossible to conceive a more exact description.

Besides these precious remnants, there is also a Peleus, who is washing his hair in the Sperchius, and vowing to consecrate it to the river god, if ever his dear Achilles should return ; and a Mercury (not Jupiter, as in Homer), weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles in a balance.

Paintings. The only Etruscan paintings remaining have been found at the ancient Tarquinium, one of the twelve cities which constituted the old united republic. They are to be seen in chambers, which are cut in the rock, and very much adorned ; most of the friezes represent battles, or attacks on the lives of particular persons ; but on some of them there are allusions to the Etruscan doctrine concerning the state of the dead ; we see on many two black Genii, with wings, a hammer in one hand, and a serpent in the other, drawing a chariot on which is the figure or soul of the deceased ; two others of these seem beating a figure which has tumbled from a chariot.

Besides these more capital paintings, there are statues such as those described at Herculaneum, and some basso relievos upon urns ; the ground of these is white, on which the other colours have been laid.

With regard to the twelve urns of porphyry, supposed by Gori upon the faith of an old manuscript to have been seen at Chiusi in Tuscany, I do not believe that they ever existed.

As to style, the Etruscans seem to have had three different manners at different periods of the arts ; in the works of the first, to wit, medals and vases we meet with straight lines, stiff and awkward postures, an ungain outline, and no marks of muscles at all ; the heads are long
Y ovals

ovals with the chin turning as in a point, and the eyes flat and drawn up so as to be parallel to the bone of the forehead; at the same time that they failed so much in imitating nature, they had perfect notions of ideal beauty, as appears by the forms of the vases, which have all the elegance and all the variety that one can desire.

The second manner, probably in its vigour in the time of Phidias, when every art flourished, was distinguished by a sensible indication of the muscles, which was now carried much too far; this is apparent in the bronze wolf at the capital * in the bearded Mercury (who is as muscular as Hercules) in Stofsch's Tydeus and in Dehn's Peleus: in these little figures the clavicles and muscles of the sides, as well as the cartilages of the knees and elbows, and the articulation of the hands and feet, are as marked and as prominent as the veins and muscles of the arms and legs; even the point of the shoulder is visible in the Tydeus; in the Peleus, where all expression of force is particularly unnatural, the muscles are most violently contracted; all the arms of these figures are forced and without meaning, when they hold any thing with the right arm, the other is straight and stiff; the heads of the Tydeus and Peleus are both taken from common life. This style, in short, in which not only the attitude, action, and expression, but the play and movement of every part is outrageous and out of nature, this style which I would distinguish by the epithet of the terrible, this style when compared with that of the best ages of Greece, reminds

* This bronze wolf, cast in honour of the nurse of Romulus, is a very capital classical curiosity indeed, and no less celebrated for the accidents that have happened to it, than for the honourable mention which great writers have made of it. It is the she wolf mentioned by Dionysius Halicarnassus, as standing in his time in the Temple of Romulus at the foot of mount Palatine, the wolf whom Cicero and Dion Cassius (Cicero de Divin. Lib. 2. chap. 20 Dion Cassius Lib. 36, p. 33,) say was struck with thunder in the consulship of Julius Cæsar and Bibulus. The proof of this appears upon the figure, for there is a large dent of the width of two fingers on one of the hind legs.

us of a young man, who is naturally well disposed, yet, for want of the advantages of early restraint and a good education, has run into every thing which the madness of his passion suggested; whereas the other conveys the idea of a beautiful mind in a beautiful body, both of them improved (the former with acquired additional dignity) by good culture.

Nor is this the only fault of the latter Etruscan style; it is likewise mannered, that is, the figures have all the same expression of character, the fault so common in modern history when it is bad, and the characters have no distinctive marks. It is worth observing that the descendants of these Etruscans have just the same fault; thus when you have seen one of Michael Angelo's figures you have seen them all, and likewise those of Daniel de Volterra, Pietro de Cortona, and many other Etruscan Artists.

The third style was introduced by the Greeks when they settled in Campania; it is that seen on sepulchral Urns of Alabaster at Volterra.

ART III. *Anecdotes of eminent Painters in Spain, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; with cursory remarks upon the present state of arts in that kingdom.*
By Richard Cumberland. 2 vols. Walter. price 5s.

THO' Mr. Cumberland has not been always equally successful in his literary pursuits, owing possibly to too much hurry (of which some traces are to be seen in the present composition); yet whatever the author of the *West Indian*, of the *Prologue to the West Indian*,* and of the pious vindication of Bentley (which, meeting an amiable and respectable prelate in the day of success, reminded him that he was not more than man) shall think

* Aw'd into silence by the time's abuse,
Sleeps many a wise, and many a witty muse,
We that for mere experiment come out,
Are but the light-arm'd rangers on the scout.
High on Parnassus' lofty summit stands,
Th' immortal camp, there lie the chosen bands.

fit to offer to the public, will always be received with gratitude, and often with praise*.

Of the latter, the present work, in my opinion, deserves a great deal. It does not profess to be a compleat treatise on the art of painting, nor is the author insensible of the disadvantages incident to a species of composition, which must from its nature have a great deal of sameness as well as deal very much in minutiae. These, however, are faults belonging to the subject which Mr. C. has endeavoured to correct by choosing his anecdotes with care, and dwelling no longer on insignificant personages than what was necessary to keep up the connection between the several parts of the work, but especially by throwing in a great many interesting reflections of various kinds; some of these are general, others particularly relate to the manners and history of the Spanish nation.

The materials of which Mr. Cumberland has availed himself are an elaborate treatise of Palermino's, written originally in Spanish, an abridgement of which (now certainly superseded) was published in the year 1739, and a treatise of Pacheco's. It is pity that Mr. C. forgot to tell us what the name of this treatise is, and the rather as the book is scarce and hardly to be obtained. To the knowledge obtained from these sources, Mr. C. has added original information.

The arts did not reach Spain till the time of Ferdinand the catholic: there is a portrait of his and of the famous Isabella, painted by Antoniodel Rincon, the father of the Spanish school, still to be seen at Toledo.

I shall now proceed to lay before the reader such passages of the work as appear to me most characteristic of Mr. C's manner of seeing and describing things.

The first and very remarkable one, written with the spirit and genius of Winckelman, is the account of the advantages which the country furnishes to an artist.

“ The arts, being thus transplanted from Italy into Spain,

* Especially when the writer shall cease to confess poverty of genius by sacrificing to indecency.

found a ready naturalization in a country, then abounding with genius: The province of Andalusia took the lead on this occasion, and has in all times been productive of extraordinary talents; it was the cradle of most of the Spanish painters; its natives continue to be remarked for quick and volatile parts, differing much in manners and dispositions from the Castilians. Certain it is, that Spain has many local qualifications for becoming a nursery of Painters, which other countries are in want of: It enjoys a clear and vivid sky, with a dry and healthy air, favourable to the preservation if not to the production of works of art; the human countenance there is in general of a grave historical cast; the intermixture of the Jewish and Moorish tribes have marked the lower classes with a strong peculiarity of features; the forms of the children, till they attain the age of eight or ten, are good, and oftentimes their faces beautiful; the eyes of the women black and piercing; and as they use much action when they converse, and are universally addicted to the Moorish modes of dancing, which almost every peasant can accompany with his voice and instrument, their groupes become extremely picturesque: To these may be added the character of their dress, particularly that of Andalusia, which both in male and female is uncommonly antique and graceful; the cloak alone may be folded twenty different ways for different applications, and each attitude presents a specimen of drapery worthy the study of an academy. The Painters have availed themselves of this, Italians as well as natives, and the *Capa* will be found frequently upon their canvasses, even where the scene does not lie in Spain. In speaking of Spain, as a country favourable to Painters, I think it just to except painters of landscapes; in these it has neither excelled nor abounded; and the general want of trees and verdure readily supplies a reason: Groves and rivers and scattered habitations, emblematic of rural tranquillity, which furnish the most pleasing subjects to the imagination of the scenist, are there but thinly spread; the face of Nature is *adust* and frowning.

Speaking of Charles the Vth, and his patronage of Titian, Mr. C. has a judicious discrimination between that patronage of the arts which is princely and commendable; and that which is only fit for an amateur who forgets that skill in the arts is respectable as an accomplishment,

accomplishment, but despicable when it becomes the business of life.

“ He was a lover of the arts, not an enthusiast; he knew the force of their effects, and revered them for their power, without being captivated by their charms; to men of eminence he was liberal without familiarity; in short, his affections in this particular, as in every other, were directed regularly to their object by reason, not driven impetuously by constitution or passion.”

What is said of Philip II. is of a higher tone and much finer.

“ Philip, in the decline of fortune and life, by the death of *Coello* lost his best and perhaps only resource against the vexations of state and the intrusions of remorse: Haughty by nature and harsh through disappointment, there were still some moments, when his pride sought the relief of familiarity, and when his temper relaxed into complacency: In those moments he would mount the ladder (the only one he ever climbed without ambition or disgrace) that privately communicated with the painting-room of *Coello*. Philip had deserved well of the arts, and in company with them he found himself for once amongst his friends: *Coello* had discretion, good manners, and much acquaintance with the world; if the King encouraged conversation, *Coello* knew every body and every thing, and out of those could chuse his topics suitably and treat them agreeably; if the King was disposed to silence during his visit, as was frequently the case, *Coello* pursued his work with fixt attention, he pressed his canvass into life with all the energy and spirit of his genius: The King sat by, contemplating the new creation, which the hand of art was forming in his sight, and for a while perhaps forgot the breaches he had caused in that of nature's producing: By the ease of *Coello*, if he was not defended from the cares, he was at least secure from the intrusions of Royalty. Whoever has been accustomed to look on during the operations of industry or art, must have experienced a repose of thought, an interval from worldly inquietude, that steals insensibly and gradually upon the mind, as sleep does on the body: If such are our sensations whilst contemplating the labourer at his task, or the mechanic at his trade, how much do we improve the avocation, when the eye is called off from every other object and fixed upon one of the most pleasing and surprizing in the whole

whole circle of human arts and inventions ! We may naturally believe that Philip felt the benefits of this resource : In his council-chamber the defection of provinces galled his pride, and the dispersion of the armadas thwarted his ambition : In his closet the injured Perez stung his conscience, and the unhappy Don Carlos haunted his imagination ; but in the academy of *Coello* he saw himself in his most favourable light, and perhaps the only one which can reflect a lustre on his memory."

A little after we have another manner.

" Moro had not all the courtly discretion of his scholar *Coello*, and met the King's advances with the same ease that they were made ; so that one day, whilst he was at his work and Philip looking on, *Moro* dipt his pencil in carmine, and with it smeared the hand of the King, who was resting his arm on his shoulder : The jest was rash, and the character, to which it was applied, not to be played upon with impunity ; the hand of the Sovereign of Spain (which even the fair sex kneel down to salute) was never so treated since the foundation of the monarchy ; the King surveyed it seriously a while, and in that perilous moment of suspense the fate of *Moro* balanced on a hair ; the courtiers, who were in awful attendance, revolted from the sight with horror and amazement (could *Luca Jordano* have seized the groupe in that moment and dashed it off with his rapid facility, what a subject for a painter !) ; Caprice, or I would rather say pity, turned the scale, and Philip passed the silly action off with a smile of complacency : The painter, dropping on his knees, eagerly seized those of the King, and kissed his feet in humble atonement for the offence, and all was well."

This ridiculous story puts me in mind of the king of Spain who happened to fall into the fire and was almost burnt to death, because it was treason for any man except three or four who happened not to be in the way to touch the king ; and likewise of the poor girl who, going from France to be queen of Spain, burst out crying from the apprehension that her new subjects meant to cut off her legs ; it seems, as she was passing thro' a country town in her way, a poor manufacturer came out to shew her some stockings, at which he was immediately rebuked by a grandee, who said, " Don't you know, Sir, that the queens of Spain have no legs ? "

No lover of the arts but what drops a tear to the memory of poor Charles I. when he reads, that though his attachment to them were as ardent as any man's, he had the sentiments of a gentleman and pride of honour even superior to his love of painting, and that this led him to return Philip IV. some pictures of Titian, which that King had given him when the match with the Infanta was at the instigation of Buckingham dissolved.

Speaking of Joseph de Ribera, or Spagnoletto (the whole of whose life is extremely interesting and well written) we are told by Mr. C. that an inhabitant of Old Castile would as soon bring up his son to be a hangman as a *shoe-maker*; at the same time to be a *mender of shoes* is no degradation to a Spaniard's dignity. This, I believe, was known before.

The life of Velasques containing accounts of the studies of his infancy, the list of the pictures which he painted, the great honours at which he arrived, the pleasing attachment of Philip IV. to him, and his respectable and courageous attachment to the disgraced Olivarez, is very interestingly written.

When Castillio, who had long been at the head of the profession, first saw the works of Murillo, he exclaimed, "Castillio is no more;" returned to Cordova and died. Mr. C. concludes this anecdote with a reflection, which in Horace would not have been thought out of character or unpleasing.

"The deduction, which I should recommend to be drawn from it, and in which I am persuaded I shall be anticipated by candour, is simply to reflect, that such being the frail materials, of which men of tender feelings, and more especially professors of the fine arts, are too apt by nature to be compounded, we ought to regard their infirmity with compassion, and be cautious how we attempt to derogate from that excusable self-opinion, which is so inseparable from talents and so essential to man's happiness: In this view of the case perhaps that species of detraction, which a court of law will not denominate a libel, in a court of conscience and in the eye of Heaven

Heaven shall amount to murder. I had almost forgot to add that *Castillo* was a poet*."

"A councillor of Grenada having refused to pay the sum of one hundred pistoles for an image of St. Antonio de Padua which *Cano* had made for him, he dashed the Saint into pieces on the pavement of his academy, whilst the stupid Councillor was reckoning up how many pistoles per day *Cano* had earned whilst the work was in hand: you have been five and twenty days carving this image of St. Antonio, said the niggardly arithmetician, and the purchase-money demanded being one hundred, you have rated your labour at the exorbitant price of four pistoles per day, whilst I, who am a Councillor and your superior, do not make half your profits by my talents!—Wretch, cried the enraged Artist, to talk to me of your talents—I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days, and so saying he flung it with the utmost violence upon the pavement. The affrighted Councillor escaped out of the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding that the man, who was bold enough to demolish a Saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a Lawyer.

I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in 25 days. It is to be wished that every man who is illiberal enough to reproach the clergy with doing nothing for their wages, but preach the seventh day, instead of going to plow the other six, would recollect this anecdote, and draw the proper inference from it: I heartily recommend it, to those gentlemen farmers, their ladies and daughters, who shall substitute this work to that interesting and moral publication the Town and Country Magazine, the sale of which, I am happy to be able to inform my readers, has in some months reached fourteen thousand.

One more quotation, which marks the quondam Fellow of Trinity College, (and may all the fellows of Trinity College continue to be so marked!) and I have done, but not without recommending what is said of Murillo, Luca Giordano, and Velasques.

* It is to be hoped, if there is an allusion in this, the amiable writer is conscious that he gave no provocation, or if that he did say it, he has long been determined to say it no more.

“Velasques read the treatise of *Daniel Barbaro* on perspective, *Vitruvius*, *Vignola*, and others on architecture, and at the same time perfected himself in the propositions of Euclid ; elements that prepare the mind in every art and every science, to which the human faculties can be applied ; which give a rule and measure for every thing in life, dignify things familiar and familiarize things abstruse ; invigorate the reason, restrain the licentiousness of fancy, open all the avenues of truth, and give a charm even to controversy and dispute.”

Thus have I, I hope, convinced (and there are many other things in the work equally good) the reader of Mr. Cumberland's elegant mind and well-formed understanding. Lover of Euclid as he is, and consequently desirous of rising to compositions in which there are no defects, he will excuse me if I say a word or two of his faults. In the first place, I have heard that there is little original in the work before us. If this is true, it can be only as to the lives of the three great painters, which probably may be found in other books ; but those books are not in English, or if they are, not with Mr C's reflections in them.

My first and great quarrel with Mr. C. is of another kind ; it is for his affectation of saying quaint and out-of-the-way things. These have contributed to the death of *πολεων τε και εσθλων*, many and good compositions, of his, and particular to that of the Fashionable Lover.

The other fault, which however (as becomes me) I lay much less stress upon, is the not always writing good English ; he talks of *domiciliating* a man, of making somebody *expatriate*, and of *extracting* a gentleman out of Spain (which, by the bye, is at the end of a very interesting story). This licence of naturalizing foreign terms is the more carefully to be repressed, as it has infected the fountains from which the greatest part of the knowledge of the nation is at present derived : I have lately seen accounts of parliamentary debates and new Operas so filled with Italian and French proverbs, as I am persuaded would, in the days of

of Addison, have made the paper in which they were written totally unintelligible, though not have failed to secure the writer his due honours in the Spectator.

ART. IV. *Anecdota Græca, e Regia Parisiensi, & e Veneta, S. Marci Bibliothecis deprompta, edidit Johannes Baptista Caspar d'Ansse de Villoison.* 2 vol. 4to.

MR. Villoison is a French gentleman of Spanish extraction, whose ancestors came into France with Anne of Austria. His uncommon attachment to, and proficiency in, Greek literature, made him a member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions at Paris at a very early and unusual time of life. Besides little detached pieces, he has already favoured the public with two great works, the one, Apollonius's Homeric Dictionary, first edited by him; and the other, an edition of Longus. In these, as in the work before us, there are appearances of profound learning; but what spreads an uncommon interest over the whole, is the ardour and animation with which the author himself pursues every thing he attempts, and the delight he takes in it; an ardour which has led him, though in every respect independent, to spend some years at Venice, merely for the purpose of examining St. Marc's Library, and to which we shall probably owe a great deal during the course of a life which is meant to be devoted to the advancement of Greek and Oriental learning.

The first volume of the work now before me contains the *Iωνία* of the Empress Eudocia, wife to Romanus III. who was Emperor of Constantinople in 1068. This is an Historico-Mythological Dictionary, compiled from Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, and various scholia, and now first published from a manuscript in the King of France's library. Mr. Villoison has dedicated this part of his work to Count Maurepas, whom he compliments

in very high terms, and elegant Latin, as the patron of all the great literary enterprizes undertaken in the course of the last reign. This dedication, as well as some very sweet flowers thrown over the grave of Baron Biornstahl, the great Swedish Orientalist *, who died at Thessalonica in 1779, as he was preparing to visit several monasteries on Mount Athos (having already been in those of Thessaly), will give the reader a very favourable impression of Mr. Villoison's taste, as well as shew how fit he is to follow the camp of those Muses, whose soldier he professes to be.

I shall not give any specimen of the dictionary, the merit of such works, excepting where they are executed with an uncommon degree of taste (which I cannot say seems the case of the present), consisting in the variety of unknown anecdotes which the learned reader is pleased at finding himself, but give him little or no pleasure when they are picked out for him; nor can it well be done in a work of this sort without an explanatory comment longer than the things themselves. No one at the same time has a right to be displeased with a publication which Fabricius earnestly recommends, and the learned Runckenius solicited Mr. Villoison to undertake.

The second volume begins with some account of the *Podwnia* of Macarius Chrysocephalus, a writer supposed to have lived in the 14th century, and who was called Chrysocephalus from his collection of splendid passages (called *Χρυσὰ κεφαλαία*) from the works of the fathers. This is a manuscript unknown to Fabricius, and which Mr. Villoison supposes is only to be found in St. Marc's library. It was deposited there by Cardinal Bessarion (to whom Greek literature is so much indebted). It has this title, "Flores ex diversis autoribus per quendam Macarium Monachum, liber (Bessarionis) Card. Tusculani."

The *Podwnia* begins with some excerpta, of no great consequence, from the orations of Synesius the Cyre-

* See the very instructive note, vol. ii. p. 156.

nean, Dio Chrysostom, Plutarch, Aristides, Herodian, Eschines, Lucian, and Demosthenes. These are followed by the titles of several inedited declamations of Libanius the sophist (a perfect edition of whose orations and declamations is, we are told, preparing by Mrs. Reiske, from the papers of her late husband) together with fragments of some of them. Of these last (which, like all the works of the later Greek writers, are only copies of, or recollections from, the authors of better days) the following is the most curious specimen :

Ἐκ τῆς μελέτης ἐν ἣ ἀπολογεῖται τις ἀποκηρυττόμενος, διὰ τὸ μὴ θεραπεῦσαι μητρύαν νοσῶσαν, ἰατρὸς ὢν.

Πείθεσθαι τὸν ἰατρὸν χρὴ, ἔ κελεύεσθαι· βέλεισθαι, ἔ φοβεῖσθαι· ἐπὶ τὴν θεραπεῖαν ὑπάγεσθαι ἐκόντα, καὶ ἐρχόμενον ἡδεσθαι· ἀνάγκης γὰρ ἄμοιρος ἀπάσης καὶ ἀτελῆς ἡ τέχνη.

From the defence of a physician, prosecuted for not attending his step-mother in a fit of sickness.

“ A physician is to be entreated, not ordered ; to be requested, not frightened. He must come of his own good-will to a consultation, and be pleased when he is there ; for talents are of their nature free, and know nothing of the empire of necessity.”

After some other fragments of less importance, there are two inedited orations (taken from the French king's library) of Choricus the sophist, who flourished in the time of Justinian, and is mentioned by Photius, p. 337 and 338 of his *Bibliotheca*. As these have the same fault as Libanius, viz. that of being imitations, and are besides a strange jumble of Pagan and Christian ideas mixed together, they are mostly to be valued on account of their being literary curiosities ; and yet the beginning of the oration in honour of Mary, mother of of Marcian bishop of Gaza, and of Anastasius, bishop of Eleutheropolis, is elegant and pathetic, and seems to have some originality of thought in it.

The next thing is a panegyric on the emperor Anastasius, written by Procopius of Gaza, and containing (as Mr. Villoison assures us) several particulars of that emperor's life, unknown to any of those who have had occasion to mention him, from the times of Theophanes, to Mr. Le Beau (*Histoire du Bas Empire*). This, therefore, will be useful to those who shall hereafter write the history of the Lower Empire. As to Choricus, Mr. Villoison thinks several of his sentences not unworthy of Isocrates; but there is no transcribing these. A fragment of Josephus which follows, in the *Ποδωνια*, gives Mr. Villoison an opportunity of giving his opinion on the celebrated contested passage; but this must likewise be seen in the book.

The observations on Josephus are followed by small fragments from various authors, and a dictionary of Atticisms (the work of an unknown writer) of about two pages. The next thing found in the *Ποδωνια* is a work of Herodian's, called, *περι σιχων της λεξεως*, with a dissertation of Helias the monk prefixed to it, called, *περι των εν τοις σιχοις παθων*. Mr. Villoison inserts them both.

We have then an hitherto inedited treatise of Porphyry's upon prosody and accents, which takes up about eighteen pages, and from which Mr. Villoison draws the following conclusions.

1. That the grammarians, called censors by Suetonius (*de Illustribus Grammaticis*, lib. x. ch. 1.) besides the correction of errors made by the transcribers of old authors (which was their ordinary employment), used to make marks, expressing the length or brevity of such syllables as were doubtful (some of these are to be found in the Homer Mr. Villoison proposes to publish); they also marked the accents and spirits, and particularly added a grave accent to those syllables which properly had none, as in the words *Θεόδωρος*, *Θεόδωρος*. This last custom, no vestiges of which appears in any of our manuscripts, had fallen into disuse before the time of Dionysius the Thracian, who was the master of the first Tyrannio, and taught grammar at Rome in the time of Pompey the Great.

2. Another mark made use of by the old grammarians, but entirely omitted by modern editors and printers, is the ὑποδιαστολη*, or comma, used to separate such words as might otherwise be confounded, for instance, in εσιν, αξιος, that it might not be taken for εσι Ναξιος, and in εσιν, 85, that it might not be taken for εσι ν85. The only vestiges of this which at present remain, are in the ὅ,τι, and ὅ,τε, which are thus marked, to prevent their being confounded with ὅτι, ὅτε. Mr. Villoison thinks that it is owing to the want of this mark, which originally followed the word ανεθηκε in this verse, quoted by Herodotus, Αμφίρῳων μ'ανεθηκε, νεων απο Τηλεβοων, that the verse was read Αμφίρῳων μ'ανεθηκεν εων απο Τηλεβοων, which occasioned a difficulty of construction, Amphitryon being a native of Thebes; Reiske wanted to make sense, by construing εων coming from; but the right word is certainly νεων, as has been observed by Perellius, in his *Nuovi Miscellani, Lucchesi*, 1775; and the confusion has arisen from the want of the Ὑποδιαστολη. This ὑποδιαστολη is also in the Homer.

3. The middle spirit was marked in several works, as ξυνέηκε, which is written thus in the famous Homer. Mr. Villoison is very diffuse in this part, in his observations on the Digamma, the changes introduced into the Greek orthography, &c. and in this, as well as in every other part, shews the immensity of his reading, which is indeed most wonderful at his time of life.

4. Another mark to be found in the manuscript of Homer, is the hyphen, made use of to indicate, that a word compounded of two, is one and the same word, as φιλοθεος χειρισθος. It is likewise used, according to Porphyry, to express the connection of two different words in one meaning, as Τοξοτα λωβητηρ, δια τοξων λωβευμενε, and αγριον Αιχμητην, i. e. Αγριον εν τω αιχμα-ζειν.

* Montfaucon, *Palæog. Græca*, p. 32. had observed the diastole, but had not assigned this office to it, and did not think it was in use more than a thousand years back; but Mr. Villoison proves the contrary, from some inscriptions.

Another thing observed by Porphiry, and almost constantly met with in the manuscript of Homer, is not to put any accent to the preposition, when it is separated by the intervention of any other word between from the word to which it belongs, as *πρὶν γ' ἀπο πατρὶ φίλῳ δομέναι*, where *ἀπο* is without accent, because it is to be construed with *δομέναι*.

There follows a great deal of very good matter about accents; but, as it does not seem to carry the matter farther than Foster or Montfaucon have done, will be best read by those who are curious of it in Mr. Villoison himself.

We have then some inedited scholia on the *Τεχνη Γραμματικη* of Dionysius, which explain the whole of the ancient method of punctuation.

Mr. Villoison then sets himself to attack an opinion supported by many good scholars, particularly Muretus, Lipsius, Le Clerc in his *Ars Critica*, and David Casley in his *Catalogue of the Manuscripts of the King's Library, London, 1734*, that the ancients were not acquainted with the small Greek characters. This he endeavours to do by various arguments drawn from old inscriptions, but particularly by giving us the exact facsimile of the famous inscription, found at Herculaneum, on a wall, at the corner of the street leading to the theatre.

ὥς ἐν σοφὸν βέλεμμα τὰς πολλὰς χεῖρας νικᾷ.

This is the more remarkable, because it is not only written in small characters, but has accents and spirits; which last had been generally supposed not to have been of use (except only in the books of the grammarians) till the 7th century. Hence Mr. Villoison supposes that the Lombard character was formed upon this, and not therefore a new invention.

And as the small character was not a new but a revived invention of the lower ages, so Mr. Villoison supposes was the use of the Indian figures in arithmetic. It is true, that the most learned men (whose works Mr. Villoison

Villoison mentions,) have been of opinion, that the use of these was not known in Europe till the middle of the 13th century, when they were introduced by the Arabs, who were supposed to have them from the Indians, whence they were called Indian figures; but in opposition to that authority, Mr. Villoison gives us the substance of the dissertation of an anonymous writer, inserted under the following title, *de Numeralium Notarum Minuscularum Origine*, in the 48th volume of the *Raccolta d'Opuscoli Scientifici, e Filologici in Venetia*, 1753; this argument (arranged and methodized by Mr. Villoison) is to the following purpose.

The numeral figures, or figures of nearly the same form, used for the same purposes, and out of which the present numerals were made, generally supposed to be of Arabian introduction, and not to have been known in Europe before the middle of the 13th century, are to be seen in ancient inscriptions, where indeed they do not always stand for numerals, but sometimes for words and syllables, and sometimes (which goes nearer the mark) for weights and measures. The writer produces some inscriptions in which they stand for numerals; and concludes, that the marks themselves must have been of very high antiquity, having had such different offices.

The latest use of them he supposes to have taken place in the second century, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, when the city was at the same time exceeding flourishing and exceeding learned. He thinks that they could not be unknown to Diophantus Alexandrinus, who invented algebra about the middle of this century, but builds his principal reasoning on the geometry of Boetius, written in the 5th century, (which is filled with numeral notes, so very like ours, that it is hardly possible to distinguish the difference,) and on Boetius himself, who says that they were invented by Pythagoras; besides which, Gerbert (the acknowledged first reviver of them) says that he had them from Boetius, and not from the Arabs, as Wallis afterwards pretended he must have had. The anonymous writer

grants, however, that this art having perished with all the rest, but not till it had spread with the rest all over the East, may have been restored by the ministry of the Arabs, who kept Science alive when the rest of Europe was plunged in more than Cimmerian darkness, and were some of the first restorers of it.

Mr. V. then gives us the result of several learned dissertations of Prince Torremuzza, and other learned Italians, on the different variations in the writing of the Greek letters at different times, in which several opinions of fathers, Montfaucon and Mabillon, and Dr. Chandler, are examined, but promises to treat the subject more at large in a future work he intends, which is to be called *Palæographia Græca*, and is to contain new criterions for distinguishing the age of old manuscripts, together with emendations of a great number of passages in old authors, which have been corrupted for want of transcribers understanding the forms of the letters, and the abbreviations of words *. The next thing is observations of Dionysius Scholasticus, upon the *Τεχνη* of Dionysius the Thracian. What is contained of most importance in these is the description of the four different offices of the old grammarians, which seem to have been exercised by different persons. The *διορθωτης* put the proper stops, and corrected the false readings; the *αναγνωσικος* taught the young men how to read; the *εξηγητικος* explained the meaning to them; and finally, the *κριτικος* put the *οβελισκος* on those verses which, for some defect of propriety or taste, were to be adjudicated from the poet; such for instance as,

αιξω ελων ο δε κεν κεχολωσειται,
 πως γαρ ην εμελλε χολουσθαι; and
 μελποντες εικασρον
 γινεσθαι γαρ δισσολογια, προειρηται γαρ
 Οι δε πανημεριοι μολπη Θεον ιλασκοντες.

* Thus, for instance, even so great man as Vossius did not understand the abbreviation of *εις* for *εξαις*, and *πρι*; ο *παλρος*; *ειεν*, however, for *εραιον*, is mentioned by Montfaucon.

Mr. V. then gives us in a note a fuller account of the principal manuscript, by the assistance of which he means to restore to the old bard the principal part of his original splendor, in a new edition he is preparing of the Iliad.

Whether great corruptions had crept into Homer's text so early as the time of Pisistratus, may not be so exactly ascertained, but Eustathius tells us that Cynaethus the Chian (not the *first*, but a *famous rhapsodist*), who flourished in the 69th Olympiad, did insert several verses of his own into the original text. Others might follow his example. The consequence was so bad, that in time the great grammarians set themselves to distinguish the bad verses from the good ones, by setting marks upon the former. Amongst the foremost of these was the celebrated Aristarchus, who was tutor to the children of Ptolemy Philometor. There is a long catalogue in Fabricius's *Bibliotheca Græca*, v. I. p. 274. of persons who have written professedly upon the nature of these marks, but Mr. Villoison has been fortunate enough to discover a manuscript in which they remain. It is a manuscript of the 10th century, consequently much prior to Eustatius, who was made Archbishop of Thessalonica in 1160. What distinguishes Mr. Villoison's manuscript is,

First, it contains this note at the end of each book.—

Παρακείηαι τὰ Αρισταρχικὰ σημεῖα μετὰ ὑπομνηματίαις (ut additum ad finem Iliadis Σ) καὶ τὰ Διδυμὰ περὶ τῆς Αρισταρχικῆς διορθώσεως, Τινὰ δὲ καὶ ἐκ τῆς Ἡρωδίου ἰλιακῆς πρὸς ὠδίας, καὶ Νικωνόρου περὶ σιγῆς Ὀμηρικῆς.

2. At the margin of each verse is found some one or other of the numberless signs invented by the ancient critics to mark the true or false, the obscure or corrupt verses, the false readings of Crates, the emendations of Aristarchus and Zenodotus, the doubtful, or misplaced, or contradictory passages, the points and separations, particular observations of antiquity, history or mythology, the ἀπαξ λεγόμενα, words peculiarly Attic, and words only made use of by Homer, the particular places

which have been adduced by critics as proofs that the *Iliad* and *Odyfsey* were not works of the same writer.

3. Prefixed to the edition will be an inedited manuscript, likewise in St. Mark's library, containing an explanation of the signs. I suppose Mr. V. means a fuller and different explanation of them from that which is to be found in Montfaucon's *Pal. Græc. lib. v. cap. 5*.

4. There will be very excellent scholia from the two manuscripts, containing a great number of fragments from ancient writers. But whether these last are edited or inedited, of importance or otherwise, Mr. V. does not say.

Certainly it is to be wished that nothing should deprive us long of so valuable an edition. At the same time it must be observed, that Eustatius, and the authors of the scholia under the name of Didymus, must have been privy to some manuscripts of the kind, from whence they will have extracted some good matter. Nor must we forget that Aristarchus himself was not infallible, but indulged himself in some remarks, which other critics thought unwarrantable and unjust. I do not say this to give a bad opinion of Mr. V's work, which will always be a very great literary curiosity, but to prevent the future complaints of those, who, expecting perhaps to find in it almost a new *Iliad*, may possibly be disappointed.

There follows a treatise of Diomed, *περί σοιχέων*, which contains intelligence about the old Greek alphabet, but nothing very new.

We have then the third book of Jamblichus's treatise, *περί της Πυθαγόρειας ἀριθμητικῆς*, the title of which is *περί κοινῆς μαθηματικῆς ἐπιστήμης*. Gale, Tennulius, Holstenius, Kuster, Hemsterhusius, and others, had proposed to publish it, but Mr. Villoison is the first (some fragments excepted published in Latin by Scutellius) who has carried their design into effect. It is a metaphysical treatise on the importance and advantages of mathematics, and contains some fragments in Doric of the old Pythagoricians, Philolaus, Erontinus, and Architas.

Next

Next follow two inedited dissertations of Plotinus, the celebrated Platonician, with these titles.]

ΠΛΩΤΙΝΟΥ περὶ τῆς πῶς δρᾷ ἡ ἐρῶνία διάθεσις εἰς τὸν περιγυῖον κόσμον.

Τῆ αὐτῆς περὶ τῆς πρώτης ἀρχῆς τῶν πάντων, ἥτοι τῆ ἐνός.

Mr. V. tells us, that in the 2d of these, amidst many other marks of distinguished genius, we shall find what will entirely do away the imputation of Spinosism, which has been brought by Bayle (*Dictionnaire Historique*) against this learned, virtuous, but very abstruse writer; a charge which Fabricius has also taken some pains to clear him of.

Mr. Villoison then proceeds to enumerate (but with that liberality and candour so conspicuous in him, and so creditable to the name of a critic) a few faults that have slipped into Zanetti's catalogue of the manuscripts in St. Marc's library.

With respect to the ancient manuscript of the Gospel, according to St. Marc, which is kept at Venice, and supposed by some to be an autograph, Mr. Villoison refers us to a dissertation of Laurentius a Turre, with the following title, *Dissertatio de Codice Evangeliariorum Forojuliensi*, in which this Gospel is proved to be a manuscript of the 5th century.

The manuscript marked 430, p. 286 of the catalogue, as a manuscript of Suidas's Lexicon, is not a lexicon, but an etymological dictionary, the collation of which, with the *Etymologicum Magnum*, and Suidas's Lexicon, Mr. Villoison thinks may be of great use.

Mr. V. concludes with the mention of an Hesychius's Lexicon of the 15th century, which Alberti wanted to get collated, but could not, because D'Orville, who was employed by him, could not get a printed edition of Hesychius to collate it with. Mr. Villoison, who has collated it, assures us that it is the very manuscript upon which the Aldine edition of Hesychius was made, though not before it had been corrected by Musurus, whose emendations

emendations appear in it. From hence he very sensibly observes how little dependence is to be had upon any first editions being true representations of the manuscripts from whence they have been taken, they being in fact often made up of many manuscripts, or of manuscripts much altered.

But Mr. Villoison promises to speak more fully upon this subject, when he publishes his additions to Fabricius's *Bibliotheca Græca*, together with all the prefaces and dedicatory epistles to the original editions.

This, and a great deal of obiter information, about the present state of Italian literature, and the characters and fortunes of its principal patrons, is what is to be looked for in Mr. Villoison's present publication, a publication which must do infinite honour to his learning and industry, at the same time that it cannot but make us wish more and more that, having now sufficiently precluded, and being acquainted with his strength, as well as with what the learned world expects from him, he would seriously apply himself to give us *Κτηματα* *εἰς αἰν.*

ART. V. *Continuation of L'Evesque's History of Russia, extracted from the original French, in 5 vols. 8vo. to be had of Elmsly.*

THE second volume of this history opens with the invasion of the Tartars in 1220, and is filled with the accounts of what Russia suffered under their yoke till 1472. This account is well written, and contains many interesting anecdotes. But the fear of fatiguing my readers with too many extracts from the same book, which would likewise prevent my furnishing him with the new matter that appears as it comes out, as it is my intention to do, makes me hurry them over. I shall only mention an anecdote or two.

Alexander was a great prince, who beat the Swedes on the banks of the Neuski, and obtained the name of Neuski in consequence of that victory. It was in honour of him that the order of St. Alexander Neuski was afterwards instituted.

The first Russian money was struck in the reign of Vasily the second, who died in 1409. Before his time, they made use of exchanges or paid in unstamped silver; the current coin was civet skins, and, for trifling occasions, the foreheads of squirrels or dormice, or half one of the ears of the latter, worth about the fourth part of one of our farthings. The cities of Moscow and Tver were the first who had a Tartarian coin, called Denga, which came from the Tartar word Tanga, which means a mark. The legend at first was only in Tartarian; it was afterward Tartarian on one side, and Russian on the other; at length only in Russian. For a long time, the city of Novgorod, which had a great trade with the Hanse-towns, used only Polish and German money; but in 1420 it struck its own. The dye was a prince sitting on a throne; this was worth double the coin of Moscow and Tver.

The reign of Ivan III. surnamed the Threatener, who mounted the throne in 1462, is the true æra of Russian greatness. The siege of Kazan in 1470, and that of Novgorod, which had long been an independant republic, in 1475, were some of the first efforts of his victorious arms. In 1472, he took the basma (or order which, according to custom, Akhmet the khan of the Tartar hord had sent him to demand tribute), spit upon it, trod it under foot, and put all the deputies to death, except one whom he sent back to let the khan know the contempt the Tzar had for him. The year 1475 put an end to this hord for ever. In 1482, Ivan beat the Poles. In 1480, he took thirty-three cities of the Vogules, and carried the Russian arms, for the first time, into the north of Siberia. In his reign, Moscow beheld ambassadors from the emperor of Germany, the pope, the Sultan of Constantinople, the king

king of Poland, the republic of Venice, and the king of Denmark, within its walls.

in 1482 the first cannon was cast, and used against the city of Felling in Livonia; the Swedes had none till thirteen years after. That of the Muscovites had been cast by Aristotile of Bologna, who was at the same time an ingenious architect and an engineer.

In the next reign there is little remarkable: but we must not pass over that of Ivan IV. surnamed by Russians the Terrible, and by strangers the Tyrant. At fourteen, he broke from the yoke under which he had been held by his guardians, declared he would be king, and put the favourite to death. Six years after, having been crowned by the Metropolitan, he took upon him, for the first time, the title of Tzar.

Having established the Strelitz guards in 1545, he formed the siege of Cazan in 1552, and took it by storm on a Sunday. The Tzar was at mass, the deacon was reading the gospel for the day; when he came to these words, "and there shall be one flock and one shepherd," (words which had probably been agreed upon as a signal) fire was set to the powder, and part of the wall blew up with great concussion, the air was agitated for a long while, and the earth shook with the violence of the explosion. Still the besieged did not give up the day; they guarded the breach, they fought round their fallen walls; those who were afar off threw javelins, and kept up a continual fire; those who were near harraressed the enemy with boiling-hot liquors, stones, and immense beams; all that ancient, all that modern art had invented, was made use of by the two sides, to destroy each other; the besieged filled the breach, climbed the walls, sprung through the spaces left in the burnt towers, they fought in the streets, they fought in the houses; every where* the Russians strove to force a passage; every where the Tartars resisted; every street, every public place, was strewed with dead; the carnage extended from the side of the city by which

* Εμαχον εμαχοντο, εωθεν εωθεντο.

Xenophon.

the victor had entered, to the opposite gate, and from thence to a forest in the country, where the enemy in vain sought an asylum.

The ruin of Kazan freed Russia from a formidable enemy, and for ever annihilated the power of the great lords. Iwan was so sensible of it, that he said to them the day after, "God hath at length made me strong against you."

Mr. L. next proceeds to the wars with Poland and Sweden; in the latter of which Iwan beat the armies of Gustavus Adolphus.

Iwan pretended to abdicate, and retired, like Tiberius, to a house marked with blood and debauch. He came out of it to take a dreadful vengeance on the inhabitants of Novrogod and Moscow, who had rebelled against him. Upon his entering the former city, he ordered high-mass to be sung at Sancta Sophia; the archbishop, bearing the cross, came out to meet him; "Traitor," exclaimed he, as soon as he saw the prelate, "it is not the cross which thou art carrying, but impious arms which thou hast dared to wield against the authority of thy rightful sovereign; thou art in a conspiracy with the inhabitants of this city, to deliver it into the hands of Sigismund, my enemy. Thou hast the insolence to style thyself the shepherd, the director of this people; but thou art, in fact, a wolf, a highwayman, and a murderer."

He went to mass, and, after mass, he went to dinner at the archiepiscopal palace; in the middle of the meal, he ordered the archbishop to be arrested, and let loose the ministers of his vengeance on the town.

If the accounts of contemporary historians are to be credited, himself and son, mounted upon a couple of strong horses, and armed with javelins, with which they pierced the hearts of their rebellious subjects, began the execution. When they were tired, the guards did the rest. The ice of the Osikhof was ordered to be broke, and hundreds perished in the waves. Not a day passed but five or six hundred suffered in some other manner. The man who had been spared for a

time, expected when his turn should come. At length, after five weeks of slaughter, the Tzar declared, that he was sufficiently revenged. He permitted the remainder of the inhabitants of Novrogod to live, and recommended himself to their prayers; but the city never recovered its splendor. This ancient capital of the empire, the name of which no Russian hears even now but with veneration, is only a village. Novrogod is, in fact, no more. Perhaps indeed, at the time of its foundation, the waters had not yet left the ground on which Petersburg now stands, and what is now the imperial palace, might then be a boat-house.

Passimque armenta videres

Romanoque foro, et lautis mugire carinis ;

Εσσεῖται ἡμαρ ὅταν ποτ' ὀλωλῇ Ἰλίου Ἰση ;

Dii meliora pii !

The turn of Moscow was the next. Eighty gallowses were erected in the market-place; near them were to be seen all the instruments of torture that human malice can devise. The principal officers of the crown were the chief executioners. An ancient secretary of state was the first victim, a lord of the treasury came next, and fell by the hands of the colonel of the guard and the master of the horse. After removing the dead bodies, and washing the blood, the guards set two hundred prisoners in a row before the prince; as many courtiers drew their sabres, and cut off their heads, amidst the applause and frantic cries of surrounding multitudes.

The Tzar himself pierces a venerable old man, who is brought next; after having done this, he walks in the midst of his victims with horrid satisfaction, examines the faces of those who had fallen, and cuts the head of the treasurer in two, committing insults at the same time against the dead body. From the gallows, he goes to the houses of the slain, orders their wives to be put to different tortures in his presence, and forces them to discover the treasures of their husbands. Three days after the bloody scene is renewed afresh, and the bones

of the dead bodies (left to putrify on the spot) carried about the city by the dogs *. Eight hundred women were drowned.

The third volume begins with an account of the conquest of Siberia, which took place towards the end of the reign of the Tzar Ivan. The riches of this country were first discovered by an obscure individual, named Anaka Strogonof, who was settled in the government of Archangel, on the borders of the Vytchegda, a river which falls into the Dwina, where he had a manufactory of salt. This man, having been frequently struck with the dress and appearance of some strangers who used to trade with him and bring him rich furs, took it in his head to send trusty messengers home with them, to observe the country they came from. These men went as far as Ob. The report they brought was so favourable, that Anaka soon entered into a treaty of commerce with the Siberians, which continued for fourteen years without its being known at Moscow. At the end of that time, Anaka, who was afraid of the consequences of this concealment, thought proper to make the discovery himself. The Tzar immediately sent an army, and in 1556 we find Iediguer, the Chan of Siberia, paying him tribute, but the conquest of the country was not compleated until 1593. It was then brought about chiefly by the valour of a cosack, named Yermack, whose various adventures M. L'Evesque relates at large. This man died in jumping from the shore into a boat, after having given proofs of every military virtue.

The year 1553 was remarkable for the first establishment of the trade between Russia and England. An English vessel having entered the Dwina, had anchored near a small monastery called St. Nicholas, which stood near the place where Archangel, which owes its founda-

* See the splendid description of Athalick's dream (which no one has beat, or will beat) ending with

Que des lambeaux hideux

Que des chiens devorans se disputent entr'eux.

And mark (if you feel imitative poetry in Homer or Virgil) the energy of the elision *entr'eux*.

tion to this commerce, was afterwards built. The passengers were conducted to Moscow, where they were well received by the Tzar. The following year two English vessels, which had sailed too late, came and were locked in the ice, where the whole crew perished before they could receive assistance. The Russians however took a fair account of the lading, and accounted for it with the proprietors.

It was not without much jealousy that Gustavus Adolphus beheld this new source of wealth ready to pour in upon his natural enemies. He wrote to the King of Denmark to stop the passage ; he remonstrated with our Elizabeth, who replied that she could not hinder her subjects from sailing to whatever part they thought their interest called them ; but she would take care to prevent their furnishing his enemies with arms.

In 1558, Ivan Vassalavich opened the port of Narva to all foreigners, whether French, English, and Dutch. Ships repaired in great number.

In this part, M. L'Evesque gives an amusing state of the Russian arts and commerce at this period ; but it is impossible to follow him through it, nor indeed is it very necessary. For though it is important to know as much as we can of these minutiae in the history of our own country, where they are intimately connected with our laws, religion, and manners, it is sufficient if in the history of foreign nations we are acquainted with the facts which have distinguished the species, and the great revolutions, which, like the Lisbon earthquake, cannot have taken place without the shock's having been felt in other places. All the impressions which the little details of commerce generally leave upon the mind, are, that one people had what the other people wanted, and that they were wise enough to make exchanges with each other. We may however observe, that the Russians were famous long before this period, for their art of preparing salt and tanning leather.

Ivan is represented as a prince who was learned himself, and an encourager of learning in others ; that is, he had read the bible, and wished to make his countrymen

men acquainted with the treasure it contains. For this purpose having enquired into the nature of the art of printing, he established the first press that was set up at Moscow. A Deacon was the first printer, and the first work that he engaged in was an edition of the Acts and Epistles. It went to press in April 1563, and was not finished till the year after. At this time there were but three monks in the whole empire who understood Latin, and not one who understood Greek. This last was a great shame, in a people who professed to follow the Greek ritual; but they made up for their ignorance in the language by their profound contempt and abhorrence of all those who did not adopt the service. The greatest imprecation which a Russian could utter against his enemy, was to wish him to die in the communion of the church of Rome. There was a jar of water always standing in the room, in which the Tzar gave audience to foreign ambassadors, in which as soon as they were gone, he washed away the contagion which he was supposed to have contracted by giving them his hand, as was customary.

Ivan, however, was a friend to toleration, and only laughed at Possevin the jesuit, who had the impudence to ask him, in the pope's name, to drive away some Lutherans who had opened a church at Moscow. In his reign the custom began of saying *God knows it and the Tzar*—a custom which prevails at this day, when any body speaks of a thing which is very secret.

Notwithstanding, however, his love of the arts, his toleration, and what he did in other respects, to civilize his people, Ivan was no better than a tyrant—not only to those who had provoked him by great rebellions, but in time of profound peace. A man who had refused to drink with him, he ordered to be executed in prison, and put to death his child with his own hands. It was a custom with him to call the people together, and let loose bears upon them, whilst he and his son stood laughing at the mischiefs which the creatures did to helpless women and children. At other times he would dress men up in bear skins, and set English bull dogs at them. He

once

once poured a plate of hot boiling cabbage down the neck of a courtier who had ventured to take some liberties with him as they sat at supper. When he met women in the streets, he would frequently ask them, where they came from, where they were going to, and who were their husbands. If he was not pleased with their answers, or if they belonged to men he did not like, he used to order them to be stripped stark naked, tie their shifts round their necks, and make them stand in this posture till the whole court had gone by. One woman who had done something to disoblige him, he ordered to be hung at her own door, so low that her husband could not go in and out without stooping. Another was hanged up in the spot where she used to dine with her husband, and the poor man (who in this case happened to be the culprit) was compelled to sit at his meals with the corpse. But these are trifling cruelties. A Boyar was accused of secret intentions to conspire against him : He ordered him to be sent for to court, received him with great appearances of respect, put a royal robe on his shoulders, and a diadem on his head, then set him upon his own throne, and did him homage, ordering the whole court to do the like ; after which he said to him : ‘Health and long
‘ life to our most noble Tzar ! thou hast obtained all that
‘ was the object of thy desires : it was thy wish to sit in
‘ my seat, and I have set thee in it myself. But as it was
‘ in my power to raise thee to the throne, it is in my
‘ power to drag thee from it. It is in my power, and it
‘ is in my will’——He said—and stabbed him dead.

Three hundred of the inhabitants of Kolomna perished with their master ; all his slaves were immediately drowned, or otherwise put to death. The principal men of the city were shut up together in a house, which was blown up with gunpowder ; their wives and daughters were put to the sword, after having been dishonoured ; the other women were stript stark naked and turned into a wood, in which there were men whose business it was to hunt them up and down like wild beasts. All the cities, and all the villages, belonging to the principal rebels, were burnt.

I cannot go on without stopping to observe, what a striking contrast there is between this wretched history (wretched, I mean, for the materials, not the execution) and that of Switzerland. The one exhibits an example of how much bravery and a free-born spirit can do to elevate a people ; the other seems an instance of what depravation and abjectness can make them suffer. When you read of the Swiss (though the author seems to have spoiled fine facts by too much ornament) you think you are reading of more than men, at least you feel a persuasion that all the fine exertions recorded by the Greek historians are not fables.—When you read of the Russians, you blush for human nature ; you are almost tempted to believe that God Almighty has made specific differences between the capacities of man and man, and that there are bounds of knowledge and happiness, which he has forbidden some of them to pass.

And yet what shall we say? This people, who suffered so much and so long, were not without their wise institutes and customs, which would have done honour to more polished nations. These words were inserted in all their civil contracts : “If either of us do not keep his word, may shame be his portion !”

The greatest mark of confidence and favour which a Russian could shew a stranger, was, to let him see his wife. The man so distinguished might give his hostess one kiss on the mouth, but from that instant he was not to touch her ; and he was to keep his hand close by his side. Yet the women were slaves ; they were beat most cruelly ; were seldom or ever suffered to stir out of doors ; and if one of them, provoked by his cruelties, murdered her husband, she was buried alive, with half her body in the ground, whilst the murderer of his wife suffered little or no punishment. A man might sell his child to slavery four times, but no more.

All the men of the city used to assemble in the market-place about noon, to deliberate about their common affairs, and to attend the courts of justice, which used to
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be held there. From these meetings it was infamous for young people to be absent. If they failed for several days together, they were publicly reprimanded for it by their elders.

Though the Russians are commonly thought to have had no sentiments of honour, the man who injured that of another, was condemned to pay him a sum equal to to that of the place the offender held at court ; besides which he was to suffer the Knout, or bastinado, when the offence was very great. The honour of a woman had double the value of that of a man set upon it.

There were no distinctions between duelling and murder ; and strangers who disobeyed the laws in being against the former, paid the penalty. In the sixteenth century, the merchants made a constituent part of the constitution, and had privileges which they lost afterwards.

Upon the whole, however, it must be confessed, that what most distinguished the Russians of those days was their military talents, and amongst these such as depend mostly upon the character of the man ; they were sober, patient, extremely hardy, so as to do with little or no baggage ; and, above all, inured to obedience : Whoever received an order to join the army, was obliged, let his rank be what it would, to leave his table, or his bed, if he happened to be at them, take up his arms, and set out on the instant. Their first onset was furious, but they could not hold it. M. L'Evesque, with more wit than becomes the dignity of history, says, they always seemed to say to their enemies, Run away, or we will. They had little infantry, and knew not how to carry on a siege. Their usual method was to endeavour to set the enemy's outworks on fire, or to starve them out by famine.

M. L'Evesque, however, very sensibly observes, that, notwithstanding this ignorance, which was owing to particular circumstances, the Russians have at all times deserved a great name in arms. When they had to do with only Livonians, they knew as much as their enemies,
and

and were often conquerors. Charles XII. soon taught them to beat him, and in the last war they put Prussian armies to the rout, and entered Berlin in triumph. It is not indeed a difficult matter, concludes the author, to learn to face death in the sight of many witnesses. There is no nation but what at some period of its history has been brave; it is only when it is grown effeminate by prosperity, that it ceases to be so.

The next number (which will conclude this abridgment) will contain an abstract of the life of the Tzar Peter, which has many interesting particulars in it, not hitherto known.

ART. VI. *Adela and Théodore, or Letters on Education; 3 vols. 8vo. by Madame Genlis, author of the Theatre d'Education, or Comedies written for the special purpose of forming the minds of young people, in 4 vols. 8vo.*

IF this excellent novel, which I am not afraid to pronounce one of the very first, as well on account of the importance of the subject, as its moral tendency throughout, is not liked in France (which however I think hardly possible, though I have heard it), I cannot help feeling some degree of exultation upon it; for, as I am sure that it will be very much liked here, it will be a fresh confirmation to me of that superiority, in matters of taste, over our neighbours *collectively* considered, which we must ever retain as long as our education is began by ancient learning.

Madam Genlis's intention, in the work before us, has been to give a complete course of Education, adapted to the three different conditions, of princes, people of high rank, and common individuals. In my opinion she has succeeded extremely well; for though a romance (however full of incidents that have really happened it may be) cannot be supposed to have the authority of matter of fact, till the system recommended in it has been tried, I see nothing in that of Madam Genlis which

seems impracticable, or unlikely to be obtained upon her principles. Her foundations are laid in religion, nature, and reason; her fable (though consisting of many parts, connected for the production of one event) is simple upon the whole; her characters are natural, and such as one every day meets with in the country for which she wrote; besides, the interest is constantly kept alive, and you have sentiment and wit in their proper places, without either exaggeration of the one, or affectation of the other.

I shall now endeavour to vindicate this account of my own feelings, by giving a short history of the fable, and a few extracts from the work. If these last are approved, I may continue them for some months to come; and at a future period, when the work is sufficiently known, say something of the defects.

A man and woman of rank, worthy people, and every way fitted for the task, determine to dedicate their lives to the happiness of their children. For this purpose they retire with their boy, then seven, and their girl six, to a country house two hundred miles distant from Paris. There they spend four years in instilling the first principles of virtue and knowledge into the minds of the young people. They then pass a winter in Paris, go to Italy with the children, return again to Paris, and after the son has made a campaign, the daughter been introduced to the world, and both have gone through, what the author calls a course of experimental virtue (that is, have been exposed under the watchful eye of their parents, to the common temptation which try every man at his entrance into life) they are finally married, to the young people for whom, without acquainting them with it too early (for fear of indifference, or an improper degree of passion) they had ever been intended.

Whilst the Bar^{on} D'almain is laying these foundations for the happiness of his own children, he corresponds with two friends; one of them the governor of a young prince, who acquaints him with all the events which
happen

happen in that course of education; the other, the grand-father of the young man whom he intends for his daughter, and who, for want of such early good example, runs into some errors, though none of sufficient magnitude to affect his character as a member of society.

The baroness on her part is engaged in correspondence and intercourse with various persons of different characters, and in different situations, who behaving some better and some worse, according as the first seeds of their education had been well or ill sowed, contribute to illustrate the main moral of the fable. This is, first, that if you wish to have characters as perfect as the miserable condition of human nature is capable of being made, you must be worthy yourselves, and willing to be at the pains of making them so. Secondly, that a proper education in every instance, will make a character almost faultless; and finally, that (principles of piety presupposed) early self-command, and the scrupulous habit of abiding by our engagements, are the most likely and almost sure means to fit a man for acting in every station in which he may be placed, without petulance, without precipitation, and (as far as may or ought to be) without passion.

This is the outline of the story. There are two very fine episodes, founded, as we are assured, upon real facts; the purport of them is to shew the great things which religion is capable of effecting, and the great consolation it affords under circumstances in which nothing else can support man. The one is the account of a gentleman of Normandy, who, on the sudden loss of a favourite child, turns his country-house into a large hospital, and the estate round about it into various receptacles for honest industry, over which he presides during the remainder of his life, without any other employment or pleasure. This is matter of fact, and happened in Normandy. The other episode contains the story of an Italian dutchess, who was confined nine years under ground, (where she never saw day-light, nor heard the sound of human voice) by a jealous husband, who gave out she was dead. The main circumstances of this are likewise true, and nothing added but a few romantic incidents,

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which,

which, to say the truth, rather spoil the story than adorn it. Such is the outline of this novel. I hope that, having thus explained it, I may proceed to make some extracts, to shew the manner in which it is conducted, without being at any previous trouble to explain the characters.

Way of giving fortitude to children of twelve years old.

Mon. and Mad. D'Almain, Adela their daughter, and Theodore their son, were going from Antibes to Genoa in a felucca ; they were extremely sick, and, as is customary, were laying on feather-beds in the boats—This is unmanly, cried M. D'Almain to his son ; it does not become a man to be so delicate, and one may as well be sick sitting as lying down. Theodore immediately got up, his mother did the same, declaring that courage was as useful a qualification to a woman as to a man, and that if it was not, still, if it was a virtue, it was indecent for any human being to be destitute of it. Adela, who was very sick indeed, dragged herself to the side of her mother : this piqued Theodore, who, not willing to be out-done in courage by women, began to talk upon indifferent subjects, though not without a few interruptions. M. D'Almain seemed to triumph, and one could read in his eyes that no woman was capable of as much. Mad. D'Almain whispered Adela, shall we shew your father that you are as brave as Theodore ; let us begin a duet : they began, and sung it through, a little out of tune to be sure, but extremely loud, and with an air of perfect satisfaction. When the songs were over, M. D'Almain stepped forward, and, embracing his daughter, Persevere, said he, my children, in this laudable desire of excelling to the last moment of your lives ; it is impossible that an emulation so conducted should ever make you rivals ; for, by rendering each of you perfect, it makes you more worthy of your mother's and my affection, and of the tenderness which you feel for one another. When his father had done speaking,

speaking, Theodore knelt down to his mother ; he took one of his sister's hands, and joining it with one of hers, kissed it with that air of open sensibility which makes his every motion so engaging.

The cure of pertness and mockery of others.

Adela and her mother went to an assembly at Genoa, called the Veilla delle Quarante. As soon as they got home, Adela gave her governess a very droll and ridiculous account of the dress of the Genoese ladies—You had a better opinion, said the mother, shrugging up her shoulders with an air of piteous contempt, surely, Bridget, you had a better opinion both of Adela's understanding and of her heart.

Why, mama, do not you think the Genoese ladies very ridiculous?—I should think them much more ridiculous if they were to dress like the ladies of Paris or Versailles ; for it would indeed be very trifling, and very absurd, if there was a general uniformity about matters of so little consequence as dress. This put an end to the conversation for that night. The next day the mother and daughter went into a print-shop in their morning walks ; —Pray, ladies, says the man, after they had looked over some other drawings, have you seen the Bambolina Franchese, or little French Doll? What is that, cried Adela? Oh, a coloured drawing, which a young painter struck off last night at the Veilla delle Quarante—Ah! who is it intended for, cried Adela?—Why you must know, that there are two Frenchwomen just come to Genoa, mother and daughter; the mother is like other women, but the daughter is the most out of the way little figure, and does make the very best caricature—here, John, why don't you bring the ladies the drawing? —they are all gone, cried John, except this one.—Look ye there, cries the merchant, the painter has not lost his time ; he dashed thirty of them off in the night with the assistance of a few friends, and there is but one left ; look, ladies, is it not very droll?—Adela, in the utmost confusion, and scarlet all over, just cast her

her eyes upon the drawing, and turned aside her head with a smile of indignation—It is a very excellent figure, indeed, cried the merchant—look at that immense chignon behind, those monstrous curls which fall upon the breast, and cover all the neck, the basket of flowers on the head—Oh, it is very good, it is very good, indeed—Pray is it like?—As to that, the painter did not concern him much about the likeness, however there were two ladies here this morning, who knew it immediately.—Pray did they say the little woman was handsome?—Well enough, they said, if she did not make so strange a figure of herself—Madam D'Almain bought the bambolina, and away they both went. When they were got home—Well, says the baroness, my dear Adela, what do you think of this adventure?—Why, I think that before we laugh at trifles in others, we ought to be very sure others will not find trifles to laugh at in us. I was very silly when I laughed at the Genoese ladies; but they are as silly, and indeed much less excusable, for they are more than thirteen years old.—You may be assured that many of them had sense enough not to laugh at a French girl, because she was not dressed like a Genoese—but my dear mother, you have bought that nasty drawing; pray what do you mean to do with it?—Do with it what you please.—It is only fit to burn.—It is a pleasant little figure, besides, it is very like you.—Oh, dear mother, I hope I have not such a nose?—Why, to be sure, the painter has not flattered you, but still it is like; thus it is my dear we are painted by people who do not love us; they make us uglier than we are, but always take care to leave several features by which we may be known; but let us talk of the caricature; why would you burn it? don't you know that the best way of disconcerting an attack of this kind, is to appear neither shocked nor troubled at it; if indeed malignity had endeavoured to blacken your character in the eyes of the world, if it had reported a disgraceful falsehood of you, you would have been in the right to have been hurt at it; but this piece of pleasantry, far from attacking your character,

character, will contribute to raise it, if you have the good sense to be the first to laugh at it; people will then see, that you are proof against the little vexations of a silly vanity, and that you set no value upon things that are below the attention of a rational being.—Dear mother, it is the very thing I will do.—Your resolution delights me; it is a proof that you really are a girl of understanding.—Yes, mama, there is an end of it; I never will trouble my head about any attack, which is not made on my character, let it be ever so ill-natured.—Ill-natured! you still think then that this was a very ill-natured business.—Why, to be sure, as it gave me pain.—There is something in that, to be sure; still, however, what you call ill-nature, because you are the object of it, it is in truth in fact a very pardonable piece of humour, much more pardonable than was your putting a woman's cap upon the bust of the Emperor Vespasian, and writing under it, “This is Mrs. Bridget Vespasian, my governess”—for there you see the ridicule was intended for the figure; here nothing is attacked but the dress.—Oh my sweet mother, what old stories you bring up!—If it had mended you, I should never have spoke of it; it did indeed teach you not to wound your friends, but it has not cured you of making other people ridiculous.—I protest I never will fall into that error again, or give way to so mean and despicable a vice.—I believe you, so let us say no more about it. I have company to dinner, let us go into the parlour.—I will carry my picture, mama; I will shew it to every body.—You will do very well, come along.

Adela did go into the parlour with her Bambolina Franchese in her hand—she told the story with much good humour; and as it went off very well, she was so pleased, that she had a frame made for the drawing, and hung it up in the dining-room.

Early temperance, how to be secured.

Valmont, the young man intended for Adela, was at Paris with his grand-father. The old man did not much like that he should go to the masquerade, for he knew
that

that it was a place of intrigue, and in truth he suspected one. Valmont got out of the window, when the old gentleman was in bed, and made his escape over the leads through the next house.---The grandfather discovered it; and, after going upon the leads (which were very narrow, and had no parapet) to see whether the boy had got any harm, he threw himself into an arm-chair, and spent a long night in waiting for him. At seven, a porter brought him the following note;

“ I dare not appear before a grandfather whom I respect,
 “ I am forced to run away,---to hide myself from him; I
 “ fear the whole weight of your indignation, and yet what
 “ is my fault? I have been to the opera alone, at
 “ the age of nineteen; my dear Sir, suffer me to ex-
 “ postulate with you. Had you allowed me but one
 “ half of that liberty which is allowed to all young men
 “ at my time of life, I would not have concealed from
 “ you a single step of it. May I come and sue for my
 “ pardon? There is not a thing I will not do to ob-
 “ tain it.”

The old man answered thus;

“ Whilst you were skipping about at the masquerade;
 “ your grandfather, 70 years of age, half-naked, covered
 “ with snow, and full of the bitterest anxiety, was out in
 “ the street, he was endeavouring to discover, whether his
 “ grandson, his only hope, had not killed himself in steal-
 “ ing clandestinely from under his roof. Whilst you was
 “ skipping about at a masquerade, your grandfather was
 “ alone in his bed-chamber, counting every hour, and
 “ thinking only of the ungrateful boy who had broke
 “ from him.---This, Charles, since you ask it, is the fault
 “ which you have committed. With my faults you are
 “ well acquainted, and know the agonizing remem-
 “ brance I have of them. Thou knowest, that the
 “ unfortunate Cecilia's image, that daughter whom my
 “ cursed ambition doomed to a convent, and who died of
 “ the consequences in my arms, is ever present to my
 “ imagination: and art thou intended to be the fatal in-
 “ strument of divine vengeance against me? This, my
 “ boy,

“boy perhaps I could bear; for I have deserved it.
“But you cannot contribute to my punishment, without ruining yourself, and that it distresses me.”

A quarter of an hour after, the door opened on a sudden, and Charles appeared, pale, out of breath, and with a face bathed in tears: he sprung into his grandfather's arms; he threw himself at his feet, and, after a long silence, occasioned by the emotions of both, he made the most moving protestations of his attachment and repentance, with which, however, he contrived to mix a few artful reproaches on the little liberty which was allowed him. ---It is true, indeed, said the grandfather, I did flatter myself, that having given up to you the remainder of my days, you would have condescended to have let me be your guide, till at least the second year of your appearing in the world had been past. You say, that all the young men of your age are intirely independent; they are so, and see what they are. I had contrived another fate for you; I was preparing you a far different lot. Ah Charles! had you seconded me, what happiness might you have pretended to! The marquis stopped for a moment; but seeing the most lively curiosity in his grandson's eye, went on thus. I have always deferred acquainting you with the project which was nearest to my heart. I waited to tell you it, for your desiring, as in other days, to converse with me alone; but this, for three months past, you have purposely avoided. When we come home at night, you affect to be sleepy, you hear me without attention, and you speak to me only of indifferent things.---But the secret, my dear grandfather! cannot I know it now?---The marquis then told him as much of it, as had been agreed on between himself and the baron.---At the mention of the name of Adela, he blushed; and when the old man had done speaking, was visibly much moved. He asked, what was the exact age of Adela?---She is thirteen now, answered the old man; when she returns from Italy, she will be fourteen; she will then be no longer a child; her accomplishments will have improved, you will then love her, but it

will be too late ; for, if you are not worthy of her, it is certain, you will love her in vain. Speak then, what are your projects ? Do you wish this scheme should take effect ?---Most devoutly.---I will confess to you, that, disappointed in my licentious expectations by the virtue of Mad. D'Ostafis, I have often thought to myself, that Mademoiselle D'Almain would one day be possessed of the same charms, the same talents, and the same virtues, that I admired in that excellent woman. Even in Languedoc, in our first infancy, I took an extraordinary interest in the dear little Adela, especially after the day that I saw her faint upon her brother Theodore's undoing the bandage round her mother's arm. The picture of the family, on that day, will never be erased from my mind.---Our ways of thinking then, I see, are the same : but do you think, that Mad. D'Almain will ever chuse for her son-in-law a giddy young man, without principles, and without morals ? I assure you, she will not.---I do not see, that my conduct hitherto has been such as to forbid me to hope,---Hear me, Charles, we have a right to avow our own weaknesses, but not those of another. A good man ought to respect even the woman who has the least respect for herself. I do not therefore even desire to know your secret ; but I have told you mine, and beg of you to think of it. A forgetfulness of a few hours may be excused ; but, if you are capable of forgetting for a long time the sacred and eternal principles which I have taught you : if you are capable of forming a regular connection with a despicable woman, whose indecent advances you ought to have started from with horror : rather than Mad. D'Almain's prepossessions in your favour, and her want of knowledge of your real character, should make her risk her daughter's happiness, I should think myself obliged to be the first to tell them both what you are. But, indeed, this would be needless ; for she is much too clear-sighted to make it necessary for me to be your accuser. If she has designs, as I believe she has, doubt not but she is acquainted with your conduct : for, depend upon it,

it, though at Rome or Naples, her eyes are upon you. All I desire of you therefore is, to be consistent. And, if it be true, that you feel the advantages of such a settlement, conduct yourself so as to deserve it. This conversation did wonders. Charles gave himself up entirely to his grandfather's guidance: they set off the next morning for Picardy, where they spent a week. On their return, they learnt, that Mad. Valcé had miscarried, in consequence of having spent a night at the masquerade.

The following letter on the government of women having been said to give some offence to high personages in the country where it was written, and to have procured the author some marks of disgrace, the world will of course be curious to see it. It is from the prince's governor.

“ I am ready to allow, my dear baron, all that you
 “ can possibly alledge in favour of women: I do not
 “ doubt you could mention more than one mother quali-
 “ fied to educate her son as well, and perhaps better,
 “ than the best father or ablest governor. There is
 “ certainly no man can be compared with them for
 “ quickness and delicacy, and they often rival us in
 “ our best qualities, courage and greatness of soul. In
 “ short, I am fully of your mind, that no education
 “ which has not been either guided, or finished by wo-
 “ men, can be a thorough good one. This principle,
 “ however, which I am willing to allow the full force
 “ of, is only strictly true with respect to private persons.
 “ The attention to be paid to it is indeed one of the great
 “ differences in their education and that of princes.
 “ Your son's happiness depends upon his having a good
 “ opinion of women. The desire of making himself
 “ agreeable to them, is what will render him more
 “ amiable; the love of their approbation is the charm
 “ which is to keep him in good company, and hereafter,
 “ when he is married, make his home a comfort, both
 “ to himself and her whom he shall chuse. But it is not
 “ so with a prince, who is not born to live in what
 “ is called in the world, or to derive his comforts from

“ the sweets of domestic society. Woman can contri-
“ bute nothing to his fame. The approbation which it is
“ important to him to secure is that of the soldier and
“ the magistrate, of the army he is to command, of the
“ people he is to govern ; on these his glory, on these
“ his happiness depend. His wife will not be chosen
“ like that of your happy son, on account of her per-
“ sonal merit ; she will be courted in a minister’s dis-
“ patch, and married by an ambassador. With her
“ character therefore, previous to the ceremony, her
“ husband will be little acquainted. She may be ill-
“ natured, implacable, and imperious ; she may, toge-
“ ther with a decided natural incapacity, have a vain
“ desire of governing. It is most important therefore,
“ that the prince be determined beforehand not to suffer
“ himself to be governed by her. Do not think, how-
“ ever, my dear baron, that I mean to give my pupil a
“ contempt for women ; no, I would only have him
“ learn to be proof against their seductions. I would
“ only wish to convince him of what I am thoroughly
“ convinced myself, that they ought never to be suffered
“ to interfere in great affairs. They may equal, they
“ may excel us in reason ; but very rarely come up to
“ us in prudence. Less awake to every fine feeling
“ than they are, when once infancy is past, we are
“ secure from those violent emotions, which so fre-
“ quently overcome the other sex, and shew themselves
“ in faintings, hysterics, and all the woes of the house
“ of nerves. The weakness of their constitution, the
“ expressiveness of their features, the vivacity of their
“ eyes, the involuntary suffusion which covers their
“ cheeks on the least surprize ; every thing, that
“ makes them amiable as women, makes it not fit
“ to trust them as politicians. In short, it seems to me,
“ that nature made them as little qualified to keep a
“ secret as to command. You will tell me perhaps,
“ that women have commanded armies with credit ; it
“ is very true, and I will own, that they have kept
“ some secrets ; but my proposition, which is a general
“ one,

“ one, is nevertheless true, though there is more than one
“ exception to it even in our day.

“ You think me, perhaps, too severe; but l’abbé
“ Duquet (in his *Education of a Prince*), is infinitely
“ more severe than I. His picture concludes with these
“ words;

“ Insensibly the court in which they have influence,
“ becomes a place of amusement and frivolous dissipation;
“ luxury, gaming, and gallantry take possession of every
“ mind, the city soon follows the example of the court,
“ and the country towns are not long before they follow
“ that of the city. Thus a whole nation, formerly
“ brave, becomes insensibly venal and corrupt, and the
“ love of pleasure and money succeed to the love of vir-
“ tue. It is therefore absolutely necessary, if you wish
“ to prevent the introduction of venality, and passions
“ of all sorts into the administration, not to allow women
“ any share in the government. Modest and rational*
“ as long as they are governed, they will fill the court
“ and state with corruption if once they are mistresses.”
Thus far M. Genlis.

If it is possible that this can have given offence; if the author can have been exposed to any kind of persecution for sentiments like these, then indeed we are hitherto a happy people, but it does become us, now that all the princes of Europe are combined against us, (as they pretend, only to humble England; but, it may be, with the secret design of extirpating every free government from under heaven), it does become us to make a manly resistance, and if that prove ineffectual, to die, with our wives and our little ones, rather than be exposed to live under any government where general and useful truths like these are forbidden to be spoke.

* Truly lovely and truly happy themselves, he might have added.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. VI. *The Medallic History of Imperial Rome; from the first triumvirate, under Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, to the removal of the Imperial Seat by Constantine the Great. With several Medals and Coins, accurately copied and curiously engraven.—To which is prefixed an Introduction, containing a general History of the Roman medals, in two volumes. By William Cooke, M. A. Vicar of Enford in Wiltshire, and Rector of Oldbury and Dadmarton in Gloucestershire. 4to. Doddsley.*

WHOEVER undertakes to write the Roman imperial history from coins, so as to make it of real use, undertakes an arduous task. The coins struck by authority at Rome, are in some reigns extremely numerous. Those struck by the colonies, sent forth at different times into all parts of the world subdued by the Roman arms, contribute very much to elucidate their own and the Roman history. The Greek imperial coins, which represent the heads of the reigning Emperors, Cæsars, Empreſſes, &c. on one ſide, and on the reverſe, the types peculiar to the cuſtoms, manners, religion, hiſtory, &c. of the different autonome cities, which, amongſt other privileges, were allowed that of ſtriking money, afford an almoſt inexhauſtible fund of information and entertainment. The Egyptian ſeries of Roman coins is alſo not to be neglected, as they give us not only ſome peculiar types, but ſome heads, which are to be found nowhere elſe. They have likewiſe this peculiar recommendation, that they are regularly dated with the years of the reſpective reigns.

The learned author of this work appears not to be deſtitute of hiſtorical abilities. His ſtyle, though not brilliant, is perſpicuous and expreſſive; his arrangements are clear, and his reflections judicious. But I am ſorry to obſerve, that the materials he has made uſe of are too ſcanty for a medallic hiſtory of Rome, and that the ſecond volume is rather an abridgement than an hiſtory. He begins his introduction with telling us, that if any of his readers expect to ſee a new collection of coins in the following work, they

they will find themselves disappointed. But surely if new coins, by which I mean coins undoubtedly genuine, which are either unknown to the old writers upon the subject, or exist in accessible cabinets, can throw new light upon, or bring fresh additions to the materials of his history, they ought to have been sought after, both for its ornament and improvement. Canidius Crassus, the lieutenant of Anthony, might have been commemorated by a coin struck during the short time of his stay with Cleopatra in Egypt, one side of which represents the prow of a ship, with this legend, CRAS, and the reverse a crocodile. A curious coin might have been given from the cabinet of Dr. Hunter, struck upon the arrival of Cneius Pompey, the son, into Spain; on the obverse of which is his head, with this inscription CN. MAGN. IMP. Filius! and on the other, two figures, with the name of Minutius Sabinus, his proquestor. The reign of Galba was very short; yet affords us several historical reverses, most of which are in the work before us omitted. The same may be said of Vitellius, Nerva, and many others. The coins of Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus, Commodus, &c. (if they had no other monuments remaining) give us a very full illustration of the events of their reigns:—yet few are represented in this history, but what are taken from Patin and Lord Pembroke. A passage in the historian Zonaras is remarkably confirmed by a denarius of the Emperor Philip, with this legend, PAX FVN-DATA CVM PERSIS; yet this interesting coin is omitted. The very curious legionary coins of Gallien, are all passed over, though the author might have seen them described in Vaillant, and other authors. Nor can I conceive how he will stand excused with the literary English connoisseurs, for having given them so sparing a taste of the coins of Carausius and Allectus*.

Yet

* The consecration coin of Nigrinian, is entirely omitted. He is generally supposed by the latest antiquaries to have been the infant son of

Yet amongst this general penury of materials, some are admitted, which will by no means serve the author's purpose of historical information. The very first vignette wants antiquity to recommend it. The same may be said of the coin of M. Crassus in the first plate. The coin with the head of Rome on one side, and a quadriga of victory on the other, with M. TVLLI. belongs to a person much older than the orator, to whom the historian applies it. The 20th coin of the 6th plate is given to Sextus Pompey, whereas the person by whom, as well as the occasion on which it was struck, are unknown. Vol. II. p. 153. "The author mentions gold coins of Antinous : The truth is, if any were struck for him in that metal, as we are told there were, both in gold and silver, there are none now remaining; that in Lord Pembroke's collection, which the author quotes, is certainly a cast from a gem. An ingenious youth, the son of the late author, has made an apology in his preface to the work, for misapplications of this kind; I shall therefore pursue them no further : yet cannot help mentioning a strange mistake of our historian in calling Magnia Urbica the wife of Maxentius (a false medallion of whom he has given in his 60th plate) as she is well known by antiquaries to be the wife either of Carus, or his son Carinus; probably the latter.

Upon the whole then it appears, that our author was not acquainted with the latest and best authors upon the

of Carinus, and consecrated by his father. But that this is a mistake might have been proved by an unique in copper, in the possession of Dr. Hunter. It represents on one side, the head of a middle aged man, with this inscription, DIVO NIGRIANO, and on the reverse his consecration, in the exergue the same letters as in that of Nigrinian. From the similitude of work, type, &c. but total disparity of age, it amounts almost to a certainty, that Nigrian was the father of Nigrinian, that he assumed the purple during the troubles in some province of the empire, that he was cut off after a very short time, and that he, together with his son, were consecrated by some person who succeeded him. It may be said, that these unknown persons add very little or nothing to the stock of historical knowledge. This is very true: however to correct former errors, is at least advancing one step towards the investigation of truth: and it is certainly the business of a medalllic writer to keep always in view the particular purpose of his history.

imperial

imperial coins of Rome ; and that he consulted no well-furnished cabinets—both of which would have been necessary for the completion of a work like this. Not to mention that neither the true sizes of the different coins, nor the likenesses of the different personages for whom they were struck, in which the Roman mints in the higher empire were remarkably accurate, are duly observed in the engravings.

It is almost needless to draw from hence these obvious conclusions, that general learning alone will not enable a man to acquit himself well in a particular science. In order to this, he must study its principles, relish its peculiar attractions, and have a taste for its improvements. And with respect to ancient coins, to avoid the many errors, into which many former, as well as living authors, have fallen, he must not only know them in theory from books, but from his own observation and experience. I cannot but add, that by the munificence and public spirit of Dr. Hunter, who, as has been well observed, has done that for literature which would alone immortalize common kings. Any scholar may do this.

I am of opinion, that if an author would avail himself of every information that coins afford the history of Rome, he should confine his researches to a particular reign, as Genebrier has done with respect to Carausius, and Boze with respect to Tetricus. He might then allow a full scope to any historical disputations that might arise, and contribute to give a much fuller account of that wonderful empire than has hitherto appeared.

What these authors have done in ancient history, Van Mieris and Van Loon have done for the history of their own country, which they have been enabled to execute from the many jettons and medals, struck to commemorate the exploits of the Netherlands. In this at least they are worthy of imitation : and I cannot but express a wish that if a scene of more prosperous does open before us, and the promised improvements in every department of the state, are really made, that our coins may no longer bear the royal arms on the reverse of our shil-

lings, like the sails of a windmill, but some historical achievement or significant emblem, which may convey the memory of our national exertions, and public taste, to the latest posterity.

ART. VII. *Short Sketch of the Chattertonian Controversy, from the Works of Mr. Tyrwhitt, Milles, Bryant, &c. &c.*

GENTLEMEN of the jury, the prisoner at the bar, Thomas Chatterton, is indicted for the uttering certain poems composed by himself, purporting them to be the poems of one Thomas Rowley, a priest of the XVth century, against the so frequently disturbed peace of Parnassus, to the great disturbance and confusion of the antiquary society, and likewise notoriously to the prejudice of the literary fame of him the said Thomas Chatterton. The fact is stated to have been committed by the prisoner between the ages of fifteen and seventeen; and the poems are allowed to be excellent.

Gentlemen, before I enter upon the particular evidence, it will be proper to lay before you what is fully proved by Mr. Bryant *, and seems to be allowed on all sides, that Mr. William Canning did make a valuable collection of writings; that these were deposited in a large chest in a room over the north porch in St. Mary's, Redcliffe, at Bristol; that in the year 1727, the chest was broke open, and part of the parchments carried away; that the remainder lay exposed, and some of them were seen in 1749; that Chatterton's father had a large share of them; and finally, that several prose manuscripts (probably original), seventeen in number, are at this time in the hand of Mr. Barret: This last circumstance, gentlemen, is very material for your consideration; for if there are prose manuscripts of very high antiquity relating to the history of Bristol, and thus discovered, in the hands of Mr. Barret, it will not be necessary

* Observations on the Poems of Thomas Rowley, 2 vol. 8vo.

to have recourse to the answer which Mr. Warton * has given to the very ingenious and well-supported chain of argument in favour of the prisoner, taken from the allusions to ancient history and ancient customs—allusions which it is supposed C. had not the ability to invent. But if it be granted that there are old prose writings, Chatterton may have derived his information from that source, without being obliged to have recourse to other books, the number of which, upon the other supposition, must indeed be immense, and does not seem fully accounted for, even by Mr. Warton.—This circumstance likewise explains another difficulty stated by Dean Milles, and that is the Latin in *Iscam-me* poems on *Lamyngton*. There is no reason to believe, either from external evidences, or his other works, that Chatterton understood Latin so as to be able to write this.

Another material observation, which I think it proper to make to you before I go into the particular evidence, is the answer which has been given by Mr. Warton to the assertions of all the evidence on the other side, that the poems could not be forgeries, because the prisoner's own compositions were evidently much inferior. Mr. Warton has produced to you a specimen of those compositions, which he has turned into old English, which equals any thing in *Rowley*. It will be therefore for your consideration, whether the man who wrote this must not of necessity have written the others, or whether you will believe that he transported this, and this only, into his own compositions.

Whanne goulden Auctonne, wreeth'd in rypende corne,
From porpel clusterrs preste the froathie wyne,
Thie poynctelle dyd his sawllowe browes adorn,
And made the bewtyes of the seasonne thyne.

Pale ruggyd Winterr, bendynge ocr hys tredde,
Hys gryzzled heare bedropte wyth ycie deawe,
Hys eyen a dufkie lyghte, congeel'd and dedde,
Hys roabe a tynge of bryghte ethereal blewe :

* An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, pr. 2s 6d.

Hys trayne a mottled, sanguine fabble, clowde,
 He lympe alonge the rouffet dreerie moore ;
 Whylst ryfyng whyrlywyndes, blastynge keene and low,
 Rowle the whyte fourges to the foundynge shore, &c.

Faunsie, whose varyous fygure-tyndurd veste
 Was everr chaungynge to a diffrente hewe,
 Her hedde with varied bayes and flourets dresse,
 Herr eyne two spanggles of the mornynge dewe :

Ynn daunsing actytude she swepte the strynge,
 And nowe she soares, and nowe agayne descendes,
 And nowe, reclynynge onne the Zephyrr's wyng,
 Unto the velvette-vestyd mee she bends.

Peace, dekket ynne all the softnesse of the dove,
 Overre thie passious spredde heree sylver plewme, &c.

We think we are reading a chorus in Ella or Godwin.

The first evidence whom they call in support of the prosecution, is Thomas Tyrwhitt *. He speaks at first with his usual caution †, but at last tells you that there is strong internal evidence, both of the forgery itself, and that it was committed by Chatterton.

When, says he, you find in an author words not used by other writers, or used by them in different senses, or inflected contrary to grammar or language, you are to suppose that the author who does this is not of the antiquity to which he pretends ; nor is it sufficient to say that he uses a provincial dialect, for this extends to few words, and is not used by men of letters, but *clevis* instead of *cleve*, is a plural instead of a singular ; *eyne* is the plural of *eye*, and cannot be used for a singular ; *thyssen* is never the plural of *this*, nor do verbs of the singular number end in *n* ; like *ban* (which is an abbreviation of *baven*) properly a plural, but put by Chatterton as a singular ; faults, which, together with many others enumerated by the evidence, are committed by the author of the poems. This therefore could not be Rowley, and

* Appendix to Rowley's Poems.

† With that attention to the *nescit vox missa reverti*, which is the exact reverse of the *verbum ardens* of reviewers.

if it was not Rowley, it was Chatterton ; because, attempting to write in old English, he has committed the same mistakes which are in Skynner's *Etymologicum Linguae Anglicanae*, which prove that he had recourse to that book. Chatterton calls *all aboon* a manner of asking a favour, so does Skinner, and refers to Chaucer; but Chaucer says, *Bade hem all aboon*, ask them all a favour. By *smare* in Chaucer means abusive speech ; but it means curiosity in Chatterton ; and so likewise in Skinner, and so, gentlemen, in many other particulars, which no doubt you have taken down.

Thomas Warton * is next called, and he tells you that few parchments were sold to Catcott and Barret. He says that Sir Charles Bawdwin was allowed to be modern, but of this he gives no proof ; that the ode to Ella, and Lydgate's answer, written in one parchment, were allowed to be forgeries by the antiquary to whom they were shewn ; that the form of the letters *essentially differed from any alphabet* ; that the characters were neither uniform nor consistent ; the parchment old and stained with *oker easily rubbed off* ; the ink was tinged with a yellow cast ; the style and drawing of the armorial bearings discovered modern heraldry ; that there is an unnatural affectation of spelling, and words not belonging to the period, combinations unexisting, and mixtures improper ; that the cast of thought, complexions of sentiment, and structure of composition, is particularly modern, especially in the ode to Ella. He says, moreover, that Rowley mentions *Stonehenge as a druidical antiquity, before it was ever conjectured to be so* ; and that Lydgate recommends one great story of human manners for the subject of a poem—a form of expression evidently modern.

The officers of the crown rest it here †.

The Dean of Exeter is then called in behalf of the prisoner: his evidence is very long, and very entertaining. Sometimes we wish that he had not thought it necessary to repeat the whole of the poems, nor to give us a per-

* History of English Poetry, sect. 8.

† Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley, priest, with a Commentary, 1782.

petual comment on them, as this might be done with as much propriety in an edition of Thomson's *Seasons*.—We might have learned from other places, that the ancients by their eyes figuratively meant their children.—However, we are obliged to him for much and curious antiquary information, and more particularly for two little poems of Rowley's, before inedited.—With regard to his evidence, what he says of Rowley's imitating the Greek Homer, is not to be attended to, for it is not supported at all, there being only one very dubious instance of an Homeric word ever being used by Rowley when it has not been used by Pope, and then it may have been furnished by Chapman. Indeed, as far as the question is a question of taste and feeling, the evidence does not deserve credit; for, as has been very pleasantly pointed out to you by Mr. Warton, he indulges himself in flights of enthusiasm and comparisons between his favourite poet and the poets of antiquity, which plainly shew that neither ancient nor modern poetry have been his favourite studies, but that he has long left sound for sense. He brings you, however, several curious facts to prove the author's acquaintance with the more recondite history of the age in which he wrote: He says, particularly in answer to Mr. Tyrwhitt's evidence, that out of the twenty words produced by him, all but three or four are used by original writers, and that they are used by them in Chatterton's sense. He proves that *clevis* might be singular or plural; that *thyssn* might be formed from *this*, by the same analogy as *byssn* from *his*; that, *ban*, with the *n* final, is used by ancient writers in other tenses besides the present plural, and the infinitive mood; and that *allaboon* is sometimes one word, and sometimes means a favour. He gives you a dialogue in Macaronic verse (said to be in a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Barret) of Iscamme's poem on Lammington, with Latin that cannot be Chatterton's. In answer to Mr. Warton's evidence, he says, that no evidence has been produced of the Bristowe Tragedy being allowed to be a forgery; that the yellow ink, and colour, are proofs of authenticity; (you will observe, he says,

nothing

nothing as to the circumstance of the oker rubbing off, or that of the letters belonging to no alphabet whatever ;) and that the hand need not correspond to the record hand to be the hand of the times.

Mr. Bryant is then called, and he tells you that Rowley wrote in the Somersetshire dialect, and that he took some of his words (*crine*, *protoslain*, &c.) which Chatterton could not have done; as not understanding them, from the French and the Italian, the Latin and the Greek. He says that Chatterton committed some mistakes, which are evidently those of a transcriber ; so he wrote

The mittie cros Jerusalem——instead of
Thie mittie cros Jerusalem.

For how could Jerusalem be called a cros ?

And,

Theyre thronging corfes shall onlyghte the starrs—
Which is nonsense ; instead of

Theyr throngynge corfes shall onlyche—
Which means, shall be like the stars.

And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd speeres—
Nonsense——instead of amenge, amongst. Thus he puts *tears* for *fears*, *stythe* for *swythe*, *victual* for *victims*.

Speaking of the historical evidence, he thinks that there are internal proofs of the poems being written prior to the time of Rowley, and that some of them were by Turgot of Durham, which accounts for the mention of many places in the north. He is likewise very full in the mention of the names of persons and things which could not be known to any but men of extraordinary learning, and exceedingly ingenious in the quotations which he makes from the poem, to shew there is scarce a word in them, but has a distinct peculiar meaning. He gives two instances in which the word *eyen* is used as a singular ; he gives some that *han* was used by others as by Chatterton, and likewise tells you that *thisne* and *thesne* occur in Robert of Gloucester. He insists upon it, and gives some instances—not, I confess, to me satisfactory or sufficient

ficient—that the general term of the age in which a writer lives, or the general character of the poetry of that age, is no proof that a single man may not have broke through the fetters and shewn himself worthy of a better age. He is very full upon the constant asseverations of Chatterton that the poems were his own, on the belief of his friends that they were so, and on the physical impossibility of his forging both the prose works and the poems, supposing him to have begun so early as at 13, at which time, he tells you, he was still at school.

The prisoner rests it here. In answer, the author of a letter printed in the *St. James's Chronicle*, gives you forty marks of visible imitation from Shakspeare, Dryden, &c. and he might have given you four hundred.

The author of "*Curfory Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, a Priest of the Fifteenth Century, with some remarks on the Commentaries on those Poems, by the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Milles Dean of Exeter, and Jacob Bryant, Esq; and a salutary Proposal addressed to the Friends of those Gentlemen,*" gives you many more proofs of imitation. He says that many of Pope's Rhimes are used in the passages imitated from Homer; he gives instances of several anachronisms, such as Cannynge's having a collection of coins and other curiosities a century before any Englishman thought of having such a collection, drawings being mentioned 150 years before the word was ever used in that signification, manuscripts being noticed as rarities, when there was nothing but manuscripts. He likewise tells you, in answer to Mr. Bryant, that Chatterton might find the word *Widdeville* in Mr. Walpole's *Catalogue of royal and noble authors*; and that the alterations between copies of works produced by him at different times arose from his having found out in the interval that he had been mistaken. He says, that if his Rowleian poems are better than his Chattertonian, it is owing to his having copied our old poets in the former in their own words; he allows it wonderful that he should have wrote 3700 verses on various subjects in 18 months, but thinks it would have been much more

more so if he could have copied them in the time from old parchments; he says many other things well worthy consideration, but which I do not insist upon, because many of them are also said by Mr. Warton.

Mr. Warton * then comes forward very pleasantly, and after having begged pardon of the court for having asserted that the poems were found in an iron chest when it was in reality a wooden one, for having confounded St. Ewin's church at Bristol with the cathedral, having misnamed the yellow for the purple roll, and other unpardonable and unwarrantable hallucinations, worthy only of Pope, who said Curll had been tossed in a blanket, when he ought to have said he had been tossed in a rugg; he treats the thing in a graver style, and gives you separate evidence on these eight particulars. I. Style, Composition and Sentiment. II. Metre. III. Antient Language. IV. Historical Allusions. V. Battle of Hastings, and Ella a Tragedy. VI. Comparison of Chatterton's poems with the poems attributed to Rowley. VII. Miscellaneous observations. VIII. Character and circumstances of Chatterton.

1. Our English poets do not deal in abstraction and general exhibition: but the writer of these poems adopts ideal terms and artificial modes of telling a fact, thus

“ Thro' everie troope *disorder* reer'd her hedde
“ When *reason* hylt herselfe in cloudes of nyghte.”

is artificial, again,

“ The windes are up: the lofty elmen swanges,”
And “ ratling thunder shakes the hie spyre,”
is very natural and circumstantial, but when the thunder-clap

“ Still on the gallard eare of *terroure* hanges.”

it is Chinese Gothic, and you are to observe that the fine ode to Freedom is all in that style.

Mr. Warton is asked if he does not think that su-

* The Πυξ Αγαθος Πολυδευκης who is brother to the Κασως Παιδοδαμος I mentioned in my last.

periority of genius may do these things, and one person be more eminent than another? he answers, "That genius will beat down many obstacles, but must be impeded by others, and that no great genius would have precisely copied the style of the 18th century." One of the striking characteristics of old English poetry, he tells you, is a continued tenor of disparity not so much in style as in sentiment, and the bad predominates; thus, Ovid and St. Austin are cited in the same line; Gothic and classical customs; knight-errantry and antient history; Helen and the Virgin, Sir Tristram and Joshua are constantly confounded. Lydgate tells us how Joseph went to seek a midwife, and how our lady received the midwives. Chatterton, to have secured our credulity, should have pleased us less. *Fallit te incautum pietas tua.*

The evidence then tells you there are too many words evidently modern, as *puerility, optics, blameless tongue*, from Pope's Homer, *latinized*, &c. So likewise the formularies and combinations. *Thus* Leofwine, *Thus* he, "*Now by the Gods,*" "*O thou whate'er thy Name,*" "*Browne—so Browne,*" "*Sweet—so sweet,*" "*Taper--so taper.*"

With respect to Metre, Mr. Warton tells you that the song to Ella is Pindaric, and that there were no Pindaric Odes in the reign of Edward IV. when it was little known whether Pindar was a Greek poet or a Greek philosopher; whether he wrote Greek odes or Greek Homelies. Again he says,

"Mie husband Lord Thomas a forester bold
 "As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
 "Does no cherry-iauncyes from Elynoure houlde,
 "I have ytte as soon as I aske ytte."

is a Stanza not prior to the latter end of the last century, and to be found in Durfey's Pills to purge Melancholy, or some other book of pills for the same salutary purpose.

The legitimacy of the cadence, Mr. Warton also contends is an argument of forgery, if Robert of Gloucester had

had he same (as Mr. Bryant has told you) he could not do otherwise, for the language in his time had few dis-syllables, but Rowley would probably have conformed to his time, and have used polysyllables.

The antient language is affected and unnatural, like old Edward's armour on Cibber's breast, it is made up of northern and southern dialect, and of old words of different ages; it is not an answer to say that this is provincial, for Sir Charles Baudwin has not a provincial expression in it: many of the supposed mistakes in transcribing arose from consulting Speght. You will observe, gentlemen, that on this head Mr. W. leaves something unanswered, which I have pointed out to you as making the strongest part of Mr. Bryant's evidence: with regard to the historical allusions, the present evidence seems decisive, especially as he adopts the idea that Chatterton might discover parchments of humble prose, containing local memoirs of Messrs. Cannyng, Ischam, and Gorges; tho' he is not quite clear with the Dean, either that this worthy Mayor of Bristol was a better man than Mæcenas, or a better poet, he thinks if some of Mæcenas' poetry had been luckily discovered in the Redcliffe's repository with Rowley's and Cannyng's, this point might have been decided.

Much of his intelligence Chatterton got from Holinshed, as he did the names of the Norman warriors from Fuller's Church history. If Turgot had been the author, of the battle of Hastings he would have given us many Saxon names; Chatterton could only get a few from plays, poems, novels, history, &c. The battle of Hastings, in short, is the same in Holinshed and Turgot, which it could not have been if a contemporary author had written it, for he would have given it many minute circumstances of times, places, persons and events, and not have dealt in generalities and in circumstances that might happen to every body. The battle of Hastings is evidently made up with the assistance of Pope's Homer, and does not excell the Greek as the Dean (with many more odd things about Virgil, &c.) deposed it did, even to your surprize, gentlemen

Of the jury; nor was Greek taught in England at that time. We hear nothing of Rowley's Greek MSS. Even the first Latin Iliad came out in 1497, after Rowley's death.

The Tragedy of Ella, and that of Goodwin, are undoubtedly of the Grecian school revived in the 18th century, and the effusions of a young mind warmed from the study of Elfrida and Caractacus and who possessed the *inconsiderable advantages*, as you have heard the Dean style them, of having dipped in to Shakespear, Milton, and Pope, and seen a few plays at the Bristol theatre.

Nor would Rowley in his age have held it meet to have made plays from holy tales.

Nor would *dygne maistre Canynge* have patronized so profane a poet; as he was a builder of churches, he would more naturally have employed the talents of Rowley to decorate his new edifice with the splendid exhibition of a mystery.

You are then told, gentlemen, and with a most impetuous stream of good sense and sagacity, that there is no Gothic learning in these poems, no allusions to the classics of the dark ages, no useless authorities from Aristotle, Boetius, and the Fathers, nor any addresses to the holy Virgin, any quotations from St. Luke, to prove that avarice, ambition, or envy, are the primary causes of war, nor any thing of old romances. If Rowley had existed, he would have been printed by Caxton, his life would have been written by Bale, the classical Leland would have recorded him as the great and rare scholar who understood Greek in the reign of Edward IV. Such a prodigy could not have been suppressed for 300 years; such beauty *diu celari non potuisset*. Hesychius, Phedrus, and Velleius Paterculus, mentioned to you by Mr. Bryant as parallel cases, were buried in the common ruins of learning, and revived with it. Robert of Gloucester, likewise mentioned as a case in point by Mr. B. was an obscure unpopular chronicler. If Rowley was suppressed for being a Yorkist, Lydgate ought to have been condemned to the inaccessible chest with six
locks

locks for being a Lancastrian. This load of evidence, gentlemen, is pressed upon you with a force of genius very extraordinary. What Mr. W. tells you in regard to Chatterton's learning (tho' as I have hinted before not decisive) is as much so; in his tenth year he began to hire books from a circulating library at Bristol, between his eleventh and twelveth he wrote the catalogue of those he had read to the number of 70; his Satyr called the Apostate Will, has a degree of humor and easy versification astonishing for such a child. He was the young Edwin with all the marks of poetry upon him; and the reasons for which Mr. Haynes the school-master thought him a blockhead are the very ones for which M. W. thinks him an ingenious boy.

Mr. Warton desires Mr. Herbert Croft may be called. He is called, and tells you (as he says every thing with great caution and care) from a memorandum made the same day and at the distance of a few hours, that Mr. Ruddal told him he assisted Chatterton in disguising several pieces of parchment with the appearance of age; that, after several experiments, Chatterton said "This will do; now I will black *the* parchment;" and that *the* parchment thus blacked and disfigured, was (as Chatterton said,) what he had sent to the printer containing the account of opening the bridge.

Mr. W. is again called, and says that though he desired Mr. Croft's evidence, he grounds his opinion upon principles of taste, and no external evidence whatsoever, and so far at least he is certainly right; yet it must be noticed that Chatterton having confessed some forgeries, and been proved to have committed others, and having evidently forged some of the poems, he has no right to credit, with whatever asseverations and with whatever circumstances he supports his innocence as to the rest.

To be continued, as the controversy goes on.

The Fair Circassian.

Why has the Fair Circassian been played twenty-one nights? Orders. I would as soon believe that the man accepted a life-annuity from admiral Byng, to be shot to death in his stead. Fine scenes, and miss Farrow's face? There are too many other opportunities of gazing at both. What could it be then, that has made the Fair Circassian be played twenty-one nights, notwithstanding the principal woman's being a metaphysician instead of a lover, the mistake of a man for his brother during a conversation of five minutes, Almorán's barbarous and useless self-murder, and a very indifferent versification? Why was the Fair Circassian played twenty-one times? Owing to the interest of the subject, which increases regularly during the three first acts; the attempt at discrimination of character, visible even in the inferior personages; the many movements of fraternal affection, which will always interest a mixed audience, let the story or situation be ever so old, especially when it is attended with so fine a circumstance as the reconciliation-scene in the fourth act, by Almorán's sudden turn to the remembrance of the days of their youth, and their parents. This is why the Fair Circassian has been played twenty-one times. But the author of Emma Corbett can do better than this; he need only continue cautious in the choice of his story, ask himself if he would have acted as he makes his characters do, try what he means to say by the severe criterion of putting it first into prose, not be too lazy in rejecting first thoughts, then his feelings cannot mislead him.

Variety.

If this is the production of a young muse (for, if it is not, the case is desperate, and the author has only to
con-

console himself with the comfort of no common genius unhappily too late tried,) she need not despair, though the present attempt has not answered, merely from having more characters than could possibly be crowded into the canvas. But there is character, there is knowledge of life, there is (the first of merits) a desire to laugh, and make laugh : and when all this has been a little matured by experience, we shall see other Lady Fallals and other Sir Timothys than the present. A man of sense, who is generally in the right, because he judges from nature and the habits of good company, was observing to me the delicacy of making the Irish-woman not at all surprized (like one who could either deserve, or believe any body would think she deserved, to be suspected at being caught by her husband with a man at her feet). This is certainly masterly, and the whole character is well conceived, and much more honourable to a people amongst whom there have been few divorces in this reign (blush, Britannia) than the coarse, though entertaining, Irish Widow.

The Count of Narbonne. A Tragedy.

Theodore. The murderer was guilty, not his race.

Thus spoke the critic of the piece : the fault is in the choice of the subject, and it was impossible for all Mr. Jephson's art to mend it. Narbonne is perhaps one of the finest drawings of an impetuous bad man that exists ; nothing can be more in character than his

Fabian. Heaven defend you.

Count. Heaven defend me !

I hope it will, and this right arm to boot.

Dextra mihi Deus, et telum, hoc quod missile libro ;

or his

First Officer. We will, my Lord, about it instantly.

Count. Temper your zeal, and know your orders first. Except perhaps it be that fine paraphrase of " heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away," of Austin's,

Yes,

Yes, he must suffer ; my rapt soul foresees it.
 Empires shall sink, the ponderous globe of earth
 Crumble to dust, the sun and stars be quench'd ;
 But, O Eternal Father, of thy will,
 To the last letter all shall be accomplish'd.

The interest likewise is well kept up, and there are various beauties in the inferior characters, besides the uncommon merit of a diction, (but for eight improper similes,) the most perfect perhaps that exists, as it is real conversation, and has all the ornaments of poetry that real conversation can allow. All this and more may be said in its favour ; where then are its faults ?

The great one of all, that it can never raise violent emotions in a judicious spectator, who will always see Narbonne as an unfortunate madman, not as a man of blood ; will laugh, instead of shuddering, at his alarm on seeing Theodore in Alphonso's armour ; and will condemn the catastrophe as bloody without being probable, and atrocious without being pathetick. As to the idea of the Almighty's punishing the crime of the ancestor on the descendant, it is theological, but not dramattick ; and if it were dramattick, it requires the freezing and harrowing pen of a Shakespear to bring it into life : in inferior hands it only necessitates other improbabilities, such as Clarinsal's changing his character to oppose a marriage, which, as a priest and a lover of peace, he should be happy at ; Narbonne's (to give him a little guilt of his own earning) running after a barbarous divorce by barbarous means, &c. &c. By the way, Mr. Jephson, whom I venture to dissent from in the spirit of candour, and with the fullest admiration of what there is good, seems to me always to run away from scenes of feeling, as if he were unequal to them. In Braganza there is not as much pathos as there should be ; and in the Law of Lombardy a father and his daughter, who are to part for ever, hold a metaphysical debate upon the immortality of the soul : this again may be in character, but it is not dramattick. But this and all his other faults Mr. Jephson will undoubtedly get over, if he goes on writing.

The Belle's Stratagem.

Where the public voice has spoke so loudly, and so repeatedly, the talk of criticism is as pleasant as it is easy. It has only to confirm the verdict of the country, and to point out to excellence how it may still become more perfect. Will Mrs. C. then forgive another Gradus * if he reminds her from Aristotle, that the essence of comedy consists in *character*; characters so contrasted, and so exhibited, as to purge the passions, by inciting to laugh? Elegant dialogue and nice allusions to the story of the day, though they have exquisite merit, and will always be listened to with pleasure, partake more of the nature of satire or moral essay than of comedy. Even Congreve, excellent as he is when he is decent, sinks before Mrs. Heidelberg's fly cap, her Dutch relations, and lap-dog, and Lord Ogleby's exultation at Fanny's declaration in favour of another person.

Rhapsody on Pope, by Mr. Tyers.

This writer is of the school of Montaigne; and in other circumstances, that is, if it had been his fate to have had more leisure and more opportunities of observation in the earlier parts of life, would have been still more worthy of his master; for he has sense and simplicity; and where these stamina of all good writing exist, it depends very much upon accident to what height the plant shall grow. To change one metaphor for another, this, though one of the little vessels which, sailing round Pope, enjoys the triumph and partakes the gale, is built of oak. In plain and humble English, I received much pleasure from Mr. Tyers' book, and heartily recommend it to all those who, loving Pope, will love every man who talks to them well of their friend, and is entertaining on other subjects.

* See the excellent little farce of *Who's the Dupe?* which shews that Mrs. C. has only to be reminded, that she is slumbering on her watch.

Specimen of a Sacred Drama from Metastasio.

The excellent Miss More's Sacred Dramas having just appeared, I thought it might not be uninteresting to shew how a subject of the same kind had been treated by Metastasio. The subject is the sacrifice of Abraham, the moment that in which he has just received the fatal order from the angel, Sarah is coming in,

ABRAHAM, SARAH, SHEPHERD.

Abr. Let me conceal the secret from her for the present, and respect the grief of a mother—Some other time—She comes—Good God, what shall I say to her?

Sarah. Why is Abraham up before day break—what new care—

Abr. Sarah, I am commanded to offer up a pure victim to the Lord. I must go myself and chuse the materials for the holy Fire. Don't detain me. Adieu.

Sarah. Cannot I go with you?

Abr. No: for this once condescend to stay here.

Sarah. Stay here—what after having for so many years been the companion of every joy and every care; now that an act of duty is to be performed, may not I have a small share in the merits?

Abr. She is in the right—I have no right to deprive her of the reward of so great an instance of obedience. She must know all. Shepherds leave us. God of my fathers, prepare her to hear, and teach me what I am to say.

Sarah. What means this unusual preparation?

Abr. Most lov'd, and most respected of women, of all the favours we have received at the hands of the Almighty, say, hast thou a lively remembrance?

Sarah. Ah! how is it possible to forget them!

Abr. Is your Maker assured of your gratitude?

Sarah. He sees my heart.

Abr. He does—but if he was to require some hard proof of your affection?

Sarah. No danger—no distress—my life—

Abr. Your son.—*Sarah.* Ah! Isaac!—*Abr.* Isaac.

Sarah. It would perhaps kill me, but if the hand that gave him (if the Almighty) to return him to him—

Abr. Well Sarah, you are to return him to him, the Almighty has demanded him.

Sarah. Demanded him——

Abr. He has. Isaac is the sacrifice I am to offer. Thus said the angel—the order was absolute.

Sarah. What is't you tell me, I know not where I am. The Almighty demand him, what him, his own gift, him whom he delighted in, who was to be the father of a mighty people, *Demanded him*, how? when? why? for what purpose?

Abr. His purposes he has not deigned to reveal, and when an order comes from him, my Sarah, our business is to obey, and not to dispute.—*Sarah.* Isaac then soon—

Abr. Must be laid upon the altar.—*Sarah.* And Abraham—

Abr. Abraham must offer him up. Oh, Sarah, if you are ambitious of the reward, let your will at least acquiesce in the deed. Not that I expect the presence of a tender mother. Farewell. Conceal the secret from Isaac; it is fitting that he should learn it from me—But you weep, a sudden flood of tears. No, most lov'd of women, no, you must not thus suffer your feelings to get the better of your resolutions. I know that your heart is right, that it does not dispute the commands of your Maker: but this is not enough, my Sarah. It is not enough for true obedience to be ready and humble, it must also be resolute and bold. Exert yourself; and he who sees the struggle will assist it, and impute to you the merit of the victory. Ah, bethink thee that he knows best what's really hurtful or really good; bethink thee that riches, honours, life, children, all are the gifts of his hands; from him they came, and when it is to him we return them, there cannot be a loss.

A I R.

He who can thy peace restore,
Calm thy heart, prepare thy breast,
Offerings these which please him more,
Than would offerings of our best.

When the victim's blood we pour,
Others tears address throne,
When obedience seeks his door,
What we offer is our own.

L I T E R A R Y C U R I O S I T I E S.

W A R B U R T O N I A N A.

A Friend, who was pleased with my last Extracts from the correspondence between Bishop Warburton and Dr. Birch, having been kind enough to communicate to me some more manuscript letters of the Bishop's with a desire that I should use them at my discretion, I have great pleasure in conveying these to the publick, as I am convinced they will do honour to that great man, whose philanthropy, greatness of mind, and true spirit of Christian toleration, never will appear in a more striking light than they do in these private memorials, which, I am persuaded, could he look down from those regions where

His tears, his little triumphs o'er,
His human passions move no more,
Save charity that glows beyond the grave,

he would not be offended at the publication of them. When I say this, I do not mean to flatter him, or any of his surviving friends, for some of whom I profess great respect. He certainly had his faults, but, besides that none of them appear in my publication (except his openness of speech, and his manly pleasantry about fools, for which I reverence him, may be deemed such), they are such as all the world has long been acquainted with. They are, indeed, so notorious, that if it had been my intention to depreciate his character in an *ana*, I should not have had recourse to private letters, but have compiled it out of his works, or the 500 stories of him about town. As to the boldness of his judgements about literary characters, and particularly his saying that Sir Isaac Newton did not understand Egyptian antiquities, that Clarke wanted sagacity, and that Markland and Taylor were no great critics; what are they more than Voltaire's not liking Shakespear, Scaliger's preferring the *Æneid* to the *Iliad*, and my (who am nei-

ther

ther a Scaliger, nor a Warburton, nor yet, thank God, a Voltaire) falling asleep over Don Quixote, which I publish now to the world that I often do, that it may not be a novelty in my manuscripts! Valeant omnia hæc quantum valere possunt; for what I know, the Bishop may be perfectly in the right in all those assertions, or, as the French say, there may be from more to less in it; or if we may not say either of these without risking the reputation of our own critical acumen, it is only saying with Markland (who seems to have been a very amiable man, whatever kind of critic he was) in a letter before me about Reiske's atrocious false quantities, We differ from him in innumerable things as every man does from every man. For instance, as in duty bound, I differ with the Bishop about the first Ana of this day.

“ The discourse on the Somnium Scipionis is, by your account, a master-piece in its way. I shall seek after it, but would sooner go to a house of office after it, than to a magazine, though I do not doubt but it equally becomes both places. How can you talk of looking into a magazine. Well may those immortal treasures continue the delight of the parsons, when they hear the author of ——— admits them into his study. In short, you deserve, as Shakespeare says, to have your eyes pricked out with a ballad-maker's pen.”

“ Would you believe it, there is not in all this neighbourhood the Greek Ecclesiastical Historians. The Divines here are further gone in *tradition* than the Papists themselves.”

“ You tell me you have had reasons to decline a *City* living. I can conceive no good one but that you are going to *Court*. If you be, I will give you the same farewell that Bucholeer, an honest dull German, gave to one of his friends who was making that journey, Fidem Diabolorum tibi commendo, &c. &c.”

“ Bleterie's

“Bleterie’s Life is indeed a very elegant one, and writ with much candor and impartiality. He is no deep man in the learning of those times, but his good sense generally enables him to seize the right. It is no wonder he should be imposed on by ———, when the gross body of our parsons are his dupes. But as Trincalo, who wants to carry Caliban into England, observes *that any thing there makes a man*, so any thing makes a *Divine* amongst our Parsons. Our real scholars and divines the Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis, have made our learning venerated abroad. Our traders in letters have taken advantage of that prejudice, and puff off all their miserable trash as masterpieces even to that infamous rhapsody called the Universal History. And the deceit was easy. It was impossible for foreigners to suspect that our body of readers are Tinkers, Coblers, and Carmen. So that when they saw the impatience of this learned public so great that they would not stay for a whole book, but devour it sheet by sheet from the press, they conceived something very exquisite in what was so impatiently snatched at. For we are under the unavoidable necessity, in our general judgement of things, to estimate of foreign ware according to the sale and demand of it. And if our worst books (as they do) sell best at home, they will be those which will be known and read abroad. I believe I could give you a long list of capital English books that were never heard of on the Continent further than their titles to be found in some brave dull German catalogue.”

“I had no sooner got hither, but my housemaid wrote me a very disagreeable piece of news. Some rogues have stripped the lead off my stables and coach-house in Bedford-Row. This is a considerable damage, for I never expect the lead will come to light. Pray resolve me in this case of Conscience; may I with critical justice charge the theft upon my mortal enemies, those great dealers in lead, *the Gentlemen of the Dunciad*? If they have

have done me this injury, it is the greatest they ever did, or ever can do me."

"I hope your apprehensions of the earthquake abate. Folks seem to regard the third stroke of an earthquake to be as certain and as fatal as the third stroke of an apoplexy. But dean Clarke, who is now at Bath, and whom lord Fitzwalter calls the greatest philosopher in the world, still affirms it to be an air-quake; in confirmation of which, he has a hundred circumstances to produce. For he is not like your vulgar philosophers who only invent Hypotheses, and fit the Phænomena to them as well as they can, which sometimes is lamely enough: he can invent the Phænomena too, and so saves a world of labour, which, by the common rule of false, serves him as Algebra does the Geometer."

"This morning I had a letter from Cambridge acquainting me with Dr. Middleton's death. They suppose his builder has killed him, or at least hastened his death. 'He declared (says my letter) a few days ago, that he should die with that composure of mind which he thought must be the enjoyment of every man who had been a sincere searcher after truth; expressed some concern that he felt his strength and spirits decline so fast that he could not compleat some designs he had then in hand: and that he imagined he had given the miracles of the early ages such a blow as they would not easily recover.'

"I do not see how the mere discovery of truth affords such pleasure. If this truth be that the providence of God governs the moral as well as natural world; and that, in compassion to human distresses, he has revealed his will to mankind, by which we are enabled to get the better of them, by a restoration to his favour, I can easily conceive the pleasure that, at any period of life, must accompany such a discovery. But if the truth discovered be that we have no further share in God than as we partake of his natural government of the universe; or that all there is in his moral government is
only

only the natural necessary effects of virtue and vice upon human agents here, and that all the pretended revelations of an hereafter were begot by fools, and hurried up by knaves, if this, I say, be our boasted discovery, it must, I think, prove a very uncomfortable contemplation, especially in our last hours. But every man has his taste. I only speak for myself.

“All that I hope and wish is that the scribblers will let his memory alone. For though (after the approbation of the good and wise) one cannot wish any thing better for one’s self, or one’s friend, than to be heartily abused by them in this life, because it is as certain a sign of one’s merit, as a dog’s barking at the moon is of her brightness, yet the veil that death draws over us is so sacred, that the throwing dirt there has been esteemed at all times and by all people a profanation. If the Romans suffered their slaves to abuse their heroes on the day of triumph, they would have regarded the same ribauldries with horror at their funerals.”

“As to Dodwell, I believe Mid. when he first commended his book overshot himself in his politics. He had an early design of answering his book, and he had a mind to make it a little considerable by his commendations. But the public, which is easily duped, took him at his word, and so by duping themselves duped him, and reduced him to the necessity of crying down what he had cried up.

But now what Dunces is it to whom the public will give the honour of his death? For the *literate* vulgar deal as much in murders of this kind, as the *illiterate*, in the *judgements* which overtake murderers. I believe as few men die of the rage or envy of Dunces as of the frowns of their mistresses: and there is as little mischief done by literary as by amatory squabbles.

I am well assured the furthest this unhappy man went with regard to Revelation was only to suspend his belief; and this not so much from the force of any particular objections against it as from his natural turn to Academic Scepticism. I have letters from him which convince me of the truth of what I say. But this will be credited by all who see (as every body may by examining

amining) that this is the key to his writings on religious subjects, and the only one that can clear up all the ambiguities and seeming inconsistencies in his conduct."

"I do not at all disapprove of your parting with your library. For I am fully persuaded Mr. Pope's prophecy will be fulfilled before Will. Whiston's: and that his son Jack will see to the end of learning before the Father gets to the beginning of his Millennium. However, do not be over-hasty, for your books will sell best when there is nobody that can understand them. That thriving auctioneer will tell you there are always the most buyers where there are the fewest readers. This is the best reason I have why you should suspend your project. For the rest, if you would get up into the higher forms, you must now do at Lambeth what you formerly did at the Charter-house, *learn your lesson without book*. I confess myself a dunce, I could never learn this necessary trick, neither in youth nor age, and have thriven accordingly. But my friends have more cause to regret that than I."

"Have you read the 8vo book addressed to the Convocation for mending the Bible and Liturgy? I am much edified by the Christian spirit in which their demands for reformation are made, but a more wretched farrago of ignorance and trifling when they play the critic (which now-a-days is only another word for playing the fool) I never saw."

Extract of a Letter from Archbishop Herring.

"I have seen Dr. Clarke's Common Prayer Book. I have read it, have approved the temper and the wisdom of it; but into what times are we fallen, after so much light and so much appearance of moderation, that one can only wish for the success of truth? The world will not bear it, and the proof is very evident from this abominable spirit that rages against the Jews. I expect in a little time they will be massacred. What a thin covering of embers had kept down the fire of High-church! We are now treating the Jews just as the Mahometans treat the Christians, who can afford them no other epithet than Christian Dogs."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

I AM desired to acquaint the learned world, that the subscription to Mr. Rossi's various readings of the Old Testament, an account of which is given in the last Review, is only half a guinea per volume. Subscriptions are received by Dr. Kennicott, Canon of Christ Church. Only one half guinea is required in advance, and so on as the volumes appear.

The following works are preparing for the press.

DIVINITY, CLASSICS, and MEDALLIC BOOKS.

Photius's Lexicon, a copy of which, in Kuster's hand, is in the king of France's library. The editor is a Dane.

An Herodotus, with a new translation, and a very ample index, by Mr. Kahl of Copenhagen.

The Arabic text of the history of Abulfeda (an autograph of which is supposed to be at Paris, in the library of St. Germain des Près) together with a Latin translation and notes, from a manuscript which belonged to Reiske; by Mr. Kahl's brother. Mr. Sulm, chamberlain to the king of Denmark, author of some excellent works on Danish antiquities, is to bear the expence of printing this work. This gentleman, who purchased all Reiske's manuscripts, published his notes on Job himself, and sent Mr. Eichorn (a professor at Jena, who has re-printed Mr. Jones's work, *De Poesi Asiatica*, and added an excellent preface to it) the inedited letters on Cusic Medals, which Mr. Eichorn has published.

An explanation of all the Cusic medals belonging to the house of Borgia, by Mr. Adler of Altona, author of an excellent dissertation on Cusic medals. This work is in the press of the congregation *de Propaganda* at Rome.

A new edition, with considerable additions, of Ruhnkenius's *Epistolæ Criticæ*, and another of Valckenarius's
Con-

Commentary on Callimachus. Mr. Valckenarius has sent his notes on Sophocles to Mr. Brunck, who is preparing an edition of the Tragedian, which is to come out after he has finished his Aristophanes.

A Polybius by Mr. Schweighæuser.

A new addition of Henry Stephens's Plato, by Messrs. Crollius and Embserus of Deux-Pont.

The Meno, Crito, and two Alcibiades's of the same writer, with good notes, by Mr. Gedick of Berlin. This work is published; and so are other dialogues, by Mr. Gottlebar, who is busy about a new edition of Thucydides.

A new Eschylus, in 5 volumes; and an edition of the *Κυρσπαίδεια* by Mr. Schutz, professor at Jena. This gentleman has already published the Memorabilia, much corrected.

A new edition of Cæsar, by Mr. Morus, of Leipfick.

Introductio ad Literas Græcas et Introductio ad Literas Latinas, a *Χρησολογία* Græca, and a Theocritus, by Mr. Harlesius of Erlang. These four last are already published, and Mr. H. is preparing an Aristophanes.

A new edition and notes of Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History, by Mr. Stroth, who is preparing an *Ægyptiaca*, or a Collection of all the passages in the ancient writers which relate to Egypt.

A new edition of Hesiod, by Mr. Janus, who has already published part of Horace.

An Apollodorus by Mr. Heine of Gottingen; this is in the press.

Mr. Matthæi, the learned discoverer of Hymns said to be Homer's, is printing a Greek Testament; he has made both a large and an abridged catalogue of the manuscripts at Moscow; but does not know whether either of them will be printed.

Mr. Martini, a pupil of Ernesti's, now settled in Poland, is following Matthæi's example, in going over the numerous libraries of that country in search of Greek manuscripts.

They are printing in Russia an edition of the Georgics in Greek, by a Greek bishop.

Three Herodians, one by Mr. Irmisch, another by Mr. Wolf, and a third by Mr. Stroth.

A work on Greek Literature, by Mr. Cefarotti of Padua, author of a good Italian translation of Fingal.

Opuicoli Ferraresi, four volumes published every year at Venice; the last volume contains a letter of Mr. Villoison's to Dr. Lorri of Paris, with new readings of two different passages of Sophocles and Theocritus. These shall appear in the next Review. I meant to have published them in this, but am prevented by the quantity of matter which has come in on me. Mr. Villoison likewise proposes to publish an edition of the Dionysiaca of Nonnus, a copy of which he has lately purchased, with the marginal notes of Meursius in it.

The manuscript Anacreon of the Vatican has just been engraved at Rome.

P H Y S I C.

Explanation of an easy passage in Hippocrates, not understood by any of the interpreters. This is in Villoison's letter to Dr. Lorry, and will be given in my next.

Several Treatises of Mr. Mesmer's, of Paris, in vindication of his discovery of the advantages of animal Magnetism, in the cure of several disorders. These are in the possession of the Royal Society, to whom the author has sent them.

N A T U R A L H I S T O R Y.

Mr. Nicklas, professor at Luneburg in Lower Saxony, has published a good edition of the Geoponicks, to which he has added his own notes, and those of Mr. Needham, in order to make natural history subservient to the explanation of the classics. Mr. Schneider, of Francfort on the Oder, is doing the same with Aristotle's History of Animals and with Nicander.

Mr. Cazaud of Paris, and Fellow of the Royal Society, has just published a Treatise on the Sugar Cane; some account of which, as it is an interesting subject to many of our planters, will be given in a future Review.

H I S T O R Y.

Mr. Schweighæuser, professor of Greek and Oriental literature in the university of Straßburg, who has within this six months published, ‘*Exercitationes in Appiani Alexandrini Romanas Historias,*’ is engaged in a new edition of Appian, of which he has given a specimen to the public, together with some account of his materials. The chief of these are a manuscript in St. Marc’s library at Venice, the first notice of which he owes to the industrious Mr. Villoison, and another (which is indeed his principal reliance) manuscript in the library of Augsbourg. This last is of the 15th century, or thereabouts, but differs essentially from the Paris, Roman, Florentine, and Venetian manuscripts, on which all the present editions have been made, and all of which have nearly the *same* faults. The Augsbourg manuscript has all the good readings to be met with in these, together with many others. Mr. S’s. corrected specimen, which is Appian’s preface, proves him fit for his work.

This month has produced a History of Greece by Archdeacon Galt, and a History of Scotland (materially different from that of modern historians, with respect to the crimes of Mary queen of Scots) by Dr. Stewart, of both I shall give an account as soon as I have time to study and compare them, probably in the next number, as likewise of a new History of the House of Medicis, in 5 volumes, quarto, said to be from authentic memorials, and containing confutations of very material facts hitherto believed.

L I T E R A R Y H I S T O R Y .

L'Abbé Tiraboschi is preparing a new edition of his great work on Italian Literature, very much improved and corrected. In the mean time he is publishing accounts of the learned men of Modena, and has already given the life of Fulvio Testi, a considerable Italian Lyric Poet.

L' A W.

Father Cantiani's account of the barbarous laws of the nations who laid waste the Roman Empire. The first volume is already published by Messrs. Coleti of Venice.

A R T S.

Mr. Barry of the Royal Academy has drawn up an account of the pictures he has painted for the Society of Arts, and which he proposes to exhibit next spring. If I am not deceived by the impression which works read by authors of whom one has an opinion always make upon the hearer, Mr. Barry's treatise will be very acceptable to the public, and give a very high opinion of him both as a writer and a man. It is one of the most original, most manly, most rational, and *on the whole* most virtue-breathing, writings that have appeared in our day, abounding in delicate touches of nature, and replete with useful and dispassionate enquiries, both with regard to the arts and other incidental subjects. The learning in it is also very considerable, and promises that Mr. Barry will be a very acceptable acquisition in the post of reader of lectures to the young men, to which the Academy has lately appointed him.

Any short account of works of Art, &c. &c. published within the month, or to be soon published, will be thankfully received; always however on this proviso,
that

that no answer is expected, and that the manuscript is not too valuable to be thrown in the fire if no other use can be made of it.

G A R D E N I N G.

Théorie de l'art des Jardins, or Theory of the Art of Gardening, 3 vols. 4to. with plates, translated into French from the German of Hirschell.

This work, which is yet unfinished, and which I have barely looked into, appears to be much of a compilation, in great measure from English books. It professes to contain the principles and chief precepts of the art. What seems most entertaining in it, are the descriptions of a great number of gardens, French, German, and others, and plates of monuments erected in some to Rousseau, Gesner, Hagerdorn, &c. &c.


U S E F U L W O R K S.

“Steel’s original and correct list of the Navy improved, with the stations of the ships, and a list of those lost or destroyed since the commencement of the war, with their commanders; likewise a list of the enemies ships taken or destroyed since the commencement of the war, and an alphabetical list of the navy-agents.” Price 6d. This is a monthly publication, well spoken of for its accuracy.

“The Neptune of Europe;” containing compleat and correct lists of the Naval force of Great Britain, France, Spain, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Portugal, with a variety of other interesting materials.

Three volumes of select French plays, published by Elmsly and Cadell. I have not seen the work, to know whether it be executed with judgment, but compilations of this kind, that is, of works which it is labour lost to read the whole of, or to pick out for one’s self, are most useful things when we can depend on the compiler.

The Author of this Review will take care to give more particular accounts of the abovementioned works as they come out; and the public may be assured they shall be his own accounts, taken from his own feelings (or those of friends on whose judgement and knowledge he can depend, on reading the books themselves. He takes this opportunity of apologizing to the public, for the numberless imperfections inseparable, (he flatters himself) from the first numbers of a work, which it is difficult to write alone, and still more difficult to write with others. These, however, and what other faults there may be, he hopes to see every month lessened. In the mean time he throws himself upon the public, and hopes it will not judge too harshly either of the *verbum ardens* or the *verbum insipiens* of this monthly *conversation* with it. What it may expect for the future, and writers especially will be sure of finding, is candour, impartiality, and industry, a disposition to retract his own opinions, when on *important* points they differ from those of wiser men, and above all a desire to give the fullest praise (a running-over rather, than a scantling measure) whenever praise of any kind is due. Any hints for the improvement of this work, or any communications (which the author may reject) addressed to Mr. Nichols, Printer, Red-Lion-Passage, will be thankfully received; but it is hoped men of letters will not expect the author shall spend in discussing or answering, a time, which is too small, when the whole of it is employed for the work which he has undertaken.



A NEW REVIEW.

For M A Y, 1782.

*Continuation of the abridged translation of Mr. L'Evesque's
History of Russia, 5 vol. 8vo.*

FROM the death of Ivan in 1585, to the reign of Alexis father of the Tzar Peter, we meet with no very entertaining events in the history of Russia. The murder of Demetrius by Fedor at the instigation of Boris (who was Fedor's successor, and reigned with as much credit as an assassin could do) is horrid; and the adventures of the false Demetrius's, who like Perkin Warbeck disturbed the Empire with their pretensions, have more of romance than true history in them. The only events mentioned by Mr. L'E worth communicating during this period, are the danger which the empire saw itself in of becoming a province of Poland towards the beginning of the 17th century, and the chance it soon after had of Poland's being under the government of one of its Emperors; but the knowledge of these events contributes nothing to the moral improvement of mankind, as they have been repeated by different actors, and with slight variations in the circumstances, in every country under the sun.

Alexis mounted the throne in 1648. His reign offers an incident or two worth mentioning.

The most remarkable is the schism occasioned by the new edition of the Bible, set forth by the Patriarch Nikon (the same who afterwards made the first complete body of Russian history, by collecting the different old chronicles and comparing them with one another). This innovation, as it was called, gave birth to the Raskolniki, or *dissentients* (for so the word means), a very harmless sect, still existing, and amongst which are several very respectable merchants. Their heresy, if it deserves the name, consists only in their manner of making the sign of the cross, their obstinacy in using only old books, and kneeling only to old images, and a few other points equally trivial and unimportant.

A dreadful abuse was introduced in this Prince's time, viz, the institution of the Secret Chancellery. By the nature of this tribunal, the most respectable citizen might be arrested in consequence of the accusation of the lowest of the people; it was enough for such a one to cry out Slovo 'i delo, for his enemy to be seized and dragged to prison; it is true, indeed, that the accused was dragged there with him, and obliged to undergo the knout three times; but if he had strength enough to stand it, the accused suffered in his turn, and was almost sure of being ruined. This was even at the beginning the occasion of great abuses, tho' the tribunal was milder than it has ever been since.

This reign was remarkable for the first intercourse known of between Russia and China; the treaty of commerce soon after concluded on between them had like to have failed thro' a whimsical circumstance, to wit, the refusal of the Cofack, who was at the head of the embassy, to go and be instructed at the *tribunal of ceremonies* previous to his first audience of the Emperor. This so much incensed the formal people, that, after having had his presents returned, the ambassador was escorted to the frontiers, without receiving the customary honours. Luckily for the two countries the affair was soon after compromised; the tribunal became less strict, and the ambassadors on
their

their part consented to receive instruction, *provided the proper officers came and gave it them at their own lodgings.*

One day that Alexis was blooded, he took it into his head that all his courtiers should be blooded too. One man who was averse to it he treated very ill, but soon after, as was his custom, made it up, by loading him with presents.

The Tzar Fedor's reign was remarkable for an end being put to a most grievous abuse, that of every man's rank in the army being determined by his pedigree; this had arisen to such a height, that a man not only refused to serve under officers of a lower birth than his own, but even those whose ancestors had filled higher ranks would not submit to be commanded by the descendants of those who had been in lower; in order to abolish this for ever, the Tzar summoned all the nobility to the palace, and ordered them to bring their pedigrees (in which their several military claims were accurately stated) with them: these, after a fine speech from the Patriarch, recommendatory of concord and union, he made a great heap of, and burnt.

The Tzar, however, seems to have been happier in his projects for the advancement of arms than of arts; for, having projected the erection of a new college and compiled a body of statutes for the government of it, so many of those relative to morals and religion concluded with the words "or be burnt without mercy," that it was impossible for a single stone of the building ever to be laid.

Mr. L'E. opens his 4th vol. with an account of the manners of the 17th century, some of which are not unentertaining. The Chakh of Persia had presented the Tzar Michael with a shirt of our Saviour's, said to have been taken in Georgia, and the question was, how to authenticate this precious relick. The Archbishop of Vologda deposed that at his return from Jerusalem, where he had been Archdeacon, he had been shewn a golden box in the church of Georgia, in which he had been told this precious relick was preserved.

ved. This was good evidence, but it was only hearsay, and some people still had doubts how the shirt could have got there : luckily a monk who happened to be with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, then on a visit at Moscow, deposed that it was a fact of public notoriety in Palestine, that at the time when the soldiers threw dice for our Saviour's vestments, he who won the shirt was a Georgian, who (his time of service providentially for the future happiness of Moscow happening to be expired) carried it with him to his own country; incredulity had nothing to say after this, for as to the relick's working miracles, that, being of course the easiest part of the business, had been taken care of before.

The fright occasioned by the comet of 1680, (which Bayle had allayed in Europe by his treatise on it) the wise men of Moscow took another method to remove ; this was, by persuading the people that it was indeed ominous, but that the omen only threatened their enemies, the Poles and Germans. This they said was evident by its tail being turned towards those countries.

The Russians had, like all other nations, a high contempt for whatever was not Russian ; but, instead of calling foreigners Barbarians, which was the Greek and Roman term of contempt, they used to call them *deaf* ; a man who could not speak their language being the same to them as a deaf man.

After these introductory remarks, Mr. L. gives us four separate dissertations ; these contain particulars of the ceremonies used at the Tzar's coronation and marriage, and at the installation of the patriarchs ; and a short history of the Zaporavian Cossacks. This republican and military association, terrible even to the state by which it was protected, by its indiscriminate depredations on friend and foe, exists no more since 1775.

Mr. L. proceeds to the life of the Tzar Peter. The particulars of this are so well known, and he differs so little (notwithstanding his abuse of him) from Voltaire, in the material points, that I have not been able to find much worthy of peculiar attention. I shall, however, take notice of a few things, and particularly of some of

Mr. L's reflections, in the propriety of which the chief merit of this part of the history consists.

The story of the empress Sophia's regency, of the first revolt of the Strelitzes, of Peter's impatience to govern, of the useful and military amusements of his youth, of his two voyages, of the battles of Narva and Pultava, &c. &c. are told in much the usual manner; but Mr. L. speaks more favourably of Sophia's administration than is commonly done, and refers us for further testimonials to a work called "The Antidote," published at Petersburg in 1770 professedly in refutation of L'Abbé Chappe, and supposed to be composed by several persons in the administration. Indeed, what he says of it in a note makes one think that the highest person in all Russia might have a share in it.

Mr. L. does not approve of Peter's leaving his own country to seek instruction. He thinks it one of those brilliant faults which is only to be excused for the sake of the motive. 'Had he contented himself,' says the ingenious writer, 'with loving the arts and sciences, he would soon have had artists and men of science in his own dominions, and he need not have exposed himself to be shot at by a centry at Riga, or, what was much worse, to the dangers of a rebellion which sprung up in his absence (and which he was forced to quell at his return by shedding torrents of blood) only to learn anatomy of Ruyssck, and the art of ship-building at Amsterdam. His father, Alexis, could not build ships; but in his reign, and even before it, common adventurers, merchants of Archangel, and even simple Cossacs, built some on seas almost frozen, and made voyages in them, which the boldest navigator now would hardly dare to attempt. Had Peter, instead of adopting blindly all the prejudices in favour of foreign institutions, which had been instilled into him by those who had the care of his education, consulted only his own reason and sagacity, of both of which he had a great share; had he studied the true character of his people, and, instead of bending it by force to what it could not bear, only attempted to soften the ruggedness of it; instead of a bare copy of other European

‘European nations, we might have seen an original, and probably a superior people.’

These reflections are very sensible. It may be doubted, however, whether the Tzar could have learnt any where else, either so well or in so short a time, what he did learn at Amsterdam. The great misfortune (his own shame, and perhaps in some measure that of his hosts) was, that in acquiring the secondary arts of government, he entirely omitted to profit by the example before his eyes of the first; that, more insensible in more important respects than the poor Russian whom he sent to Italy for instruction, and who, out of honest prejudice in favour of his country, refused to go out of his room all the time he staid there, he could return from Holland, and even from England, without decency, without religion, without even common humanity; that, being totally destitute of these, his first step at his return was to imitate the cruelties of Ivan.

The Strelitzes had revolted in his absence, partly for want of pay, partly from uneasiness at being kept in garrison at Moscow, and partly perhaps from secret attachment to the late regent Sophia, who was confined in a convent. For this crime Peter broke this turbulent militia, and many of them perished upon the scaffold.—Thus far was right; but when we read that the chief nobility, who had been the judges, were likewise compelled to be the executioners, when we are told that three hundred Strelitzes, one with a mock petition to her in his hand, suffered before the windows of the monastery in which Sophia was confined; when we see the *travelled* sovereign himself strike off eighty-four heads (the hair of which is held by the Boyarin Plestchef); when we find him unmelted by the magnanimous exclamation of the soldier who pushed him from the block, saying, ‘This is my place!’ we execrate the tyrant *mind*, and have scarce patience to attend to the future exertions of the *brute* part of him.

Mr. L. is no less severe upon the violent manner which the Tzar took to lower the power of the clergy. This, he thinks, offended the superstition of the people, but did not correct it.

‘ The making the old Bojars drunk, then cutting
‘ their beards in a ridiculous manner, and compelling
‘ them by this means to keep their rooms for several
‘ months, or be shaved, the hanging up at the gates of
‘ every city a model of the new habit, and cutting off the
‘ tail of the gown of those who did not choose to pay the
‘ penalty for being excused wearing it, the giving a
‘ court entertainment, and forcing people to come in
‘ the old dress, and the men to sit at table apart from the
‘ women, though more ludicrous methods of chang-
‘ ing the manners of a nation, were not perhaps
‘ more justifiable. We shall see them cost much
‘ blood, for though the court only laughed, the people
‘ felt and resented ; at least, he who was so eager
‘ to introduce the rules of decency and politeness amongst
‘ other people, ought to have been a better master of
‘ his own passions ; he ought not to have given Menzikoff
‘ a slap of the face in public for dancing with his
‘ sword on.’

There are some good reflections upon the declaration of war against Sweden, which Mr. L. justifies on the principle of the secret enmity of the other court, which only waited for opportunities to break out.

The account of the foundation of Petersburg is very spiritedly written ; “ In a fortnight after the taking of
“ Nienchants, the works of the new city were begun,
“ on a spot where there were only stagnant waters, un-
“ healthy pastures, a few fishermen's huts, and cottages
“ which the unhealthiness of the place had compelled
“ the poor inhabitants to abandon. The admiralty and
“ citadel were the only buildings about which there
“ was any stone, all the rest, not excepting the hut in
“ which the emperor lodged (still to be seen in a part
“ of the city now only inhabited by soldiers and com-
“ mon people) were of wood. When such were the
“ exertions of art, it was in vain that nature resisted,
“ and that the foetid vapours of the bogs seemed to say,
“ ‘ Hither you shall not build!’ Innumerable work-
“ men, summoned from various parts of the empire,
“ perish,

“ perish, and are succeeded by others. The Tzar is in
 “ vain told, that he is laying his foundations in the blood
 “ of his subjects: he has resolved, and cannot be shaken;
 “ loads of earth brought hither from a vast distance
 “ fill up the bogs: a multitude of canals carry off the
 “ stagnant waters; the immense and noxious forests,
 “ which exhaled the foetid vapours, and returned them
 “ again still more poisonous, fall under the stroke
 “ of the ax. The presence of the generals, of the
 “ ministers, of the sovereign himself, cheers the fainting
 “ workman, and gives him courage to proceed in his
 “ work. Soon Nienchants seems to rise from its ruins,
 “ and its old inhabitants become the first inhabitants of
 “ the new city; these are followed by the nobility
 “ from the capital and distant provinces, who, together
 “ with the merchants and the artists, come at first in
 “ compliance with the harsh mandate of despotism, but
 “ from necessity accustom themselves to their new
 “ habitation, and are soon at work to embellish it.
 “ — Those whom arts or commerce have enriched
 “ begin to take delight in a city in which they have
 “ met with good fortune; their example entices fresh
 “ inhabitants, and edifices raised by the best artificers
 “ of France or Italy, take the place of the first ill-
 “ shaped huts.”

The battle of Narva and its consequences; the revolt
 of Astracan and its punishment; the frauds and trea-
 chery of the Cofack Mazeppa: are told as in other
 writers. One trait only which happened after the battle
 of Dobro, must not be omitted, because it does honour
 both to the sovereign and the subject. Prince Repnin
 was in disgrace, and Golitzin had behaved well. Peter
 asked the latter “ what he desired;” he answered, “ the
 “ pardon of prince Repnin.” “ How,” said the Tzar,
 “ do not you know that Repnin is your mortal enemy?”
 “ I do know it,” says he, “ and it is for that reason
 “ I solicit his pardon.” The Tzar sent Repnin word
 he restored him to his favour through the solicitation of
 Golitzin, and gave the former the ribbon of his Order.

What

What Mr. L. says to justify the Tzar's marriage with Catherine (who it is well known was an obscure orphan, taken at the sack of a little town) is well said.

“ If,” says he, “ his predecessors had sometimes married their subjects, they had chosen them from amongst the nobility. Peter, who never suffered prejudice, opinion, custom, or even decency, to stop him, thought he was great enough to raise an obscure person without debasing himself; a declared enemy to effeminacy, luxury, and rest, and never satisfied but when he was leading his armies to dangerous conquests, or visiting the remote deserts of his immense dominions; the wife he wanted was not one who would tremble at the least appearance of danger, and be out of her element when out of a drawing-room; the companion of his bed was to be the companion of his perils and of his dangers, and this companion he met with in Catherine. If it be true, that she did not know how to read, she knew at least how to follow her husband on ship-board and in camp, to brave death with him, to soothe his cares, to nurse him in his illness, to partake of his military pleasures and fatigues; she knew how to save both a country and a husband; by forcing the latter to ask a necessary peace, when after the fatal day of Pruth, he had retired into his tent, had forbidden himself to be disturbed, and was in actual convulsions. Such a wife became the man who in the midst of such distress could send orders to Petersburg, not only to refuse complying with any unworthy order that might come from him, during his captivity, but to elect another emperor, if it was for the good of the country.”

It is pity that such a husband and such a wife are neither of them quite free from suspicion in the affair of the unfortunate Alexis.

Mr. L. throws no new lights upon this melancholy story*, he tells it like Voltaire and all the rest, and the

* See the article giving an account of Bruce's travels.

result is, that it was a catastrophe occasioned by the bad education and stubbornness of the son, and the hard-hearted ambition of the father.

One reflection, however, we are obliged to this lover of humanity for. "When, says he, the dying young man besought his father, in the name of God, to take off the curse he had pronounced upon him at Moscow, to pardon, to bless him, and to pray God for him, the Tzar wept; but it was then too late to weep; he should have wept over his son, and have blessed him when the young man returned from Naples and threw himself trembling into his arms; he should have wept instead of spending hours in absurd or hypocritical prayer to desire God to enlighten him in choosing what was for the true interest of Russia; he should have wept when a servile and oppressed clergy, whom he had consulted, had spirit enough to refer him to *his example*, who would have saved Absalon, and to the still greater example of *him* who received the prodigal son, and forgave the woman taken in adultery."

There is one more trait worth remembering. One day on ship-board the Tzar worked himself into a violent passion, against a man who had opposed him in the senate, and was going to throw him into the sea. You may throw me into the sea, cried the senator, with firmness, but history will record it*. The Prince was appeased, and set him gently down on the side of the ship. This shews, says Mr. L. what a man he would have been, had he been better brought up, or if he had happened to meet with enlightened and virtuous friends.

The author hurries over the remaining events of the history, like a man who is sensible he is coming near slippery ground. This he is much to be blamed for; for tho' some later events had better not be mentioned, by a man who has received civilities, and had state papers communicated to him in Russia, he might, one should

* Frederic, que dira la posterité? It is said a great monarch threw away L'Abbé Raynal's book when he came to this part.

have thought, have spoke of the first Catherine, Elizabeth and Anne, without offending any body. But he is very short, and I shall be much shorter, and only mention the principal events, in order to keep up to my plan, which is to give just so much of books of this kind, as may make the public judge whether they wish for a translation, and at the same time supply the want of one to them who do not chuse to buy it.

After Peter's death, in 1725, Menzichoff, the son of a pastry cook, but a man of merit, and raised by him, became omnipotent with Catherine. With his advice and assistance, she finished the academy projected by Peter, and died in 1727.

Catherine was succeeded by her son-in-law, Peter the Second. The most remarkable event of this reign was the disgrace of Menzichoff, at the instant in which he thought himself higher than what danger could reach, having engaged his daughter to the emperor, and negotiated the marriage of his son with Peter's sister. In the midst of these hopes, he was deprived of his power and fortune, and sent to one of the hardest climates in Siberia. His wife wept herself blind. But his own mind, which had ever been great, and was only corrupted by prosperity, displayed all its energy. He became wise and virtuous. One of his amusements was the working at a church, which he built out of the savings of six hundred a-year, that had been left him to subsist on *.

In

* Mr. de la Harpe has taken advantage of Menzichoff's return to virtue; for the foundation of a very fine tragedy, the scene of which he places in Siberia, where he supposes Menzichoff's chief enemy, a man of a vindictive cruel disposition, to be governor at the time of his disgrace. It is easy to see what events such an incident would furnish to the Tragic Muse, and how much the scenery and descriptive parts would be assisted by the nature of the country.

I think that Mr. La Harpe has succeeded very well, and should like to see his work imitated on our stage, but would wish it to be done by some person who knows what verse is, and really understands the two languages; for I never think of the fate of Voltaire's immortal Semiramis and Tancrede (the last of which, at least, I hope,

In 1730, Anne, the daughter of Ivan, succeeded Peter the Second. Her reign contains the tyranny of Biron (grandson of a stable boy) under her name, and the achievements of Munich against Stanislaus. There is also a curious account of a marriage dinner given by Anne to a prince Golitsin, who, having embraced the Roman Catholic religion in his travels, had fallen into disgrace, and been made a buffoon and court page of at 40. At his wife's death he was forced to marry an ordinary woman. After a ridiculous festival, the new married pair were conducted to a bed of ice in an house of ice, and forced to spend the night there, and guards were placed to prevent their rising till the morning. When we read such accounts, and consider that this was the sportive caprice of a woman, we shudder at the misery and insolence of human nature, and almost think the innumerable evils of a republic, not equal to the degradation of being the victim of one person's caprice.

we shall one time or other see a different copy of, as the woman's part is the most dramatic on any stage whatever) without remembering Churchill's fine lines on Hogarth's Sigismunda—*The helpless victim of a Dauber's hand!*---But I will insert them at length, because (as Dr. Warton observes about Prior) it has been some time fashionable to decry the author's great merits.

Poor SIGISMUNDA ! what a fate is thine !

DRYDEN, the great High-Priest of all the Nine,

Reviv'd thy name, gave what a muse could give,

And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live ;

Gave thee those soft sensations, which might move

And warm the coldest Anchorite to love ;

Gave thee that virtue, which could curb desire,

Refine and consecrate Love's headstrong fire ;

Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,

And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel ;

Gave thee that firmness, which our sex may shame,

And make man bow to woman's juster claim,

So that our tears, which from compassion flow,

Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.

But O, how much unlike ! how fall'n ! how chang'd !

How much from Nature, and herself estrang'd !

How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs

To shew her feelings, and awaken ours,

Doth SIGISMUNDA now devoted stand,

The helpless victim of a Dauber's hand !

In Ivan the 6th's reign, Munich and Biron quarrelled, and the former prevailed. Biron was sent to Siberia. Munich gave a plan for the house he was to inhabit, and afterwards lived in it himself. There is a curious anecdote told of this revolution ; on the night in which it was to take place, when the event was still very doubtful, and might have been prevented if Biron had had any suspicions ; he said to Munich, as they were at supper together, Marshal, during the course of your campaigns, did you never happen to undertake any thing of consequence in the night ? Munich could not help being a little startled, so that if the regent had had any suspicions, the plot would certainly have miscarried.

Count Lestock and Elizabeth had conspired to place the latter on the throne, but her mildness and indolence rendered her irresolute. One morning she was at her toilet, when Lestock came in, and finding a card upon it, drew a crown and a wheel ; on the princess's expressing her surprise, he said, There is no middle way, Madam, one for you, or the other for me : This fixed her resolution, and she was empress the next day.

This princess is much celebrated for her humanity.—She used to shed tears at the news of a victory, (though gained by her own generals) from a sense of the distresses which it brought upon mankind. Notwithstanding this, Munich, whose only fault was his having served the empress Anne, was banished at the beginning of her reign. As there was no pretence for persecuting him but his attachment to the late empress, one of the crimes alledged, was the number of soldiers which his expeditions had cost the state. To this he only answered, There is no working wood without making chips. And when his judges persisted in frivolous and vexatious interrogatories, Write down, says he, the answers you would have me make, and I will sign the paper ; which he did. Elizabeth, with all her sensibility, wanted, like another Elizabeth of more illustrious name, to be the handsomest woman in Europe. In pursuit of this laudable ambition she did not behead her rival, Madam Lapoukhin, like the soft fair one of England ; but only
gave

gave her the knout, and cut out her tongue. She died in 1761.

Mr. L. says something of the two next reigns ; but it becomes an Englishman to leave the mention of them to posterity. He concludes his entertaining work with an account of the progress of the Russians in Siberia, and their new discoveries in the north seas ; to these are added, a description of the empire, geographical and political ; and a sketch of the present state of their literature. As he confines himself to the belles lettres part, I can only say that I think very differently of the proficiency he supposes them to have made. It must not be omitted, that several things in this latter part are likewise to be found in Mr. Cox ; and, on the whole, I would rather recommend a judicious abridgment of the work than a translation. Now that knowledge is become so general, and that there are so many things to be known, I could wish none but original works to be encouraged, and that these should be reduced into as small a compass as possible.

ART. II. *History of the polite Arts of Sculpture, Painting, &c.* by L'Abbé Winckelman, 3 vol. Debrett, 2l. 16s.

HAVING done with the Etruscans, our author, to make his work compleat, bestows a few words on the arts of the neighbouring nations.

The only remains of Samnite and Volscian greatness are a couple of medals, but we know that these people were very magnificent, the former particularly, whose luxury, even in their arms, was one of the causes of their ruin*.

There are several medals of Capua, Teano, and other cities of Campania, with characters on them resembling the Etruscan, that have been mistaken by some antiquarians for Punic characters. However, the work is not Etruscan, but Greek, and very fine.

* Livy, lib. ix. & x.

Vases.

The vases commonly called Etruscan, are not Etruscan in fact ; for most of them have been found either in Italy, or in the kingdom of Naples, and taken out of tombs near Nola, which is a Greek colony ; besides, several of them are designed after the Greek manner, and have Greek inscriptions, and not one of them has Etruscan Inscriptions, notwithstanding what has been pretended. There are five fine collections of these vases known, but the richest of them is undoubtedly Sir William Hamilton's. Two amongst these, undoubtedly the oldest specimens of Grecian work existing, are at the same time most remarkable for the beauty of their forms and the excellence of their drawing. With regard to their uses, some served for sacrifices, particularly for those of Vesta, some were buried with the dead (for what purpose is not very well known, as it was not to hold the ashes), some were prizes, given in the public games of Greece, and others were ornamental.

The two most curious stories upon them are, a kind of parody of the loves of Jupiter and Alcmena (which might be taken for a scene in Plautus's *Amphitryon*) and a representation of the games given by Danaus at the second marriage of his daughters, after the murder of their first husbands. As the old king suspected that no one would be so eager to wed such determined ladies as to pay a dowry for them, he offered to give them for nothing, but required the candidates to run a race ; the conqueror was to have the first choice, and so on. The first of these subjects is on a vase belonging to Mengs, the other is in the Hamilton collection.

In this chapter L'Abbé W. gives us a very curious account of the opening of an old sepulchre about thirty miles from Capua, by Sir Willlam Hamilton, and of what was found in it. But this, tho' very curious, is too long to insert.

L'Abbé Winckelman's second volume brings us to the favourite and most interesting part of his work, to wit, the history of the fine arts of Greece, the consideration of which, he

he tells us, tends not only to the improvment of knowledge, but to the furnishing the artist with rules of practice. This part of the work is divided into eight chapters. In the first the Abbé examines the causes of the superiority of the Greeks over other nations. In the second he considers what he calls the essential parts of the art. The third treats of expression and proportion. The fourth of the beauty of the parts of the human body. The fifth of the design of draped figures. The sixth considers the different stages of the art, and its different styles. The seventh, the mechanical part. And the eighth is on ancient painting. I shall endeavour to select what is most curious from each of these.

The first cause of the Grecian superiority which the Abbé assigns is the great respect which they had for personal beauty. The priests of several gods were chosen on that account. There were public games, at which the prize of it was disputed. The Lacedemonian women used to have figures of Nireus, and other handsome men, in their chambers, in hopes that the frequently looking on them would make their own children handsome. The people of Egeste, Herodotus tells us, erected a monument to Philip of Croton, on account of his beauty. Finally, Dion Chrysostom complains that no regard was any longer paid to it in his time.

A favourable climate, the Abbé W. thinks, in the second place, had also a favourable influence on the mind. The goodness of heart of the Athenians was proverbial, and shews itself in every part of their history. No Grecians could bear the combats of gladiators, and when the Romans proposed to introduce them at Corinth, the inhabitants of the city desired that the altar of mercy might be first thrown down. The Achæans, out of motives of humanity, agreed to use no poisoned darts in their wars, and even the Spartans consented to a truce of forty days with the Messinians, because the time was come for the latter to celebrate the annual festival in honour of Hyacinthus. The respite given to the horrors of war by the return of the Olympick games are well known, and so are the opportunities

tunities of negociation, which the constant session of the council of the Amphictyons afforded.

The great importance attached to the statues erected in honour of private persons at the public expence, which made even wise men ambitious to distinguish themselves in the exercises by which they might be gained, was a third cause of excellence. These statues were erected in the most conspicuous parts of the city, and were generally exact resemblances of the persons they were intended to represent. Ælian tells us, that even Cymon's horses were like the animals themselves. This honour extended itself to the posterity of the persons (who had essential privileges in consequence of it), and reached even those who had done something to distinguish themselves before the statuary art was invented. Oeboetas, who had triumphed in the sixth Olympiad, had a statue decreed him in the 84th. The sense of this it was which made Plato appear amongst the wrestlers in the Pythian games, and which caused Pythagoras to teach his scholar Eurimenes the same arts by which he himself had conquered at Elis. With such men to draw, and such honours to incite, the art could not be wanting to itself, especially if it be considered in what honour he who could make the distinctions immortal was ever held, and what works he had to do. Not to mention that Socrates called the artists the only wise men, and that Marcus Aurelius confessed, that it was to Diognotus, the sculptor, who had taught him philosophy, that he was indebted for the knowledge of the distinction between truth and falsehood; not to mention, that the man who conferred immortality upon others, might bestow it upon himself, and place his own statue by the side of a Themistocles, a Miltiades, or even the immortal gods themselves; it is sufficient to observe, that these artists directed the public taste, instead of obeying it. Far from being obliged to submit to the paltry views and superficial ideas of one whom adulation and flattery had made a judge, the Athenian produced the work he had conceived, in the public assembly, and received his recompence from the wisest of the people. There Action

appeared with his marriage of Alexander and Roxana, and was rewarded with the daughter of Parmenides, the president. Nor was this respect to merit confined to the artists in the superior branches alone. Whatever industry could devise for the benefit of mankind, met with its adequate reward. Herodotus has transmitted to us the name of the architect who made the aquaduct at Samos, together with that of the carpenter who built the largest ship there. We know the name of the first man who made tiles of the Pentelitian marble, and that of the two embroiderers who wove the worked mantle of the Pallas Polias at Athens. Even Plato has immortalized Thearion the baker, and Serambus the inn-keeper. Nor were the artists wanting to themselves, or unworthy of such a country. Polygnotus would take nothing for painting the Pæcile at Athens, and the war of Troy at Delphos : in return the Amphictyons voted him the public thanks of the country for the last work, and assigned him a lodging at the public expence in all the Greek cities to which he should have occasion to go.

Sculpture and painting, the Abbé thinks, reached perfection before architecture, for this very plain reason, that the first being imitative arts, had something real to copy from ; whereas the latter, which depended upon nice proportion, could only be matured by time. Sculpture was prior to painting, for the same reason that poetry came to its height before oratory. These had a religious tendency, and were used in honour of the gods, whom the one imitated and the other sung. The others were principally dedicated to the service of men.

L'Abbé W's. second chapter is exceedingly ingenious. After some general reflections (suggested as it should seem by, and in great part copied from, the works of Plato) on beauty in general, he proceeds to ascertain what particular parts of beauty the ancients assigned to the several characters which they meant to represent. . . This is a very ingenious speculation, and, if the conclusions

sions are true, very useful ; as by means of it we are seldom at a loss to know, what even the least fragment of a statue was meant for.

Stating then as a principle, that the general idea of beauty was taken from the assemblage of the finest parts of different individuals, Eunuchs, and the nobler animals not excepted, he proceeds to exemplify in the following manner.

The first degree of beauty is that of satyrs and fauns ; these exhibit the perfect proportion of beauteous youth : they are distinguished from heroes by an ordinary profile, and turn-up nose, an air of simplicity and innocence, and a kind of grace peculiar to themselves. The old satyrs, or Sileni, are distinguished (in serious composition at least) by the beauties of perfect manhood. The best representation of Pan, the chief of this inferior tribe, is upon a fine medal of Antigonus.

The figures of Apollo are of a still more manly cast ; in these the strength of manhood is united with the delicacy of form of early youth. This god puts us in mind of a young man born for lofty and generous enterprises. His limbs are not like the limbs of those favourites of Venus, whom, as the poet Ibicus says, this Goddess has brought up on beds of roses, and who are only used to languish in soft shades.

Here the Abbé Winckelman's imagination takes fire (as it frequently does, but never unpleasingly), and he gives us a beautiful description of the Genius of the Villa Borghese. I wish, says he, I was equal to the description of a beauty, which has hardly its prototype amongst the children of men. Could the imagination, filled with the simple idea of the beautiful, collected from the consideration of universal nature, and absorbed in the contemplation of that first beauty which comes from God, and returns to him : Could it, I say, thus prepared, represent to itself the apparition of an angel, his face shining with light, and his figure such as may be supposed to have flowed from the first model of all harmony, it would then have an idea of this figure. Such an idea the reader ought

to raise of it in his mind ; he ought to conceive it as produced by art, with the consent of the Almighty, and on a model taken from an angel.

The Mercuries are rather older than the Apollos ; they have, besides, a particular archness in the countenance, and wear short curled hair.

Mars is a good deal like Mercury, or a young hero, without a beard ; when Mr. Watelet says,

Tandis que du Dieu Mars la moindre fibre exprime,
Et la force, et l'audace, et le feu qui l'anime.

He gives us the figure of a god, such as is not to be met with in all antiquity. Mars is commonly in a state of repose. Thus we see him on medals, gems, and likewise on the two candelabres in the Barberini palace.

Hercules is generally represented as a fine young man, with features that almost make us doubt of his sex ; he has the head and neck of a bull (the proportions of which are known to be very different from the proportions of the same parts in the human figure) ; his forehead has a great deal of flesh, and the bones of his eyes swell and are rounded off ; marks, says the abbé, which denote the strength and labours of the future hero amidst the fatigues, which, as the poet says, swell the heart *.

The beauty of the Bacchus's is a mixture of that of the two sexes, and is borrowed from the forms of Eunuchs ; in all the fine figures of him, the limbs are remarkably delicate, and the haunches particularly fleshy and prominent, like those of women ; this is owing to his having been brought up as a girl ; there is no difference in the elder Bacchus's, except the beard.

* The deified Hercules differs from the human one (still obliged to exert his labours in ridding the earth of the monsters who infest it) by the nerves and muscles not being marked on the statue of the former ; the Hercules Farnese is the divine, and the Torso the human Hercules ; this absence of nerves and muscles is the characteristic of all the gods.

Jupiter the father of gods and men (all the statues of whom peculiarly resemble each other); Jupiter, who is always represented under this mild though awful character, and never (as has been supposed by those who have mistaken the Pluto Serapis for him) as the terrible, or the thunderer; Jupiter is peculiarly distinguished by the serenity of his countenance, his forehead, his beard, and his hair. The latter rises from the forehead in different rows, and falls back, dividing, in close buckle on the sides, and covering his ears and the sides of his temples; this peculiarity (likewise observable in the children and grand-children of the monarch, such as Castor, Pollux, Esculapius, &c.) together with the big round eye, the broad and commanding forehead, and the moveable and swelled nose, betray the archytype, from whence they were all taken; this is not the human head, but that of the king of beasts, the lyon; of whose brindled mane, the *Ἀμύρσσαι χαιται αἱ ἐπερρωσάντο*, are the exact representation.

The gods of the rivers were naked, and had fins instead of eye-brows.

The heroic character was human beauty, carried to its utmost limit of perfection, and just stopping short of the divine. The Battus on the medals of Cyrene wants only the expression of voluptuousness to be a Bacchus, and a single feature of divine greatness would make him an Apollo; so the Minos on the medals of Gnoſſus would be a Jupiter, full of goodness and clemency, but for a look of pride bespeaking a king. The more striking differences, however, are in the expression of the muscles. To these, in the figures of heroes, they gave every possible variety, and often, as in the Torſo, the gladiator, and especially the Laocoon, carried them beyond nature. On this subject, l'Abbé W. makes a sensible reflection on the character commonly given to our Saviour, which he says, except in the pictures of Raphael, Annibal Carrache, and Leonardo da Vinci, has always been taken from ordinary and common life, instead of being, as it should be, conformable to the account given by the prophets, who mention
him

him as the most beautiful amongst the children of men *.

As there is not so much difference in the forms of women at different ages, the peculiar characters of the superior and inferior goddesses, and what distinguishes both from heroines, is principally expressed in the face.

Venus is the only goddess ever seen without drapery ; the cælestial Venus has a diadem, and so has the Venus victrix ; but the eyes of both are filled with sweetness, and they have the languishing and amorous look, to which the ancients gave the name of *υγρον*, which was very different from those lascivious looks by which modern sculptors have chose to distinguish their Venuses ; for the ancient artists, as well as philosophers, were used to consider love as the companion of wisdom,

τα σοφια Παρεδρους ερωτας.

Juno, besides her diadem, in the form of a cock's comb, was remarkable for her great eyes, and commanding mouth : this made us discover her in a bare profile on a broken basso relievo.

Pallas and Diana, both armed with formidable weapons, both remarkable for their flaxen hair tied in a knot at the top of the head, have always a grave deportment (Pallas especially), as in Statius's fine description of them,

Pallas et asperior Phœbi soror, utraque telis,
Utraque torva genis, flavoque in vertice nodo.

Stat. Theb. l. II. v. 237.

As this goddess is generally represented with longer hair than any of the others, it is possibly from the ob-

* And how does Sir Joshua Reynolds reconcile this criticism (which is applied to Michael Angelo in the first instance) with his own, I confess to my feelings, extraordinary assertion of Michael's superiority to Raphael? if number and variety of productions may be passed over, in a comparison of this kind, surely propriety is to be attended to. M. A. might be as sublime as Homer ; but the latter would have disdained any praise on that score, before he was sure of that which arises from the *reddere personæ convenientia cuique*. It is almost of as much consequence in arts as in morals, that no one be allowed to be great before he is good.

servation of this, that classical authors have derived the custom of swearing by her hair.

Diana. Diana has still more the air of a virgin than Pallas; but though she seems unconscious of her beauty, she has not her eyes upon the ground like other goddesses, but, on the contrary, they are full of life, like those of a jolly huntress intent upon her sport.

Ceres. The most beautiful Ceres is upon a medal of Metapontum, in the duke of Noya's collection; besides the usual symbol, of the ear of corn on the reverse, and the veil, there is something in the disorder of the hair which makes one think her a Ceres disconsolate for the loss of Proserpine.

Graces. In older times the Graces were represented with draperies, but in general they are naked.

The Hours. The antient artists knew of four hours, which they represented by the figures of young women of different ages; they are all to be seen on a funeral vase in the Villa Pamphili, in which the youngest, or the *hour of Spring*, is an ingenuous young girl, with her shape exactly such as that described in the *Anthologia* *, as the shape of the *hour of Spring*.

Muses. The different characters of the Muses are well kept up.

Fates. The Fates are commonly seen on the monuments of Meleager; sometimes we meet with only two of them; but there is always one writing upon a roll.

Furies. Even the Furies whom Sophocles has described as old maids (*Αἰ Παισθεναι*), and consequently not so very handsome, are represented as very beautiful virgins, particularly on the vase in the Porcinari palace, where you see them in actual pursuit of Orestes, armed with snakes and torches †.

Amazons. The Amazons are grave, and seem to suffer from the wound in their breast, which is expressed in all their statues.

* Liber VII.

† This is mentioned in the second volume of the account of the Hamilton Collection.

L'abbe W. concludes this chapter with saying, that all the artists wheresoever dispersed, or whatever part of the art they practised, followed the same principles. Thus in the countries where the chissel was never known, or from which at least we have no monuments of sculpture, the Jupiter on the medals was as awful and as dignified as the Jupiter of Phidias; he was the same in Macedon, in Sicily, and in Ionia, as at Athens; always Πάτερ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε (the father of gods and men); all the other gods kept the character which either the master poet, or master artist, had once assigned them.

ART. III. *The Works of Thomas Newton, D. D. late Bishop of Bristol, with some account of his Life, and Anecdotes of several of his Friends, written by himself.*
3 vols. 4to. Rivington, 3l. 15s.

IN the present number I shall confine myself to the bishop's life, and consider his works in the next, when of course I shall speak of his character as an author. As to his character as a man, it shews itself most plainly in the life, and I doubt whether any work, even though not intended for the press till after the author's death, ever spoke so plain a language. This is owing to the leading feature in it being simplicity. The rest may be summed up in the few following words, the justice of which will be proved by the anecdotes I shall give from the book. He was pious, learned, and fortunate; far from unambitious, or unassuming on the consciousness of his abilities, but no martyr to vanity, and wise enough to be contented with a seat in the house of lords, and 2000l. a year; a little querulous about other people, but inclined as well from warmth of heart as that secret byass of self-interest we are none of us quite free from, to see uncommon excellence in all his own friends; upon the whole, a very worthy good man, with some prejudices, which still did not stick so close to him as not to have worn away, if he had been born twenty years later, or had lived less in one set of company.

The

The life is extremely curious, of course it contains little about the bishop, but this is amply made up for by reflections and anecdotes about men and things, from the Pope (through the whole Brunswick succession) to Mr. Wilkes, and from lord Bath's conversion to the late riots. There is a great deal about Tucker and Warburton, and Warburton and Jortin, and Dr. Johnson and his Lives of the Poets, and every thing in short which the author had borne a part in, had seen, or had heard of. At the same time it must be confessed, that (a little garrulity excepted) he talks extremely well, and that one piece especially, the account of the late opposition, or present ministers (written indeed with the ever bitter pen of party, and therefore not fit to be selected in a work of this kind), must go down to posterity as good writing *, whatever that posterity, which alone is the earthly judge of kings, ministers, and patriots, and at whose tribunal the George's, North's, and Fox's, as well as the Anne's, Oxford's, and Marlborough's, are finally to be tried, shall determine of the charges themselves. That it may find less in them than the bishop saw, and that, if there is any thing, it may be done away, by exertions and virtues proportionable to the talents of the men, must be the wish of every friend to his country.

I shall now let the bishop speak for himself, and first of himself. The Life concludes with the following words; written a few days before he died :

The bishop's concern for the public was not less than lord Mansfield's, for we have very little to hope, and very much to fear, from the sad dismal prospect before us, from the gross immorality and irreligion of our people, from the want of spirit and resolution and steadiness in counsel, from the want of conduct and courage and fidelity in action, from the great attention to private interest and little regard to the public welfare, from admirals and generals sacrificing more to the pleasure of their party than to their own honour, from the capture of our armies at land and the di-

* With the Examiner, the North-Briton, and Junius.

minution of our dominion of the sea, from the loss of some of our territories, and the danger of losing more, from the number and superior forces of our enemies, and from the parties and factions among ourselves. It is hard to contend with all the world, but our domestic enemies are the worst of all. All persons complain of weight of taxes and the dearth of provisions, and yet how few retrench their expences, or forbear their pleasures, their mistresses and their country houses; operas, balls, masquerades, all kinds of entertainment; gaming, adultery, and all kinds of vice; abound as much as ever. And from hence what is there to hope, what is there not to fear? He dreaded the calamities impending over his country infinitely more than his own death, and would gladly by his own death have averted them, if it had been possible. But he was sensible, that the fate of his country was a part only of a greater plan; that divine Providence was bringing about wonderful revolutions in the earth, which he could not live to see accomplished. He plainly perceived the beginning, and could only ask the question with the prophet Daniel, *O my Lord, what shall the end of these things be?* But still he did not absolutely despair of the commonwealth. He was not like the generality of Englishmen, all triumph or all dejection. There are changes and revolutions in all human affairs. *And why? God is the judge, he putteth down one and setteth up another.* The same hand, that in judgement has stricken us and brought us low, in mercy may heal us and lift us up again. National pride and vanity are justly humbled to bring forth national repentance and reformation. Our successes have been our ruin. Our distresses may prove our restoration. With all our wounds and bruises there are still some vital signs, some symptoms of recovery; or otherwise this little island could not make so glorious a stand as we have made, and do make against the combined force of so many enemies. He would have died much happier, if he had left his country in a more flourishing condition. He had survived most of his friends and acquaintance, but like father Paul he wished
his

his country to be perpetual, *Esto perpetua*. His friends, who had usually dined with him in celebration of his birth-day, were reduced to Sir John Elliot alone besides his own family; and he might fitly have applied to himself *Cedat, uti conviva satur*, and have retired like a guest satisfied with a full meal. Satisfied indeed he was with life, with the good as well as evil of it; and thought it equally his duty to be thankful for the former and patient of the latter, trusting in God, that he would *not suffer him to be tempted above that he was able, but would with the temptation also make a way to escape, that he might be able to bear it.*

It was really wonderful that such a poor, and weak, and slender thread as the bishop's life should be spun out to such an amazing length. In the summer of 1781, in the autumn usually the most favourable part of the year to him, he laboured under repeated illnesses, with an account of which, as it is unnecessary, it would be disagreeable to trouble the reader. And so let the last act here be closed, and the curtain drop. He lived some time afterwards in great weakness of body, but with his mind vigorous and chearful to the last. He had tender affections and sympathies which helped to detain him in life; he had growing evils and calamities, which disposed him rather to say, Oh! that the glass of life were run! But yet not mine, thy will be done. He was like the apostle *in a strait betwixt two*, and thought with him that it was *far better to depart than abide in the flesh*. But as he could not possibly know, God only knew, which of the two was best and fittest for him, he wished to refer himself entirely to God's good pleasure, and to wait for his appointed time with patience and resignation. He hoped however, *whether he lived to live unto the Lord, or whether he died to die unto the Lord. Living or dying he prayed to be the Lord's.*

Dr. Newton's edition of Milton's *Paradise Milton*. Lost has not, it is hoped, been ill received by the public, having in 1775 gone through eight editions.

Dissertations on
the Prophecies.

Some authors of note and eminence print no more than 500 or 750 copies at a time, that there may be the speedier demand for a new edition; but of the Dissertations 1250 copies were taken at the first impression, and a thousand at every other edition, and though some things have been published since on the same subject, and well received, yet they still hold up their heads above water, and having gone through five editions, are ready for another; abroad too their reception has not been unfavourable, if accounts from thence may be depended upon.

The famous count Bernstorff who was so many years the great minister in Denmark, in a letter to Mr. Schrader, one of the preceptors and German secretary to Frederic prince of Wales, wrote as follows: “ Je
“ suis enchanté des Dissertations du Docteur Newton.
“ Il faut avouer que les Anglois pensent et écrivent
“ superieurement, Newton me plait et me persuade tout
“ les jours d'avantage, c'est ainsi sans doute qu'il faut
“ écrire sur les prophecies. Je ne crois pas que jamais
“ rien n'ait été écrit de plus victorieux contre le siege
“ de Rome, et je ne prevois pas ce que ses adherens
“ feront.”

They were likewise recommended to counts Struensee and Brandt, during their imprisonment, to convince them of the truth of the Christian religion, and were not without effect.

If his writings have ever done any good in the world, he desired always to give God the glory.

Bristol.] Never was church more shamefully neglected; the bishop has several times been there for a month together, without seeing the face of dean or prebendary, or any thing better than a minor canon. Those who contend for the worthlessness and uselessness of Deans and Chapters, could not point out a stronger instance of good pay received, and little duty done, than in the church of Bristol.

The church of Rochester was said to be much in the same predicament as that of Bristol. “ Pray,” said Dr.

Pearce

Pearce to one of the prebendaries, “ what is your time
“ of residence at Rochester :” “ Oh, my lord !” said he,
“ I reside there the *better* part of the year.” I am very
glad to hear it, cried the good bishop ; but the Doctor’s
meaning was, and fact really was, he resided there only
during the week of the *Audit*. But the bishop of
Bristol’s remonstrances had no better effect than his
example, and to do more than to say what was right,
and practise it himself, was not in his power ; upon the
Dean’s death he forbore adding what he might have said,
for it was not in his temper to say severe things of any
man, and yet he was of opinion that something ought
to remain as his protestation against such men and such
measures.

St. Paul’s.] It was a great mortification to him to be
reduced to such insignificance as not to attend his duty
in that conspicuous church, and the more as he was
very fond of the choir-service as it is usually performed
at St. Paul’s. But however, he so far discharged his
duty as to reside the greater part of every year in his
deanery house, where he was at hand to hear any com-
plaints, to rectify any irregularities, to give any di-
rections, and consult with the members of the church
upon any occasion. Year after year he tried and tried
again as unwilling to submit, but at last to submit he
was forced ; for the last time he was at church and
preached there, he caught such a cold as indangered his
life, and so totally deprived him of his voice, that he
could hardly be heard to speak for a fortnight after-
wards. Necessity has no law ; and in such a case it is to
be hoped that mercy is better than sacrifice.

Kew-Green.] It was an agreeable summer retreat, with
an exceeding good neighbourhood at all times, and
especially while the Royal Family resided there, with
lady Charlotte Finch, and bishop Hurd, and Mr. Smelt,
with others of both sexes attending on the court. It
was an additional pleasure to see and hear so much
more of the king and queen in their privacies, of their
conjugal happiness, and of their domestic virtues, which
the nearer they are beheld, appear greater and more
amiable,

amiable, and are a shining pattern to the very best of their subjects.

The Pope.] George I. asked Dr. Savage at the levee, why he did not convert the pope when he was at Rome? “because, Sire,” said he, “I had nothing better to offer him.”

George I.] George I. asked Dr. Lockyer to come to him in the evening; his friends said, “he could not, for he was soliciting some preferment from the ministers, and he feared it might be some obstacle to him if it should be known that he had the honour of keeping such good company;” when he was raising himself from kissing hands, the king said, “Now, Doctor, you will not be afraid of coming in an evening, I would have you come this evening.”

George II.] Dr. Thomas went to dine with the prince of Wales after a confirmation at Eton; it was reported to his prejudice; and the king asked, what he had to do at Clifton? when it was answered, “he was there upon his visitation;” “Oh!” said the king, “I find it was no private affair; as he was then in a public capacity, if he had failed in proper respect to any part of my family, I should have had reason to be angry indeed.” He desired the bishop to preach shorter sermons.

George III.] The king’s whole behaviour at the coronation was justly admired and commended by every one, and particularly his manner of ascending and seating himself on his throne after his coronation. No actor in the character of Pyrrhus in the Distrest Mother, not even Booth himself, who was celebrated for it in the Spectator, ever ascended the throne with so much grace and dignity. There was another particular, which those only could observe who sat near the Communion table, as did the Prebendaries of Westminster. When the king approached the Communion table in order to receive the sacrament, he inquired of the archbishop, Whether he should not lay aside his crown? The Archbishop asked the Bishop of Rochester; but neither of them knew or could say what had been the usual

usual form. The king determined within himself that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion, and took off his crown, and laid it down during the administration.

Princess of Wales.] Her death was a national loss, notwithstanding all that party rage or private malice can suggest to the contrary. She would ask in the morning, "Well, what have the papers said of me?" and would read them, and laugh over them. She gave away 10,000*l.* a year, and the merit of her charities were enhanced by the secrecy.

The Bishops.] The bishops generally disapproved bishop Pearce's design of resigning his bishoprick.

Mr. Grenville considered bishopricks as of two kinds; bishopricks of business for men of abilities and learning; and bishopricks of ease for men of family and fashion. He mentioned the bishops Egerton and Lyttelton as likely to succeed to some of the latter sort, and bishop Newton to one of the former.

Archbishop Secker.] Some of archbishop Secker's friends thought him blameable in wanting a proper spirit of resentment, because things of importance in ecclesiastical matters were concluded on without first acquainting and consulting him; but he answered like a wise and prudent man as he was, that he had as sharp a sense of the indignity as any one could have, but he was very unwilling to break altogether with the court, for then he was certain he could prevail in nothing, he might now possibly be able to carry some points for the good of the church.

Sherlock.] Sherlock had not altered his opinion about the Bangorian controversy; but had written something more against Hoadly. Bishop Moss, his favourite chaplain, is best able to do justice to the life and character of this eminent prelate. He delivered something of this kind in a charge to the clergy of the archdeaconry of Colchester, and promised a second part, which the world has long wished for and expected from so masterly a writer, as well as his sermons at the lecture founded by Mr. Boyle.

Keen.] Bishop Keen had a liberal fortune, as well as a liberal mind, and really merited the appellation of builder of palaces; he had indeed received 11,000*l.* from the sale of old Ely House, and dilapidations, but he expended some thousands more in the buildings, and new houses require new furniture.

Ministers.] The best men, *cæteris paribus*, make the best ministers; let Lord Clarendon and Mr. Grenville, and lord North, be cited as witnesses; by the dismissal of Mr. Grenville, the church as well as the state lost an able pillar and support, and the bishop of Bristol was left with little or no hopes but in the favour and goodness of the king and princess of Wales.

Duke of Newcastle.] The duke of Newcastle had been so long used to shuffle and cut the cards, that he well knew how to pack them in such a manner, as to have the honours dealt to his particular friends.

Dr. Elliot.] There was always something very agreeable in Dr. Elliot's method of practice; he had nothing of the formality and stiffness of other physicians; he made no mystery of his art, and communicated his prescriptions, explained for what purposes he gave them, and what effects he designed should follow from them, and was a lively cheerful friend and companion, as well as a good physician.

William Whiston.] William Whiston dined with Lady Jekyll, who, because she was sister to Lord Somers, thought she must know more than other women. She asked him, "Why God Almighty made women out of the rib?" Whiston scratched his head, and said, "indeed, Madam, I don't know, except that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

Thus far for the bishop's loquacity; I will now give an instance of his powers of discrimination.

"For several of the last years of his life, the bishop's health would not suffer him to attend the house of Lords. At the best he never was a constant attender, but only when some debate of consequence was expected; and he always regarded Lord Mansfield, as the best and ablest speaker that ever he had heard in parliament. Lord Chatham was indeed a great genius, and possessed extraordinary powers, quick conceptions, ready elocution,

great

great command of language, a melodious voice, a piercing eye, a speaking countenance, an authoritative air and manner, and was as great an actor as an orator.—What was said of the famous orator Pericles, that he lightened and thundered and confounded Greece, was in a great measure applicable to him; and during the time of his successful administration, he had the most absolute and uncontrollable sway that perhaps any member ever had in the House of Commons. With all these excellencies, he was not without his defects. His language was too figurative and pompous; his speeches were seldom well connected, often desultory, and rambling from one thing to another, so that tho' you were struck here and there with noble sentiments and happy expressions, yet you could not well remember, nor give a clear account of the whole together. With affected modesty, he was apt to be rather too confident and overbearing in debate, sometimes descending to personal invectives, and would first commend that he might afterwards more effectually abuse, would ever have the last word, and, right or wrong, still preserved (in his own phrase) an *unembarrassed countenance*. He spoke more to your passions than to your reason; more to those below the bar, and above the throne, than to the house itself; and when that kind of audience was excluded, he sunk, and lost much of his weight and authority. Lord Mansfield was happy in most of the same perfections, with few of the same failings and imperfections. His language was more natural and easy, his speeches were more in a continued chain of reasoning, and sometimes with regular divisions, so that you easily accompanied him, and clearly comprehended the whole from the beginning to the end. What he said, as well as his manner of saying it, was more modest and decent, less presuming and dictatorial; he never descended to personal altercations, disdained to reply even to reflections cast upon himself*; and in all things preserved his own dignity and that of the House of Peers. He addressed himself more to your reason

* Omnia præteribo quæ mihi turpia dictu videbuntur, neque solum quid istum audire, verum etiam quid me deceat dicere considerabo.—CICERO.

than to your passions ; he never courted popular applause so much as the approbation of the wise and good ; he did not wish to take you by storm or surprise, but sought to prevail only by the weight of truth and argument ; he had almost an immediate intuition into the merits of every cause or question that came before him, and, comprehending it clearly himself, could readily explain it to others. Persuasion flowed from his lips, conviction was wrought in all unprejudiced minds, and for many years the House of Lords paid greater deference to his authority than to that of any man living.”

“ Bishop Warburton was in a great measure lost to the world and to his friends some years before his death, by the decay of his intellectual faculties, the body pressing down the mind that mused upon many things, which hath been the case of many a great genius as well as himself. For he was indeed a great genius, of most extensive reading, of the most retentive memory, of the most copious invention, of the liveliest imagination, of the sharpest discernment, of the quickest wit, and of the readiest and happiest application of his immense knowledge to the present subject and occasion. He was such an universal reader, that he took delight even in Romances, and there was scarce one of any note, ancient or modern, which he had not read. He said himself that he had learned Spanish to have the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original. He was excellent and admirable, both as a companion and as a friend. As a companion, he did not dwell upon little trivial matters, but disclosed a nicer vein of conversation ; was lively and entertaining, was instructive and improving, abounded with pleasant stories and curious anecdotes, but sometimes took the discourse too much to himself, if any thing can be said to be too much of such an inexhaustible fund of wit and learning. As a friend, he was ingenious and communicative, would answer any questions, would resolve any doubts, delivered his sentiments upon all subjects freely and without reserve, laid open his very heart, and the character which he was pleased to give Mr. Pope of being *the soul of friendship*, was more justly applicable to him, and more properly his own. The same warmth of temper which

animated

animated his friendship, sharpened likewise his resentment : but even to his enemies, if he was easily provoked, he was as easily reconciled, especially after the least acknowledgment and submission, so that his friend truly applied to him the saying,

Iraſci facilis, tamen ut placabilis eſſet.

He was rather a tall, robust, large-boned man, of a frame that ſeemed to require a good ſupply of provisions to ſupport it ; but he was ſenſible if he had lived as other people do, he muſt have uſed a good deal of exerciſe, and if he had uſed a good deal of exerciſe, it muſt have interrupted the courſe of his ſtudies, to which he was ſo devoted as to deny himſelf any other indulgence, and ſo became a ſingular example, not only of temperance but even of abſtinence in eating and drinking, and yet his ſpirits were not lowered or exhausted, but were rather raiſed and increaſed by his low living. When Dr. Newton, at the requeſt of Lord Bath and Biſhop Pearce, had undertaken to publiſh a new edition of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, his firſt introduction to Dr. Warburton's acquaintance was by the means of their common friend Dr. Robert Taylor, the King's phyſician ; and from that time their friendship continued for more than thirty years, without the leaſt interruption, tho' ſometimes they differed in points of opinion, which was readily admitted, provided there was nothing of ill-will or petulance in it. For the moſt part, they perfectly agreed in their judgment of men and things, in politics as well as in religion. When his friend firſt communicated to him his deſign of writing his diſſertation on the prophecies, which have been remarkably fulfilled, and are now fulfilling in the world, he ſaid with ſeeming rapture, it was one of the greateſt and nobleſt deſigns that ever entered into the head of man. He likewiſe peruſed the manuſcripts before they went to the preſs, made ſome remarks on them, and concluded in theſe words—"Theſe trifling hints are only to ſhew that I have read your papers. Indeed I have read them carefully, and like them extremely. I hope they will do much good. I am ſure they will do you much honour." The beſt and moſt valuable memorials of Biſhop Warburton, will be his own works.

And yet his capital work, *The Divine Legation of Moses*, is left unfinished, to the loss and regret of all who have any regard for religion or learning. It is indeed a loss much to be lamented, whatsoever was the cause, whether he was disgusted at the ill reception which was given to the work by several of the clergy, for whose use and service it was principally intended ; or whether he was diverted from it by the numerous controversies wherein he was engaged in defence of it. But he should have cared for none of these things, but should have proceeded directly and steadily to the end. The viper might have fastened upon his hand, but, like St. Paul, he should have shaken off the beast into the fire ; and, like him, too, would certainly have felt no harm. Whatever was the cause, the misfortune is, that out of nine books, six only are compleated. Of the three remaining, he judged the ninth to be the most material, and had therefore written the whole, or the greater part of it, and had caused it to be printed, but could not be prevailed upon to publish it in his life time. It is hoped that some of his friends, and those whom it may concern, will, for their own emolument, as well as for the public benefit, set forth a handsome edition of all his works together, as a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶν*, a possession for ever.

ART. IV. *A Letter to Lord Ashburton from Mr. Horne.*

MR. Horne proposes to divide England and Wales into 513 districts ; every district to send a member. Every male native of Great Britain, *or Ireland*, and who has been rated for the preceding year at two pounds, to have a vote. Four thousand votes, at least, to be taken. Every elector to pay 2l. 2s. at voting ; and if the 4,000 single votes cannot be found, to vote and pay again, *jusques à extinction* (*Anglice*, till he has enough) provided he be rated at 20l. for his second vote, at 50l. for his third, 100 for his fourth, &c. Votes to be taken at a certain place in each parish of the district, so that a man
rated

rated in many districts may vote in many. Elections annual, and at a certain time of year. The representative to have 400l. out of the money levied, and the rest to be paid into the exchequer. If, after all, the 4000 votes cannot be found, the majority of the votes given shall determine the election, and the district be assessed for the money.

ART. V. *An Enquiry into the Source from whence the Symptoms of the Scurvy and Putrid Fevers arise, &c.*
by Francis Milman, M.D. F.R.S. &c.

IN the introduction, Dr. M. observes, that more lives were said to have been lost in the last war by the scurvy alone, than by the wreck of storms and the efforts of our enemies; but (from the example of Captain Cook, who in a voyage of more than three years through various climates, lost but one man) he thinks such devastation must have proceeded from bad management in the prevention or cure of the disease.

In the course of the work, after mentioning the predisposing and occasional or exciting causes of scurvy and putrid fevers, he combats the commonly received opinion of their proximate cause being a putrid or dissolved state of the blood; the former of which he maintains to be absolutely incompatible with animal life; and asserts that the seat of both disorders is in the muscular fibre, a decrease of the irritability or vital powers of which, he states to be the proximate cause of them. This decrease of vital power he supposes to be gradual in the scurvy, more sudden in putrid fevers.—Upon this principle the symptoms of these disorders are then explained; the livid spots generally ascribed to the dissolved state of the blood, are said to proceed from that want of cohesion or *teneritudo fibrarum*, which, according to Abbé Fontana's experiments, is the consequence of diminished vital power.

In the enumeration of the symptoms of the scurvy, according to Boerhaave, Dr. M. thinks some of those of
the

the third and fourth stage, contradictory to themselves, and others contrary to experience, and even impossible to happen, particularly the *Hæmorrhagiæ lethales ex ipsa cute externa non apparente vulnere*.

The chapter on the prevention of the scurvy may almost be considered as an eulogy to the memory of Capt. Cook, whose manner of preventing it (tho' the result of experience) is shewn to be conformable to the best reasoning on its causes.—In this chapter, and in that on the cure of that disease, and putrid fevers, Dr. M. follows Dr. Lind in doubting the power usually ascribed to those medicines called antiscorbutics and antiseptics, relying principally (with proper evacuants) on those that support and increase the *vis vitæ*.

In the chapter on the origin of the scurvy, Dr. M. differs from Dr. Freind, and some few others, who supposed it, unknown to the antients; and thinks it described by Hippocrates and Avicenna; by the former under the names of Splen magnus and Convulvulus sanguineus. He also thinks it described by Strabo; but the most unquestionable description of it before the fifteenth century, is perhaps that of Joinville in the Histoire de St. Louis, where it is called Le Maladie de l'Ost.

“ Nous ne mangions nulz Poissons en l'Ost tout le
 “ Quarésme, mez que Bourbetes; et les Bourbetes man-
 “ goient les Gens mors, pource que ce sont glous Poif-
 “ sons, et pour ce meschief, et pour l'enfermete du Pays,
 “ la ou il ne pleut nulle foiz goutte d'yaue, nous vint la
 “ Maladie de l'Ost, qui estoit tele que la Char de nos
 “ Jambes sechoit toute, et le cuir de nos Jambes deve-
 “ noit tavelé de noir et de terre, aussi comm une vielz
 “ heuse; et a nous qui avions tele maladie venoit char
 “ pourrie es gencives, ne nulz ne eschapoit de celle
 “ maladie que mourir ne l'en convenist. Le Signe de la
 “ mort estoit tel, que la ou le nez feignoit il convenoit
 “ mourir.”

Joinville, Histoire de St. Louis, page 63.

It may be proper to remark that this happened in Egypt in the year 1260.

ART. VI. *Continuation of the Account of Adela and Theodore.*

HAVING given an account of the fable of this novel in my last, together with some extracts, to shew how the work was conducted, it is possible the English reader may be satisfied. But as I cannot know this (nor in general indeed determine at present what kind of accounts, the longer, or shorter ones, please best, as this depends on the general voice, which cannot be collected before this publication has lived a few months more) I have ventured to make another short article about it, which shall be more the account of Madame Genlis's particular opinions on education, than any regular or connected story. I would willingly have ventured an abridgment of that of the Dutches, but was afraid of the length of it even in that state. If from what I shall say to-day, it shall appear that I said too much in praise before, the public is desired to remember, on this and future occasions, with what warmth works of any merit are generally read, and what must be the consequence of sitting down with that warmth upon one. Besides, I believe, it will be found a good principle in criticism, as well as in life, (it is certainly a good one in young readers, whatever may be said of the austere majesty of reviewers) to venture sentences of praise, and to weigh syllables when we proceed to censure.

On the Education of Women.——The education of men, and that of women, are thus far to be carried on the same principles, that the vanity of both must be directed towards essential objects, but they differ in almost every other particular.——One thing particularly is to be cautiously avoided in the latter, that is, raising the imagination, or suffering them to do any thing from passion. Born for a life of uniformity and dependence, what they have occasion for is, reason, sweetness and sensibility, resources against idleness and languor, moderate desires and no passions.——Were it in your power to give them genius, it would be almost

almost always a useless, and very often a dangerous present ; it would in general make them regret the station which Providence has assigned them, or have recourse to unjustifiable ways to get from it. The best taste for science only contributes to make them particular ; it takes them away from the simplicity of their domestic duties, and from general society of which they are the loveliest ornament.— Intended to be at the head of a house, to bring up children, to depend on a *master** who will occasionally want their obedience and advice, their chief qualifications are to be order, patience, prudence, and right-mindedness. The more agreeable talents they can connect with these cardinal virtues ; the more parts of learning they have tasted the elements of, so as not to be entirely shut out of mixed conversation ; the more relish they have for proper and well-chosen books ; and the more they are capable of reflecting, without running into long, and, from them, always ridiculous dissertations, the better and happier beings will they be.

Rousseau says, that the little cunning natural to woman ought not to be checked, because they will want it to captivate the men on whom they depend. This is a detestable maxim. He might as well have recommended dissimulation, and even open falsehood ; for, detestable as they are, they may likewise, at times, serve a turn. But for one case in which vice may be useful, there are a thousand in which it does harm. Nor is there any thing that will weather every storm, save the habitual exercise of virtue ; besides, if there were any vices which it became a philosopher to recommend, surely it should not be the lowest of all, those which indicate the last degree of corruption, both in body and mind ; those of which immediate self-interest is the object. After all, an artful woman may govern a weak and narrow-minded man—a thing to which she might have arrived by other means ; but she will never gain the esteem and attachment of a man of merit.

What

* This is a literal translation ; the original word is *m. a. i. t. r. e.* but how it got in, the author, printer, and Police de la Librarie are to answer ! It is plain that the Belle Siècle de Louis XIV. has gone by.

What she says upon women writing verses, is extremely well. The name of Mad. Sevigné is immortal, and few people even know that Mad. Barbier ever existed, tho' she died only in 1742, and was the authoress of several tragedies and operas very well received at the time.—How comes this? Because Mad. Barbier's tragedies are only well enough, and that Mad. Sevigné's letters are perfect in their kind. The writer who attempts to *shine*, has no right to the smallest indulgence. If he does not please, he is to blame, and as useless as if he had never written. But I forgive great faults, and even mediocrity, in him who either tells me faults which I did not know, or reminds me of duties which I had forgot. Criticism in such a case is ingratitude; it is as much against self-interest as against honour.

This is good sense, very well expressed, and it is doctrine very fit for the times.

“ The modern method of governing children entirely
 “ by their feelings, is good for nothing. The conse-
 “ quence of every day telling your daughter that she
 “ makes you miserable, and will make you ill, will be,
 “ that she will not care for making you either miserable
 “ or ill. Leave sentiment for the age of ideas, and let
 “ punishment do its office in youth. Children have but
 “ one sort of feeling, at least there is but one way of
 “ making lasting impressions on them.

“ I am not of Locke's mind, that when children own a
 “ fault, one ought to praise them rather than punish
 “ them. This is not the order of nature. The order
 “ of nature is, that punishment should still attend on
 “ crimes; let punishment when the crime is in some mea-
 “ sure redeemed by a virtue, as in the case of confession,
 “ but still punishment in some degree. It is by following
 “ other methods that the world is peopled with beings,
 “ who when they have said they are very capricious or very
 “ violent, think they have made ample amends for what-
 “ ever violence or caprice makes them commit. When
 “ Adela only tells truth in consequence of my question-
 “ ing her, she is punished in proportion to the offence;
 “ when she comes voluntarily to own a small fault, I let
 “ her go with a small jobation, accompanied with a pane-
 VOL. I. O o “ gyrick

“gyrick on her candour ; but when the offence is grievous, I punish in proportion, tho’ always less than I should have done, if she had not come of her own accord.

“Adela told me her folly and its consequences, as she felt them. I did not say one word. Impertinent remonstrance is as offensive as it is useless, and often stops the sincerest repentance.

“This story teaches the danger of milliners bills, the obligation of not giving way to whims, and the necessity of œconomy to common honesty—these three ideas will, I will answer it, never go out of Adela’s mind.

“What, do you aim at universal empire ? It is too much to please fools and wits too. You must choose—for you will never get the votes of such different-minded people.”

“An absolute sacrifice is more easily made, than that imperfect one with which so many people are contented, which neither precludes temptation, or the dangers of opportunity ; for it is more easy to give up our inclinations than to follow them with moderation—— Exemplified in the hazard table.

“It is eleven, said the prince, as we were talking together——I am fifteen—remember your promise— If you would wait another year, Sir——Another year—Well, don’t be angry ; you shall have it to-morrow. On the morrow the prince was awake before seven. I came into his room with a Telemachus, and giving it him, There, Sir, said I, there it is—the immortal work in which you will find all your obligations marked out by a man who, tho’ living in a corrupted court, was bold enough not only to speak the truth, but to develope the deepest artifices of flattery and intrigue. If you are capable of reading this divine work, as pathetic as it is sublime, without being melted at each page.——Give it me again—you are not yet worthy to read it at all.”

This is all very well, and the incident is dramatic enough. Quere, whether it would answer in the trial, or Telemachus appear so fine a book only because it had not been read before fifteen ? This is a very fa-

avourite idea of Madame Genlis, not to put what she calls the classics into childrens hands, till the age of idea, as she calls it, is come ; but I question whether it be a true one ; indeed I question all she says about books, which is affected and trifling, from the pannels of the country house with the twelve Cæsars and kings of France (to give an early knowledge of the Roman and French history) to the recommendation of Hume's History of England, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters to a girl of two-and-twenty.—But these are venial errors, to a woman who writes without the advantage of a learned education, and who has seen and judged so well of all within the scope of her observation.

Her account of the village of Brock, an extract of which follows, is masterly, and so are several of her sketches of Italy.

“ The ornamenting their little houses is the greatest
“ pleasure which they know ; the living in peace and
“ union with each other, the only happiness of which
“ they can form an idea ; the women, who are remark-
“ ably fair all over Holland, are peculiarly so at Brock ;
“ they are also tall and well made, and generally very
“ pretty. All the men seem strong ; all the children are
“ lovely. In fine, this village offers a picture which I
“ have not seen any where else, for it has not a single
“ shade ; there is not one disagreeable or unhappy ob-
“ ject to spoil it. You not only meet with no poor, but
“ you do not see a single person who does not seem to be
“ in easy circumstances. Not a single lame man ; not an
“ infirm old man ; not a house that seems to want re-
“ pair : Good health, the little comforts of easy circum-
“ stances, the elegances of industry and neatness ; simpli-
“ city, sincerity, virtue and happiness—these are the blef-
“ sings and the images, which, joined to the striking sin-
“ gularity of their houses and their customs, are more
“ peculiar. Still for their being to be met within a village
“ only one hundred leagues distant from us. The two
“ countries, which appear to me in the strongest opposi-
“ tion to each other of any I have seen, are Italy and
“ Holland. Nature in Italy is majestic and varied : You
“ meet every where with great effects, enormous rocks

“ of high mountains, precipices and cascades. In Hol-
 “ land, the country is flat and uniform ; canals, ver-
 “ dure, and plantations ; and again, plantations, ver-
 “ dure, and canals. In Italy, you cannot go a step with-
 “ out stumbling upon an antient monument—something
 “ which reminds you of the great of former days ; even
 “ modern architecture is grand, and imposing ; every
 “ thing you see strikes the imagination ; every thing
 “ requires examination and attention.——In Hol-
 “ land, on the contrary, there is not the vestige of
 “ a monument ; every thing seems new, and as if it
 “ was the produce of yesterday. To have a favourable
 “ idea of the country, you must take in the whole ;
 “ when you come to examine parts, every thing loses its
 “ value, and seems shabby and out of taste. Tho’ few
 “ objects are absolutely displeasing, every thing is trifling
 “ and without grandeur. The pictures are exquisitely
 “ finished, but small, and they represent small objects.
 “ In Italy you meet with heroes and demi-gods ; here
 “ there are drunken sailors, dancing boors, and fish-
 “ women. Finally, the Italians are vain, artful, and lazy ;
 “ but the Dutch, good, simple, industrious, and fond
 “ of labour.

“ There can be no room for envy at Brock ; for what-
 “ ever the fortunes be, their houses are all alike ; he who
 “ has seen one, has seen them all. We went into sever-
 “ al, and found the same order, and the same elegance.
 “ Every house has two doors ; one of these is called the
 “ door of ceremony, never opened but on the day of
 “ wedding, or on the day of burial. By this the new
 “ married pairs enter, in their passage to the bridal cham-
 “ ber, and they never go through it again but in their
 “ passage to the grave. During the interval, the door
 “ remains shut. The peasants of Brock have also a
 “ room which is never used but on the day of marriage,
 “ as it would be looked upon as a kind of prophana-
 “ tion to inhabit it. This room is more ornamented
 “ than any other ; the bed is exceedingly rich, and co-
 “ vered with fine lace. On a table is a pretty hand bas-
 “ ket, with the ornaments which the bride had on the
 “ day of her wedding. This sacred and mysterious
 “ apartment

“ apartment is never opened but to be cleaned, to be
 “ embellished with vases and flowers, and to be shewn to
 “ strangers.”

This is truly fine writing, as it expresses awful things in simple language, and as it connects together the most pleasing and most formidable event of our lives ; it is Poussin's *Arcadia*, it is Jupiter turning his eyes from the ensanguined plains of Troy, to contemplate the harmless and milk-fed Ethiopian. We have two fine passages of the same kind in our language : the one is Pope's famous compliment to Lord Mansfield,

“ So honour'd in the House of Lords.”

Conspicuous scene, another still is near,
 More awful still, and more conspicuous far;
 When MURRAY, long enough his country's pride,
 Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde.

The other is an imitation of the same idea, by a Muse perhaps still more lofty than Pope's.

In age succeeding, when another GEORGE,
 To ratify some weighty ordinance
 Of Britain's peers conven'd, shall pass beside
 Those hallow'd spires, whose gloomy vaults enclose,
 Shrouded in sleep, pale rows of scepter'd kings,
 Oft to his sense the sweet paternal voice
 And long-remember'd features shall return ;
 Then shall his gen'rous breast be new inflam'd
 To acts of highest worth, and highest fame.

But the finest conglomeration, or aggregation (if I may be allowed these portentous words) of sublime and tender imagery within a short space, is in Klopstock's *Death of Adam*, translated about twenty yeats ago (I believe by the unfortunate Bob Lloyd) but not sufficiently noticed. This writer has, I think, stretched the bow as far as it will go, by putting the circumstances of the marriage of Adam's favourite children, Selima and Seth, and his finding Sunim his little son, who had been some days missing, and the coming of the savage man Cain, to curse him for bringing him into existence, and the three mothers who come to beg a blessing, with their children in their arms ; into one canvas with the

the death of Adam—on the border of the grave dug by his own hands—near the altar reared to Abel—at the shaking of the great rock—before the setting sun has reached the wood of cedars.—I am sure I am right here, for I cried over it twenty years ago, I cried over it yesterday, and I am persuaded the descendants of the first parent will cry over it, thro' many a race, till

One greater man

Redeem them, and regain the blissful seat.

“ The dress is like all the rest ; that of the men very
 “ plain, that of the women exceedingly rich. Their
 “ manners are extremely pure : The wives and the hus-
 “ bands have the greatest affection for each other ; and as
 “ they are very fond of their children, the children ac-
 “ quire ideas of fondness for others. They used to come
 “ up and kiss me when I stopped in the streets. The inha-
 “ bitants are not naturally fond of strangers. When they
 “ see any, they run into their houses, and refuse to
 “ open the doors. But they have a natural gallantry, or
 “ rather a natural respect for women, which makes them
 “ act differently towards them. As soon as they see any,
 “ they come out in crowds, follow them, shew them
 “ about, and carry them to their houses, in the most civil
 “ and affable manner. Their own women never go out of
 “ Brock. A girl would not find a husband, if she was
 “ to go to another village. Amsterdam, tho' only two
 “ leagues distant, is like London or Constantinople to
 “ them. But they are happy at home ; Brock is the uni-
 “ verse to them, and it is by staying there that they pre-
 “ serve their manners and their virtues ; accordingly they
 “ always marry with each other. Several nobles of the
 “ country have wished to marry a Brock girl for the sake
 “ of her riches, and have not been able to succeed. The
 “ inhabitants of Brock set a high value on their farms
 “ and simplicity ; they live an extremely frugal life.”

Thus far the Baroness D'Almain. I am sorry that truth obliges me to add, that she was only three hours at Brock ; she probably therefore knew not that their frugality was tainted by avarice ; that their wealth is accu-
 mulated

mulated by usury, and that love of money, and ignorance of more elegant life, keeps them and their wives quiet in their varnished houses.

ART. VII. *Memoirs of Peter Henry Bruce, Esq. a Military Officer in the Service of Prussia, Russia, and Great-Britain.*

WHEN my readers are told, that Mr. Bruce's widow, a woman of family, eighty years of age, is reduced to let lodgings for a subsistence, they will be inclined to think, that a work, published for the benefit of such a person (from the certain and undoubted manuscripts of her *husband, a soldier*) ought to meet with encouragement, even though it should be found to add but little to the public stock of knowledge and virtue, provided it were, as it is, perfectly innocent.

There is more, however, to be said for the work before us, particularly that part of it relating to Russia. This, which has all the marks of truth and authenticity about it, besides perfectly agreeing with Mr. L'Evesque as far as they go together, contains a farther account of several interesting particulars which are slightly passed over by him, and some anecdotes entirely new. The specimen I have selected is of the latter kind, and contains some circumstances of the tzarowitz's death, not to be found any where else.

“ On the next day, his majesty, attended by all the senators and bishops, with several others of high rank, went to the fort, and entered the apartments where the tzarowitz was kept prisoner. Some little time thereafter marshal Weyde came out, and ordered me to go to Mr. Bear's the druggist, whose shop was hard by, and tell him to make the potion strong which he had bespoke, as the prince was then very ill; when I delivered this message to Mr. Bear, he turned quite pale, and fell a shaking and trembling, and appeared in the utmost confusion, which surprized me so much, that I asked him what was the matter with him, but he was unable to return me any answer;

fwere; in the mean time, the marshal himself came in, much in the same condition with the druggist, saying, he ought to have been more expeditious, as the prince was very ill of an apoplectic fit; upon this, the druggist delivered him a silver cup with a cover, which the marshal himself carried into the prince's apartments, staggering all the way as he went, like one drunk. About half an hour after, the czar with all his attendants withdrew with very dismal countenances, and when they went, the marshal ordered me to attend at the prince's apartment, and, in case of any alteration, to inform him immediately thereof: there were at that time two physicians and two surgeons in waiting, with whom, and the officer on guard, I dined on what had been dressed for the prince's dinner. The physicians were called in immediately after, to attend the prince, who was struggling out of one convulsion into another, and, after great agonies, expired at five o'clock in the afternoon. I went directly to inform the marshal, and he went that moment to acquaint his majesty, who ordered the corpse to be embowelled; after which, it was laid in a coffin, covered with black velvet, and a pall of rich gold tissue spread over it; it was then carried out of the fort to the church of the Holy Trinity, where the corpse lay in state till the 11th in the evening, when it was carried back to the fort, and deposited in the royal burying vault, next the coffin of the princess his late consort; on which occasion, the czar and czarina, and the chief of the nobility, followed in procession. Various were the reports that were spread concerning his death: it was given out publicly, that, on hearing his sentence of death pronounced, the dread thereof threw him into an apoplectic fit, of which he died; very few believed he died a natural death; but it was dangerous for people to speak as they thought. The ministers of the Emperor and the States of Holland were forbid the court for speaking their minds too freely on this occasion, and, upon complaint against them, were both recalled."

This account leaves us little room to doubt of what death the tzarowitz died, and at the same time, it is evident, that the author could have said more, if he had pleased. There are several other interesting particulars in the book, such as those relating to the elevation of Catharine and Mentzichoff, the description of the ridiculous procession and ceremonies at the marriage of a dwarf, and a great deal about the tzar himself, the only humane story of whom is told in this book.—

Mr.

Mr. Bruce was the man who disciplined the thirty tall grenadiers, which the tzar sent to the late king of Prussia, when that monarch was raising his regiment of tall men.

ART. VIII. *Raccolta di Sonetti scelti tradotti in versi Esametri Latini da Nicandro Jasseus; or a Collection of Italian Sonnets, translated into Latin Hexameters by Mr. Jasseus.*

I Cannot say a great deal for Mr. Jasseus's Hexameters, in which there is now and then a false quantity, and, once at least a verse of seven syllables; but we are obliged to him for an admirable selection of Italian sonnets, in number 140. Let no man give way to his contempt for the Italian sonnet, before he has read the whole of this article; the mechanical part of the sonnet is one thing (and, in my opinion, a very fine thing too); and the idea another. This last is not excluded by the difficulty of the poem, any more than it is assisted by it. For frequent and bold prosopopeias, for closeness and concision in the expression of a sublime idea; for imagination in the choice of subject, for alternate simplicity, and unexpected natural turn in a conclusion (that unexpected natural turn which bishop Lowth, in his *Prælectiones*, has told us is essential to the ode). for choice of picturesque words, no Muscs were ever superior to the Italian; if there were any that could make the Grecian ones tremble upon their throne, it would be these. Is this bold? Read on; and tell me, whether what follows would not be fine in any language?

On the antient ruins of an unknown edifice.

“ I enquired of Time...to whom, says I, was erected this building, which you have levelled with the ground?

Time made me no answer ; but spread his quick wings, and hastened his flight.

“ I then spoke to Fame . . . O thou, the parent of all that survives ! thou, who . . . She cast her troubled and sorrow-swelled eyes upon the ground, in the attitude of one whose heart is too full to utter words.

“ Wondering, and confused at what I had seen, I was turning aside from the monument, when I saw Oblivion, stepping from stone to stone. Thou, exclaimed I, thou must be acquainted with it ! Ah ! shew me . . . He interrupted me, with a voice like the growl of deep thunder at a distance . . . I care not what it has been, it is now mine.”

Gio. Pietro Zanotti to his 85th year.

“ *Those* which appear before, are the years that *have* been, dreadful and importunate company ! Ah ! if any of them brought joyful days with them, how quickly have these fled away, like the light air dispersed by the wind !

“ These, however, which had boasted they would lay me low, I am afraid of no more ; but he, he with the threatening mien, and determined step, he it is, who fills my heart with sorrow I cannot get the mastery of.

“ Dreadful number 85 ! Of thee, thee alone, am I afraid ! Ah ! learn of thy brothers who are gone by, not to care for me more than they did. Leave to another the ungrateful task of leading me to my end ; and I will call thee heaven-descended, I will say, that thy head is covered with roses.”

Does any body think Anacreon ever outdid this ? If he does, he has a great regard for Greek.

By Quirito Rossi, on the Holy Family.

“ I shall not behold it : for my changed looks, and the feelings of a life hastening to its end, say, that I shall be taken from the fair face of day, as well as from the bloody objects which are to stain it.

“ But you, lady, you, who will behold the dear boy, (whom now you are hugging to your breast, with all the fondness of maternal love) . . . pale . . . disfigured . . . breathless . . . a tortured . . . an insulted malefactor ! What will you do

do then? What will you do then, when the present hour of exultation is thus changed? Oh! what grief! what bitter, bitter pain, you have to go through!

“ So spoke, in the spirit of prophecy, the good old man, his face suffused with tears, he had it not in his power to conceal. So he spoke, and Mary stood, and heard him with *dry eyes*.”

Padroni miei, my masters, what do you say to the beginning of this, and what do you say to the end? I shall not behold . . . So spoke . . . Mary stood, and heard him with *dry eyes*. Is it warm from the recollection of Homer's Jupiter whilst all the gods are engaged, or is it Moliere's Tarte à la Crème*?

Pastorini on Genoa.

“ Genoa, oh my country! if I behold your maimed and disfigured body with dry eyes, it is not for want of feeling, but because tears would argue rebel weakness, and a mind unattentive to what is left.

“ Yes; I do not weep, but I admire the majesty of your ruins, those trophies of your wisdom in council, and of your valour in the field; wherever I bend my course, wherever I cast my eye, I see the monuments of your bravery in those of your distress.

“ Decorous suffering is above all victory. To appear unmoved with what his rage has made us suffer, is the dignified way of revenging ourselves on our enemy.

“ But what import my sentiments? I have seen the goddess Liberty, walking about your street, and, with a joyful face, kissing every ruin; I have heard her say, Ruin, yes! but slavery never!”

Is this poetry alive, or is it not? Or what do you say to the end of this address of Ercole Aldrovandi to Italy, which I cannot resist the temptation of inserting in the original.

* “ Tarte à la Crème,” a tart of cream, i. e. of milk that has stood. Sometimes they put strawberries in it, then it is strawberry-cream, and sometimes gooseberries, when it is gooseberry-fool. Martinus Scriblerus.—See the Critique of the New École des Femmes.

Stridono or mille a te faette intorno
D'Inestinguibil * strage, e ancor si dorme?
 Italia, Italia, e' questo sonno, o morte?

If this article is liked, I have a great deal more of the kind behind; and, if the country gentlemen will allow it, I will give them in my next a very pretty Italian paraphrase, or rather, as I think, an Italian original of "Parson, these things in thy possession." This is an original of Mr. Jasseus's, who makes an apology for writing bad Italian...being a stranger...as if Latin was his mother-tongue.

* Words that breathe.

ART. IX. *Thoughts on the Naval Strength of the British Empire*, by John Sinclair, Esq. M. P. Cadell. 1 s.

"But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
 "Unconquerable. .". Thomson's *Britannia*.

THE navy of France neither always was, nor always must be, superior to that of England, when they bend their whole attention to that department, as Lord Mulgrave lately asserted that it must; FOR,

1. Our sea-line has 3800 miles, that of France 1000.
2. Our havens (contiguous to each other) are better than any in Europe, the French inferior even to the Italian.
3. The anchorage of our bays is excellent, France has only rocks or loose sand.
4. Our island is not confined, like Sicily, to the range of one particular sea; but it is the center of Europe, along its coast above one half of the trade must pass.
5. We have a great deal of fish, which is an article of naval commerce, and the maintenance of many inhabitants.

6. Much

6. Much foreign commerce ; a coasting trade still more permanent, and employing more sailors, than any nation in Europe can boast of.
7. Furnished with the principal materials shipping requires, and should have more if we pleased.
8. Had the best shipwrights, till the time of the traitor Charles the Second ; and have equal ones to any body now.
9. Every species of naval provision is raised better in England, than in France or Spain.
10. Very different men formed along the stormy coasts of this country, from those produced along the pacific coasts of the Mediterranean.
12. Xenophon, says Montesquieu, seems to speak of England, when he describes the advantage of an insular situation ; were we to trust our defence to our militia and fleet, it would appear, that our naval force had scarce arrived to one half of its natural strength.
13. Capital well situated for maritime power.
14. Steady natural character, French naval enthusiasm temporary.
15. Finally, a free constitution.

Let us next see what are the naval resources of France, as stated by the Count de Boulainvilliers. He insists

1. On the ports possessed by France in the Mediterranean (as if that little gulph was the only or principal theatre of commerce and naval power) ; on the mildness of the climate...which is a disadvantage ; and on the possibility of the Brest and Toulon fleets acting as separate squadrons...which is another.
2. That the commerce of France is sufficient to furnish the means to dispute the empire of the sea with England and Holland...but he argues on a commerce that does not yet exist ; and forgets that foreign or colonial commerce can never be a source of naval strength.
3. That the commodities of France require as many ships to transport them as those of Holland and England...but our commerce of coal alone employs more ships than all the coasting trade of that country.
4. That

4. That they have sufficient materials for ship-building within themselves, which is not true.
5. That the population is greater; this may be: but it is not so near the sea. Every Englishman, take one with another, is not twelve miles from it, a Frenchman is from sixty-five to seventy; therefore the English population, for naval purposes, is greater.
6. That the strength of their coasts is unfavourable to descents.
7. That the favourable position of Brest; situated in a peninsula, which stretches far into the ocean, is of great service to expedite the sailing of her fleets. This is a great advantage; but it is overbalanced by the distance of that naval arsenal from the court and capital.

Let us now consider what has been the case, with respect to the matter of fact.

Elizabeth. In queen Elizabeth's time, the English fleet consisted of 197 ships, 33 only of war, the Spanish Armada of 132; they had 3252 sailors on board, and we 15,785. In 1601, she forbid the French adding a ship to their pitiful stock, then consisting of only three ships of war.

James the First. In James the First's time, we could assemble 400 vessels of different sizes; and the vessel on which Henry the Fourth's Sulli was on board, though commanded by a vice-admiral of France, was obliged to strike its colours to an English yacht.

Charles the First. Richelieu was obliged to build a barricado cross the entry of the port de la Rochelle.

Cromwell. In 1653, the French could not send ten ships of 50 guns to sea; whilst we could fit out ten times as many, and of higher rates.

Charles the Second. Dastard and traitorous to his country as he was, and politic as was Lewis, still Sir John Harman, with only sixteen sail, beat the French and Dutch near St. Christopher's, with twenty-two.

James the Second. Would have corrected his brother's errors in this respect.

William the Third. The results of three different lists, given by the author, are, that the number of guns were nearly equal; and that the 42000 men, who manned the English fleet, were men skilled in maritime affairs, whilst the French had 10000 soldiers on board; ...but, it is doubtful, whether France could have the 20000 sailors to assist in manning her fleet (as stated by herself), for Sir W. Petty says, we have only 40000, and France not a quarter so many; the abbé St. Pierre says, that, in 1688, though the French king could equip 100 sail of the line, there was the greatest scarcity of sailors, and Fournier says, the whole French number amounted to 21000 only for navy and commerce; how then could 20000 be spared out of it for navy alone?

We were beat, it is to be confessed, at Beachy-head; but Lord Torrington, as appeared at his trial, might have had thirty ships more, if the English and Dutch admiralities had been active; we lost only eight ships, and the French thought proper to retire, when they learned we had refitted at the end of August. After all, it is the single event to tarnish our flag in 200 years.

The seventeen sail of the line destroyed at the Hogue, the French never recovered; and it appears, that we had 1132 more guns than they.

It was not the Dutch assistance which gained the superiority; for to have 40 Dutch ships, we allowed as many of our own to lay rotting in the harbour, and maintained 40000 soldiers on the continent; our navy cost us upwards of 18 millions, and our land-army upwards of 20; if we had spent one million less on the one, and a million more on the other, we should have increased the fleet full one third, and been powerful enough, as Davenant says, to have carried on a war at sea singly, by our own strength. And (king William's wars only excepted) if Holland assisted England, Spain has always assisted France.

Queen Anne. Voltaire, speaking of the battle of Malaga, says, “ Bataille indecise à la vérité, mais d’une autre époque de la puissance de Louis XIV. Depuis

“ ce jour on ne vit plus de grandes flottes Françoises ni
 “ sur l’océan, ni sur la Méditerranée.... La marine
 “ rentra presque dans l’état dont Lewis XIV. l’avoit
 “ tirée, ainsi que tant d’autres choses éclatantes qui ont
 “ eu sous lui, leur orient, et leur couchant.” *Siecle de*
Louis XIV. Chap. XX.

“ A drawn battle, it must be confessed ; but the last
 “ effort of the power of Lewis XIV. From that day,
 “ no great fleets were seen either on the ocean or Me-
 “ diterranean. The marine, like many other things,
 “ which had risen and fallen with that great man, re-
 “ turned to the obscurity out of which he had drawn
 “ it.”

The balance in favour of England, during that war, amounted to 1498 guns, exclusive of what Spanish ships were taken or destroyed. Our success would have been still greater, if the Dutch had furnished their quota, which they never did.

George the First. Nothing decisive.

George the Second. The first war was very fortunate to us ; and in the last we took 131 ships ; so that the French were reduced from 237 to 106. At the conclusion of it l’abbé Raynal supposes, that Great-Britain could balance, by its maritime force, the navy of the universe. How are the mighty fallen !

All, however, may be repaired by attention. The institution of a white ribbon, as a reward for those who have contributed to humble the white flag of the house of Bourbon, and the allowing gallant officers, like the commander of the *Foudroyant*, to sit in their uniform under the gallery with British or Irish peers, or to stand upon the steps of the throne with noblemen’s sons in the house of peers, would do much.

A great variety of good French and English writers upon the subject are quoted as authorities.

ART. VII. *An Essay on Physiognomy, intended to make man known and beloved; extracted from a French translation, not yet published, of a German work, in Four Volumes, of Mr. Lavater, citizen of Zurich, and minister of the Gospel. The original in 4 Vols. 4°, with very fine plates.*

IN HIS IMAGE CREATED HE MAN.

I KNOW nothing of Mr. Lavater, but that he is a man of quick imagination and strong passions, much beloved by one party in his own country, and much hated by another; that some of his sermons are composed with uncommon vehemence; and that the work before us, however whimsical the title of it appears, is allowed to be full of genius, and is certainly the work of a man of virtue. The translation is by Madame de la Fite, a German lady, about the queen, and author of several ingenious works; it is remarkably well done, and it is to be wished it may soon be published.

The first thing that offers itself is a paraphrase of the eighth Psalm; the first verse of which, "O Lord our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world," is twice repeated, that is at the beginning, and the end.

The introduction is a kind of rhapsodical declamation on the dignity of man, enforced by the consideration of his resemblance to the Divinity. These are the concluding words of it.

Humanity! Thou profaned image of the most holy God.—Enfeebled and mutilated abridgment of creation.—Temple in which the Deity has deigned to reveal itself—by prodigies—by oracles—and when the fullness of time was come by the Son—the brightness of the image of the father—the only one and the first born,—by whom and for whom the world was made—the second Adam.

Children of men, for what were ye intended, and to what are ye come!

What a book I should write, were the striking truths inculcated in the piece from whence this quotation is

taken ever present to my mind * ! Could I forget them, should I be worthy to be read by those for whose use alone I am writing, who believe in the dignity of human nature, and in the resemblance of the creature to its Creator !

The first fragment (for the work is divided into fragments, the author having only hitherto, he says, succeeded in collecting materials, to which he is every day adding, but out of which he still despairs of producing any thing perfect) contains the author's account of his own progress : “ I was,” says he, “ 25 before I had
 “ written a word upon the subject, nor had I read a
 “ single book about it ; but I had often been struck with
 “ the analogy between the faces of the persons I con-
 “ versed with, and their characters : my feelings on
 “ these occasions were sometimes so strong, that I used
 “ to shudder at the sight of particular persons, and the
 “ emotion often lasted after the person who had given
 “ rise to it had left the room ; the frequent return
 “ of these accidents sometimes made me venture
 “ a judgement on character, but I was generally
 “ laughed at, and held my tongue ; in process of time
 “ however, happening to take to drawing again, of
 “ which I had always been fond, I found fresh reasons
 “ to adhere to my opinion. The nose was the feature
 “ on which for some time I principally depended. Early
 “ in life I had drawn the face of a most respectable
 “ man of the name of Lambert ; some years after,
 “ taking the profile of a dying friend, whose loved
 “ image I wished to preserve, I could not help being
 “ struck with a likeness between the two ; not that I
 “ can compare my young friend with the excellent
 “ Lambert, nor that I can even pretend to decide
 “ what he might have become, had it pleased God
 “ to lengthen his days ; it is certain he was not
 “ gifted with the same genius as Lambert, and there
 “ was as great a difference in their eyes, as in their
 “ temperaments, but their noses were alike, and they
 “ had both of them, though in different degrees, great
 “ and excellent understandings.”

* Hurder on the oldest Documents of Man.

“ Another

“ Another time as I was standing at a window with
 “ Mr. Zimmerman of Hanover, looking at a military
 “ procession, I was struck with a particular man, and
 “ could not help uttering an opinion of him. Mr.
 “ Zimmerman laughed, and immediately began attack-
 “ ing my principles; with some he was pleased, to
 “ others he objected, and our conversation ended with
 “ his desiring me to give them him in writing. This
 “ was the æra of my setting down to regular study;
 “ The solid foundation on which I conceived my opinions
 “ rested, my desire of approving them to my own
 “ mind, the objections of fools and knaves, and the
 “ more respectable objections of men of probity and
 “ religion, have done the rest. I have been seven years
 “ at work, and though the obstacles have been innu-
 “ merable, I have met with enough to engage me to go
 “ on. In the mean time the progress I have hitherto
 “ made, has enabled me to speak with satisfaction and
 “ security about some faces, at the same time that it has
 “ left me in uncertainty about others.”

On Physiognomy, in its most enlarged sense.

Physiognomy is the art of knowing what passes within
 a man by signs visible, on the *whole of the external*
 person, whether in a state of rest or motion, and whether
 you consider the original man, or representations of
 him. This is the enlarged idea of the science: in a
 more restrained sense, *Phisionomy* is the air of the *face*
only, and *Phisiognomy* the art of reading the several
 features.

There are many different *Phisiognomies*, which give rise
 to as various kinds of Physiognomy.

You may consider the proportion of the human body,
 the harmony of the limbs, and whole figure, and esti-
 mate them according to preconceived ideas of *proportion*,
perfection, and *beauty*, and from the comparison of the
 two, deduce the principal features in the character.
 This is fundamental or *Physiologic Physiognomy*.

The art of collecting character, by examining the bones, muscles, viscera, &c. is *anatomical Physiognomy*.

The nature of the blood, the degrees of heat and cold observable in the constitution, the grossness or delicacy of peculiar organs, the humidity or dryness, the flexibility or irritability of man, each of them giving occasion for separate observations, make the *Physiognomy of Constitution*.

The *Medical* is that which is grounded on observing the morbid affections of the body. The *Moral* observes habits and actions, and the *Intellectual* attaches itself to the discovery of mind. In fine, there are as many sorts of Physiognomy as there are different ways of considering man; he who decides on the first impressions a stranger makes on him, is a *natural Physiognomist*; he who knows and can class the features and external signs which distinguish the individual, is a *learned Physiognomist*, and he who can assign a cause for these visible effects, and tell why such and such passions produce such and such changes upon the external shape, is a *philosophical Physiognomist*.

Fragment IV. On Physiognomy and Pathognomy.

Physiognomy is the knowledge of the springs when they are not in action; *Pathognomy*, the art of reading the passions. The one is the mirror in which we view the naturalist and philosopher; the other that in which we behold the courtier and man of the world. Every man understands the second, but few people know any thing of the first. By Pathognomy, which deals in dissimulation, the poor man may appear rich; by Physiognomy, I know whether he is really rich or not, whatever the appearances are.

When you are studying this science, you must not confine yourself to the man only; his dress, his house, his pursuits, whatever belongs to him, and may be said to make part of him, is to be considered.

Fragment V. On the existence or truth of the science.

That every individual differs from another individual, both in expression of features, and internal character, is an incontestable proposition. But if anger swells the muscles, can it be absurd to consider muscles that are swelled as the indication of a coleric character? if the animated eye and the quick mind meet in a thousand individuals, ought not we, when we see the animated eye, to suppose the quick mind is attending? On what is it that all orders of men ground their judgement in the most important affairs of their lives? Does not the merchant, who knows nothing of the feller, judge of the goods he is to buy by their physiognomy, or outward appearance? What directs the physician, or painter, or husbandman, but appearances, or the outward and visible sign? What more common in dealings with one you don't know, *than I don't like his looks, or, he seems an honest fellow, I think I may venture to trust him.* Thus you chuse a servant, so you conjecture of a minister, so an officer judges whether he has a good or bad bargain in the recruit he has just enlisted, and by this (whether he will own it or no) does the judge conceive favourably or otherwise of the prisoner he is trying. All men allow the fundamental principles of the science, all men act as if they believed in it; the only question between us is, to know what bounds it has, and to ascertain them. If I pretend to have removed the limits from the place where you supposed the great Creator had placed them, you must hear the grounds of my hope before you can condemn me, and the grounds of my hope are the subject of these volumes.

But (and this is the subject of the Fifth fragment) strong prejudices have been taken up against this noble science *à priori*. They certainly have, but the reasons are, because there has not been a good book about it since the days of Aristotle, but it has been changed into fortune-telling, and made subservient to a thousand ridiculous uses. Besides, good men fear the use which
bad

bad men may make of it against them, and bad men are afraid of the use that may be made of it against themselves. Many a man who reads my book, and abuses it in the world, trembles at the truths it contains (as he does at other sacred and incontestable truths) in his own closet.

Fragment the sixth contains a numerous collection of authorities. These are taken from the Proverbs, and the author of Ecclesiasticus, Cicero, Montaign, Bacon, Leibnitz, Ernesti, Sultzer, Wolfe, Gellert, La Chambre, and Hurder.

“ You allow these authorities to be strong, as far as they go,” says Mr. Lavater, in the two following fragments, “ But ask, can physiognomy ever become a science? would it be useful that it should? would it not on the contrary be extremely dangerous? As to the possibility of the thing, what is there more impossible in it than in Physic, Ethics, Mathematics, Painting, &c. becoming sciences, since these too have bounds assigned them, which they cannot pass, notwithstanding which, nobody scruples to be directed by, or to investigate, what is certain in them. Some men will go farther in this Physiognomy also than others, some will be Albert Durers, and others Raphaels; some will read only the strong drawn characters written by the Divinity, and others will be able to trace the small hand, and, even if may use the expression, the short hand, some will know only in part, whilst others will know even as they are known, and be like the great physician, who had the gift of discerning spirits to such a degree, that he could tell on looking in a sick man’s face, whether or no he had faith to be healed.”

“ But look at these five profiles *, particularly at the first, and tell me whether this little head cannot be scientifically interpreted by the contour of the forehead and eye-brows; whether this forehead and eye-brows do not bespeak a character entirely different from what you would esteem it, if the contour of the forehead made a strait line, or if the eye-brows, instead of being sunk, were arched and semi-circular.”

* There are plates which could not of course be given.

“As to its utility, is it useful to know that which we are interested in knowing? to acquire the habit of observing the close connexion between moral and physical beauty, and in consequence a disdain for every thing that is base? to view the great Creator as the parent of a new harmony? to learn, in short, the most beautiful, most eloquent, most uniform, and most forcible of all languages, the language of wisdom, truth, and simplicity, the internal language of the heart? It is impossible to express the pleasure I feel when I see a stranger come into a room who is a being of a higher order, with the seal of the divine approbation upon him; his face reflecting integrity, and every feature in it announcing the triumph of honor and reason.

But (Fragment the Tenth) there may be abuses. The answer to this was made long ago, by him, who said, “he was not come to bring peace upon earth, but a sword.” I teach no new science, nor do I furnish malignity with arms, which it had not used before, in estimating character by dubious actions or expressions capable of different interpretations: my art, on the contrary, helps to rectify these false judgments; it reads the noble-minded man who had been driven beyond himself by ill usage, in him accused of an act of violence, sees the man who spares upon himself to pay his dead father’s debts, in the reputed miser, and the Prince of Peace, and Father of all Order, in the Jew without respect for the Sanhedrin or Doctors of his law, in him who I am told beats those who have done him no harm, loves feasting, and disreputable company, and fond of spreading divisions amongst men, has lately been heard to say, “I am not come to send Peace upon Earth, but a Sword.”

The Science then is useful and innocent — but it requires great talents, nor is any thing easier than to be mistaken in it; look, for instance, at those three caricatures of Lord Anson; every body who has seen the Admiral, will say at once, There’s Anson—few people will say, It is not Anson—and fewer still, These are three horrid caricatures of Anson—and yet they differ much from

from each other, and the differences only an attentive and experienced observer can find out; such a one, however, will discover them very easily, he will say, “the first face is the face of a man, who says with wisdom, *I can*, and with firmness, *I will*; the bow of the forehead speaks a great project, and the eye-brows answer for the execution; the second forehead is not as clever as the third, nor the third as the first; but, on the other hand, the second nose sinking less at its junction with the eyebrows, shews more judgement than the first, and the third much more judgement than the second.

Mouth 1 has more taste and wisdom in it than mouth 2, and mouth 3 more cleverness and firmness than either of them; there is something in the eyes of the first figure more judicious and firm than those of the third, and these again beat those of the second.

Where then is the Physiognomist to be found, and what are his qualifications?

To personal beauty and a love of virtue (since only the beautiful can judge of beauty, and only the virtuous can make true estimates of virtue); he must add a *single* eye, in which there is no *darkness*, which sees things as they are, which adds nothing and takes nothing away: he on the contrary who can say, What is figure to me? I profess to judge of men by their actions; he who professes he never felt attraction or repulsion towards any man living, who prefers art to nature, and the ivory of Vandervelt to the flesh of Guido; who feels no pleasure in Gesner's landscapes; who finds no place for his foot in Bodmer's ark, nor sees a man of God in his Saviour near Samma; he who can take Gortner only for a wit, Haller for a harsh writer, and Hurder for an obscure one; he who does not feel a placid pleasure at the sight of the Antinous, nor sensations of the sublime: (sensations equal to those which Winkelmann has described his to have been) when the Apollo is opened upon him; he who, when he beholds the great and mutilated remains of antient magnificence, does not shed tears at the recollection, of the degradation both of the art and its model, he who looks at busts and cannot find

out wisdom in Cicero and Solon, enterprize in Cæsar, firmness in Brutus, in Montesquieu the highest sagacity of which man is capable, in Haller the best taste joined to the soundest sense, deep thought in Locke, and all the powers of satire in Voltaire... such a man can never be a physiognomist.

Again, the man who has never felt impressions of respect, when he has come in upon one who was doing a good action, without thinking he was perceived; he, whom the voice of innocence, the ingenuous look of unattempted modesty, the sight of a fine child sleeping on its mother's breast, or the hearty grasp of a friend's hand, have never put besides himself, ... Such a man will sooner murder his father, than become a physiognomist.

Finally, he who would be a perfect physiognomist, besides a fine figure, quick looks, imagination, penetration, and the art of comparing quickly, must be acquainted with all the riches of language, know the elements at least of all the arts and sciences, be a good draftsman, and understand anatomy: the latter is absolutely necessary, both that he may know distortion when it speaks, and understand its language. Above all, he must be a good man, not ashamed of confessing his own weaknesses to himself, and in possession of a friend to whom he can tell them.

ART. XI. ΓΕΩΠΟΝΙΚΑ *Geoponicorum, sive de Re Rustica Libri XX. ad MSS. Fidem denuo recensiti & illustrati ab Jo. Nicolao Niclas, Lipsiæ, 2 vol. 8vo. To be had of Elmsly.*

THIS collection of thirty-two Greek writers (amongst whom we find the reputable names of Hippocrates, Aratus, and Oppian) which Haller calls, in his *Bibliotheca Botanica*, "*Integra domus*
 Vol. I. R r "rustica

“rustica et pretiosum opus (etsi plurima vanissima continet) in quo plurimos scriptores non alias conservatos habemus,” has only been printed three times in Greek; though there have been innumerable editions in Latin, and also French, Italian, and German translations of it. The first edition in Greek, and a very bad one it was, came out in 1539. In 1704, Mr. Needham, of St. John's College, Cambridge, undertook a second; and, though he did a great deal by the assistance of good manuscripts, yet he failed in many parts, for want of a sufficient acquaintance with the Greek idiom, particularly the Attic dialect, which led him to make corrections where they were not wanted, and to substitute barbarisms and solecisms in the place of many right readings.

In this state of things, John Matthias Gesner had intended a new edition, which he was to have published, with the assistance of manuscripts sent him by Mr. Fabricius; but other works coming in the way, the labour devolved on the present editor, who seems to have executed it with great success, having been entrusted with Gesner's materials and manuscripts, and having prepared himself for the task, by a careful reading of the principal writers on the subject, ancient and modern. We find very valuable traces of this industry in his notes, which, though short, are to the purpose; and contain a good deal of useful grammatical criticism, a very copious and apposite selection of parallel passages from the ancient naturalists and physicians, and many useful illustrations of the text, from modern writers and modern customs. The principal authorities he has made use of, in the discovery of the modern names of plants, are those of Matthioli, Dodonæus, and Boerhaave a Stapel; these he prefers to the modern describers of plants, who, he says, give indeed better plates, but are incurious of, if not ignorant in, ancient learning. This is certainly very just; and yet in a work, of which botany is the subject, I was surprized at not meeting once with the name of Linnæus. This omission would seem

seem to prove, either that Mr. Niclas is a sectary, or that he has not come to the work so prepared as we could wish.

As a specimen of the author's manner, I have thought proper to add the following note.

Κ Ε Φ. ΙΔ.

Ἀξίον μὴ παραλιπεῖν τὴν τῆς ἐλαίας πρὸς τὴν ἄμπελον συμ-
πάθειαν, ἣν ὁ Φλωρεντῖνος ἐν τῷ ια. βιβλίῳ τῶν Γεωργικῶν αὐ-
τῶν φησι. Λέγει γὰρ, ὅτι εἰάν τις ἐλαίαν εἰς ἄμπελον ἐγκεντρίσῃ,
ὁ βότρυς μόνος ἐκ ταύτης γίνεσθαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐλαίας. τοιοῦτον
δένδρον φαίσκετε θεάσασθαι παρὰ Μαρίῳ Μαξίμῳ, γεύσασθαι
τε τὸ καρπὸν, καὶ δοῦναι ῥαγὸς σαφυλῆς ἢ σεμφύλης ἐλαίας
ὁμῶς γεύσασθαι. Γίνεσθαι δὲ φησι τοιαῦτα φυτὰ ἐν τῇ Λιβύῃ,
καλεῖσθαι τε τῇ πατρίᾳ αὐτῶν φωνῇ Οὐβόλιμα.

Οὐβόλιμα). Hæc vox diu multumque in Africa Asiaque a me
quærita, tandem ultro natales suos professæ est. Αὐτῶν non ad Libyæ
incolas, sed ad Florentini cives referendum arbitror. Quo observato
indicata simul via est ad latebram, unde eruatur. Itaque sistat hic
lector aliquamdiu gradum, et utrum quid extricare queat, mihi faciat
periculum: certe antequam clamet: Hoc facile erat! hoc cæcus po-
terat videre! Illos inprimis rogatos velim, qui præ nimio rerum
studio verborum doctrinam contemnunt, ut nobis, quid rei sit οὐβόλιμα,
dicant; nam res est, et ad forum eorum pertinet. Porro utrum οὐβό-
λιμα, an ὁβόλιμα, an denique οὐβόλιμα malint, optio sit. Post brevem
hanc criticæ artis defensionem pergere liceat. Ante omnia de scrip-
tura sumus solliciti: nam penultima littera corrupta est. Pro μ et π
reponatur β . Tres hæ litteræ quam sæpe ob similitudinem in scriptis
libris permutatæ sint, vix potest dici. Adi Pierſonum ad Marid:
βαλλάδιον. Vel in uno Hesychio exempla sunt infinita. De β et μ
videantur v. c. VV. DD. observationes ad ἀμάκιον, ἀμφίσβαινα. ἀμφί-
στα, βύρμακας, &c. De β et π , δίσκημον, κυβήκαι, &c. Sic in Callim.
H. in Dian. 38. pro βαμοὶ MSS. κόμοι dant. Quid igitur est οὐβόλιμα?
quid aliud nisi *Vuoliua*? vox mere Latina, qua in posterum locuples
tentur Lexica, adeoque idem, quod in fine capituli et 10. 76. 10. est
ἐλαιοςάφυλος, unde Needh. argumentum fecit, *De oleana*, cum ei
Cornarii, *De olea quam elacostaphylon Græci vocant*, dupliciter. Sed
rectius posuisset. *De vuoliua*. Solent autem non apud Latinos modo
 a et b a librariis confundi sæpissime, ut creabit et creavit, clava et claba,
ut Crescentius l. 5 c. de citro scribit, &c. sed Græci quoque Latinorum
 v ex more in β vertunt. Hæc exempla sunt in *Glossis verborum juris*:
Βακάλια, Βελιγάλοι, Βενδύλιονες, βία πριβότα, βιπριβότα, βριβότα, rel.
nam littera B fere quot vocabula, tot testimonia habet ὑπερβότος, Φέρ-
τιβος, et alia infinita: namque ex quam plurimis modo notissima selegi
et planissima.

Prefixed to the book are the dedications and prefaces of other editors, Needham's Prolegomena, and the author's own preface. The end of this contains an account of other MSS. unconsulted by the present editor, but from which good assistance may be expected; he likewise refers to the Geoponicon of Agapius, a monk of Crete, mentioned by Du Fresne in his Greek glossary, and said to have been published in octavo at Venice, in 1643; besides this, we are advised to consult the Arabic Writers, where it is probable a great deal may be found.

At the end are five indexes, one geographical and historical, two verborum et rerum very copious, and a fourth and fifth of what occurs in the notes; the one of these relates to the criticisms, illustrations, and the other is an account of the authors which have been emended and illustrated.

This is a very handsome book, well printed, and on good paper.

ART. XII. *Travels through Spain in the year 1777 and 1778, containing accounts of the national character and manners as they are at present; their trade, their theatre, their legislation, the present state of the Inquisition (in which is given some account of a late affair which made a great noise), together with some account of their ancient and modern monuments of Art.* 2 Vols. 8vo. in French. Elmsly. Price 8s.

THIS work, which seems to be written with great truth and simplicity, consists properly of two parts; an account of the author's journey through part of Spain, and miscellaneous observations on the great objects which take up the attention of travellers.

With regard to the first; as the French traveller went over much the same ground as Mr. Swinburn, and seems to have seen the same objects with the same eyes, there will be little occasion for me to say much about it. I shall therefore only mention an article or two about which these two sensible travellers differ, or in which the latter seems to furnish more information than the former.

Barcelona. This article contains a good account of the improvement in the cannon foundery made there and at Seville, by Mr. Maritz, a Swiss engineer; and a story of the Carmelite monk's flogging a poor thief to death without being called to any account for it by the justice of the county, so late as the year 1779.

Catalonia. The Catalonia article, besides an excellent description of the province, contains accounts of Montserrat, and the salt works near Cardona. The latter are omitted by Mr. Swinburn, but he is fuller on the first, though he does not mention several interesting particulars about St. Ignatius the founder of the Jesuits, who it seems retiring to this solitude, took the rules of his order from what he saw here.

Cales. In this article the author examines how far the Abbé Raynal was right in advising the India trade to be made free, and how far it was judicious in the king of Spain to follow that advice.

Our author, after giving several reasons for his opinion, decides the question in the negative, or rather he thinks that it ought to have been made free for all Spaniards, but that the seat of it should have been fixed at Cales. This article likewise contains an original Latin letter of the famous Dean Martis, containing a lively and exact account of that indecent dance the Pandango, which he reprobates as it deserves.

Sierra Morena. Mr. Swinburn and our author (who is much more diffuse, and seems indeed better informed on this subject) do not quite agree in their accounts of this colony, planted in the desert by the king of Spain; the latter thinks, that the regulations were judicious, and that all the complaints have been owing to the una-

unavoidable oppressions of underlings, and the too great impatience and petulance of the colonists.

In support of his assertion, he transcribes a great part of the original code of government, the following article of which is remarkable:

There shall be no grammar-schools, and still less any schools of science, erected within any part of the said district, as the erection of them is contrary to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, which prohibit them in places intended for labour, and especially where men are to be occupied in agriculture, the care of cattle, or other of those employments in which the strength of a state consists. Another article prohibits nunneries and convents of all kinds.

Madrid. Our author is likewise fuller in this article than Mr. Swinburn; amongst other things, he gives us some curious particulars of the four academies; he professes however to say but little of the Spanish literature, because he has a work upon the subject in great forwardness, and which is to contain an exact catalogue of the old books published in Spain, a catalogue raisonné of their men of Letters, and a separate account of their Poetry, History, Comedy, and Novels; he has given us a good specimen of his abilities for the task, in a chapter on the Spanish stage.

This contains a very circumstantial account of their principal dramatic writers, together with a pretty long analysis of a comedy, intituled, *El Diablo Predicador*, or, *The Devil turned preacher*, and a translation of great part of it; the subject of this piece is, the devil's being forced to turn monk, and go a begging for some Franciscans, whom he had a grudge to, and had meant to have starved, by shutting the hearts of the pious against them.

Our author thinks there is a good deal of humour and nature in this; however that be, there is some in what he tells us himself about *Lopez de Vega*, who, on a calculation made, must have written at the rate of five sheets of letter-press per day, from the day of his birth

to that of his death. Calderon had time to be more correct, as he did not write above 6 or 700 comedies in all, but our author prefers Moreto to them both.

There is a good dialogue between Comedy and Curiosity, taken from one of Cervantes's plays, the purport of which is to vindicate the modern Spanish stage.

The chapter on the Spanish manners, customs, dress, &c. is very full, and contains some very interesting particulars about the character of the people, their fidelity, patience, sobriety, ignorance, vanity, and superstition.

I will give one or two of our author's instances, and there are many more worth reading. When the people of Castile heard that Philip V. was forming a body guard, the count D'Aguilar addressed him in the following manner; "If your majesty had a mind to sleep
" on the great place at Madrid, you would be perfectly
" safe, for the whole town would be your guard,
" and the market should not begin untill nine o'clock."

The Devil, said a famous preacher, took the son of God into a high mountain, from whence he shewed him England, Italy, and France;—it was unlucky for him that the Pyreneans hid Spain.

I am afraid of tiring the reader, or would insert the account of rural felicity, given by a Spanish poet, which seems to consist in seeing half-starved swallows pick up flies, and labourers let down their stockings to scratch their legs. One thing, however, must not be omitted, because it happened only a few years ago; this is, the only sending to the gallies a priest who had murdered a girl, of whom he was jealous; "how different," says our author very well, "is this respect
" for the sacro-sanct character, from what was shewn by
" that Peter, whom we call the Cruel; but the Spaniards, with much more truth, the justiciary!" This monarch reprieved a young shoemaker who was going to be broke upon the wheel for killing a priest, who, having killed his father, had only been ordered not to say mass for a year, and changed the sentence of being broke

broke upon the wheel, into the not making shoes for a year.

The chapter on the inquisition is very long, and very curious; the first thing we meet with in it is, the secret history of the constant struggle between the Inquisition and the State, collected from a memorial presented to the council of Charles II. and the petition of the famous Macanas. This Macanas had been the Spanish Plenipotentiary at Breda; but being afterwards commissioned to examine into the causes of the dispute between the courts of Spain and Rome, gave some offence to the latter, who immediately stirred up the Inquisition against him. In consequence he was forced to wander ten years in exile, on the frontiers of his native country, soliciting in vain his pardon from the king, whom he had served both in the cabinet and the field. This man's memorial, which is given at length, is extremely curious and well written.

The very curious relation of the Auto de Fe of 1680, by Joseph del Olmo, a familiar of the holy office (likewise given at length) is written with a simplicity that makes one shudder.

“ A certain proof,” says he, “ that God directed the
 “ good people of Spain in this business; and that he
 “ had *softened* their souls was, that Thomas Roman, who
 “ from motives of piety, had undertaken to construct
 “ the great stage, without knowing how he should be
 “ able to perform his promise, on a sudden saw
 “ sixteen master carpenters come towards him, with
 “ their apprentices and workmen; the zeal of these
 “ good men was so great, that they used to weigh the
 “ time for satisfying the necessities of nature with the
 “ most scrupulous exactness. You would often hear
 “ them cry out as they were at work, “ a blessing on
 “ the Faith of the Holy Jesus; if there wants wood,
 “ we will pull down our own houses to get materials for
 “ so blessed a work.”

“ On the morning of the *holyday*, every soldier took a
 “ faggot the captain of the guard stuck one on the
 “ end of his halberd, and went up to the royal apart-

ment with it. The duke of Pastrana carried it to the king, the king carried it to the queen, Louisa Maria of Bourbon; after this ceremony it was redelivered to the duke, who redelivered it to the captain, with orders to carry it in his majesty's name, and to be sure it was the first faggot thrown on the fire. Accordingly, when the soldiers piled their faggots, the king's was placed by itself, and a guard set about it, that the order might be sure of being executed.

There follow two very good descriptions; one of the procession of the green and white crosses, the latter of which, as we are told, was chosen instead of the red to testify the clemency of the holy offices the second of the wonderful union and conspiracy of heaven and earth, a bright sun and a pious orderly people, to do honour to this blessed day."

Then is a pleasant story of a peasant, who upon having been sent for by the grand inquisitor, who wished to taste some very fine figs he had, went home in a fright and pulled up his tree, declaring that he would not keep any fruit in his garden that exposed him to such dangerous visits. What is most curious in this chapter, is the account of the present state of this dangerous power, which it seems still continues, if not so terrible as formerly, yet still very oppressive. The author gives a proof of it in the case of the famous Olavidé, chief director of the Sienna Morena, and possessed of other great offices, who was condemned to eight years imprisonment, so late as the year 1776, for laughing, as the author tells us, at the *superstition* of the Church. There seems however to be something more in it than this, as by his story given very much at length he seems to have been both a free-thinker and a free speaker.

The chapter on the jurisprudence and tribunals is still more interesting; the poor man in Spain is almost sure to be oppressed, and seldom or ever gets costs let the injustice done him be as glaring as it will. If two men quarrel and make it up again in the streets, and a notary happens to pass by, he sends to them the next day to be paid for the state of the case he was drawing up.

Notwithstanding there is no police, robberies are scarce, murders scarcer, and executions more scarce than either. The author did not hear of one in three years, though a little before his time they had at last executed one Pignero for his 33d murder, the last of which was committed on the body of the gaoler, whose wife he has married and lived comfortably with in prison several years. This fellow would not have been hanged at last, if he had not been fool enough to appeal from the sentence of an inferior tribunal, who had only condemned him to the mines. His last stroke was giving up a knife, with which he had intended to have stabbed the man who was to read him his sentence; but, luckily for the fellow, another came in his stead. If any body wonders how a gentleman, who had committed 33 murders, came to have a knife, he must be informed that at all the windows of the Spanish prisons there are cords and baskets, into which the friends of the prisoners put what they please.

As to Spanish agriculture it is very bad, owing not so much to the want of population as of farms: you often go 90 leagues without meeting with a single habitation, and see ten or twelve oxen at work in one field, and ten or twelve men in another. Notwithstanding this, the ground yields enough in one year to support Spain for a year and a half, and though there are often famines, and that bread is dearer than in France, owing to bad management of the exportation, yet the Spanish peasant always eats white bread made of the best wheat.

The last chapter but one contains a curious account of the body of men known by the name of Mesta, these are the proprietors of sheep, who have the privilege of going through Castile and some other parts of Spain, in search of pasture for their flocks. The author thinks, that the fineness of the Spanish wool is in a great measure owing to the journeys which the beasts that yield it take, as they travel upwards of 300 leagues every year. They reckon about five million of these beasts in Spain, but if their travels are useful to the woollen trade, they are very prejudicial to agriculture, no inclosures being allowed in any other country,

try, through which they are to pass. Things indeed were much worse till very lately, that the council of Castile took off the prohibition of taking away from the Mesta the lands farmed by them, or raising the price of any of them. A flock of about 24,000 head brings in, all expences paid, about 2500*l.* a year, to the proprietors. The author gives us several particulars about the mode of managing them, but these are too long to insert here.

The Spanish revenue is estimated at 100,000,000 piasters. People differ about the proportion of it collected from America, which some lay at 14 or 15, and others at 45 or 50 millions.

It must be observed that this state of the finances goes on the supposition of a population of seven millions, whereas since M. Daranda's last numeration, it turns out to be from ten to eleven millions. The national debt is very inconsiderable ; yet the government has no credit, owing to Philip V. debts never having been paid.

The land forces are extremely bad : they consist of a militia, which is forced to serve for six years, but the soldier constantly goes home as soon as he is free, notwithstanding all the methods that can be used to make him like the service. In regard to naval affairs, after having changed their large and heavy ships, which the English were so much afraid of, for light sailers, which, for want of knowing how to manage them, were all taken in the last war ; they have now adopted the French mode of construction, which is the proper medium between the two.

The author promises us a second account, which is to contain his travels into the Asturias, and the kingdoms of Leon, Arragon, and Galicia ; but he does not chuse to publish it before he has carefully gone through the country, a circumstance which much confirms my good opinion of his accuracy.

L I T E R A R Y C U R I O S I T I E S.

WARBURTONIANA.

“ **P**ERHAPS your comparison of Printers to Taylors is more pat than you intended: For why can't you get your cloaths from a rascally Taylor, but because he is working for half a dozen Fops in the fashion? And why can't you get your sheets from the Printer, but because he is working upon News-papers, Journals, and Magazines, the delight of the town, and the daily bread of town scriblers?”

“ You mention John of Antioch, with two writers contemporary to the fact, Ambrose and Greg. Naz; but I suppose he did not live till the 5th or 6th century. One thing I find recorded of him is, that, like many of our modern bishops, he was not known or heard of till after his consecration. His modesty does him honour with me, therefore I should be glad to know what this respectable person says about this matter; if he says any thing particular. For, to tell you the truth, I did not find him in my brief, as the lawyers say; but I suspect him to be a shag-rag.

Another thing I beg of you is, to transcribe for me (if you can catch him) Ruffinus's testimony. He is such a vagabond I can't lay hands on him; I suppose him skulking in some Bib. Patrum. As for that forlorn hope Theodoret, Philostorgius, Nicephoras, and Theophanes, I shall put them where they can do no hurt; as to good, little is to be expected from such poltroons, who are ready to run away to the enemy.

As to Meric Casaubon's story, I could have wished to have had not only the cooking but the catching of that game.

At Oxford, Mr. Forster says, they expect a deluge of answerers against Middleton, by the first frost; for our cold and barren heads run not like those of the Alps in summer, but in winter, except that which over-

tops us all, the hoary brow of Whiston, which, like mount Jura, runs both in summer and in winter."

" * * * * * introduces his abuse on you, by saying, that you got a receipt for him of Sir Edward Hulse, that saved his life. Poor Mr. Pope received just such a favour from Southcot, and he never was easy till he got him a rich abbey in Flanders, which he did by the interest of Sir Rob. Walp. and his brother Horace, with the court of France, on which account it was, he always spared those two in his satires, and highly complimented the elder. Let my soul be with a philosopher like this, rather than such a Christian as * * * * *"

" I took notice of an article in the News Papers, which said, it was not true that you had received a living from Lord Ailesbury; who this Lord Ailesbury is, I know not; but I was pleased with the novelty of the paragraph, as if it was a scandal that your friends were willing to remove you; and indeed, as Lords go now, there is no great honour to receive favours from them."

" Lauder has offered much amusement for the public, and they are obliged to him. What the public wants, or subsists on, is news. Milton was their reigning favourite; yet they took it well of a man they had never heard of before, to tell them the news of Milton being a thief and a plagiarist; had he been proved a — it had pleased them much better. When this was no longer news, they were equally delighted with another, as much a stranger to them, who entertained them with another piece of news, that Lauder was a plagiarist and an impostor; had he proved him a Jesuit in disguise, nothing had equalled their satisfaction. We bear with this humour in the public; but when particulars have imbibed this *public spirit*, nothing is so detestable as such a character, and a man *without a heart* needs a public expiation more than a *beast* without one. I know some of these monsters, and so do you, I dare say, more than you esteem them. It is a pity that they should be sometimes men of wit."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PROPOSALS are come over from Paris for printing by subscription, a new edition of the French Encyclopoedia, and digested and methodized into twenty-seven regular classical dictionaries, by men of the first reputation in every branch of learning, and with considerable alterations and additions.

It cannot admit a doubt but that this is a very useful undertaking to the literary world, as, according to the present plan of the Encyclopoedia, there is no gaining the information it is replete with upon every subject, without being obliged to turn over the twenty-one volumes, whereas, according to the new form, one, two, three, or six volumes at most, will contain a complete treatise of the science you want. The dictionary form it was impossible to change entirely without changing the whole, as the articles were written with that purpose.

There will be two editions of this work, the one quarto, the other octavo; but the plates, the number of which will be somewhat reduced (as they may very well be, great complaints having been made of their being much too numerous) will be given only in quarto.

The price to subscribers, and to subscribers only (for we are assured, in the most solemn manner, that it will, immediately after the closing of the subscription, be raised to 798) will be 672 livres (*i. e.* 28 guineas); or in case there should be four volumes more than it is at present believed there will (for all above will be given *gratis*) 30 guineas.

This money is to be paid by installments, *i. e.* 36 livres or a guinea and a half between this and the first of July 1782, when the subscription will be finally and irrevocably closed, and the rest as it is called for, *i. e.* on receiving the first two or three volumes a new subscription and so on, but never above a guinea or a guinea and a half at most at a time; nor will the calls be very frequent, as there will be twenty-three of them
in

in all in the course of five years, at the expiration of which the work will be completed.

For this money there will be given thirty-five volumes quarto, or double the number octavo, of letter-press, and fourteen volumes quarto of plates.

Subscriptions are taken in by Mr. Elmsly.

I shall now give the reader a short sketch of what is proposed to be done, and by whom; taken from the French Prospectus of 80 pages, which contains a very circumstantial account, and a specimen of the letter-press.

1. *Mathematics and Astronomy*, 2 vols. 4to. or 4 vols. 8vo. by l'Abbé Roffi and Mr. de Lalande, both of the academy of Sciences.

The elementary parts of the first almost entirely new, and many new articles in the higher mathematics by Mr. d'Alembert and the marquis Condorcet.

2. *Physics*, properly so called. Mr. de Monge, A. S. 1 vol. 4to.

The articles, Fire, Flame, Heat, Cold, Elastic Fluids, Thermometer, &c. Water, Ice, Congelation, Ebullition, Evaporation, Smoke, Fire Engine, Watery Meteors, Rain, Fog, Snow, &c. entirely new, many other improvements, and a preliminary history of the science, with a notitia of the order in which the several articles are to be read.

3. *Physick, Medicine*. Mr. Vicq d'Azyr, A. S. Secretary to the Medical Society, and others; 2 or 3 vols. 4to.

Great additions and alterations, particularly in the articles relative to the diseases of prisons and camps; those incidental to particular professions; and, in particular seasons of the year, the maladies of animals, and of vitiated corn; all which will be treated by persons who have made these branches their particular study.

4. *Anatomy and Physiology*, common and comparative, and animal chemistry, comprising likewise the oeconomy of vegetables. Vicq d'Azyr; 1 vol. 4to.

All the articles on comparative anatomy, on that of plants, on the structure of vegetables and animal chemistry, entirely new. Several of them by Mr. d'Aubenton.

5. *Surgery*. Mr. Louis, Sec. to the Acad. of Surgery, 1 vol. 4to.

The whole entirely new, elementary, precise, and solid, with an introductory discourse on the study of the art, and the order in which the articles are to be read.

6. *Chemistry, Metallurgy, and Pharmacy*. Mr. Moreau, of many Academies. Chemistry, Duhamel, Inspector general of Mines, the Metallurgy, and Maret, Sec. Acad. Dijon, Pharmacy, 2 vols. 4to.

Great variety of new articles, particularly on the principles of Chemistry, which will be attempted to be ascertained and brought to a science from Bergman and others; with a direction of reading, and an introductory discourse.

7. *Agriculture*, properly so called, by l'Abbé Teflier, M. D. of the Medical Society; *Gardening* by Mr. Thouin, chief gardener at the Royal Botanic garden; and the by *Sylva* Mr. Fougereux de Bondaroy, A. S.

Very superficially done in the old Encyclopoedia. The whole, therefore, to be almost entirely new, with an introductory dissertation on each branch, and a tree of our knowledge on the subject.

8. *Natural History of Animals*. An introduction to the three kingdoms, and a natural history of man by Mr. Daubenton. The remainder to be divided into six parts. The Quadrupeds and Cetaceous Animals from Mr. Buffon's Natural History, with alterations and additions. The Birds by Mr. Mauduit of the Acad. Med. Oviparous Quadrupeds and Serpents, Mr. Daubenton.—Fishes, by the same. Insects by Mr. Montbeillard of the Acad. of Dijon; and Worms by Mr. Daubenton, 3 vols. 4to.

The system with regard to the birds to be Mr. Buffon's, the Nomenclature Buffon's, the Synonyms from Brisson, Edwards, Belon, and Catesby only, the matter of this and the other articles entirely new and very varied and extensive.

9. *Botany*. Chev. de la Marck, Acad. Sec. 2 vols. 4to.

A great deal new, as half the vegetables are not to be found

found in the old Encyclopoedia, and an introductory discourse on the rise, progress, and present state of the science.

10. *Minerals.* Mr. Daubenton.

An introductory discourse, and an account of the order in which the articles are to be read, with numerous other technical improvements, and a most extensive sylva of articles.

11. *Natural History of the Earth* by Mr. Desmarest, Acad. Sci. and Inspector of the Royal Manufactures in Chanpaine; 5 or 6 vols. 4to.

According to the plan laid down under the word *Geographie-Physique* in the old Encyclopoedia, with a very extensive introductory discourse.

12. *Geography.* Modern, Mr. Robert, Geographer to the King, and Mr. Morvilliers. Ancient, by Mr. Mentelle, late professor at the Ecole Militaire, &c. &c. Maps and Charts, Mr. Bonne, Ingenieur-Hydrographe of the Marine, 2 vols. 4to.

Almost entirely new; the old one, several parts excepted, being extremely deficient. The Atlas of about 50 or 60 maps, quarto, to make part of the subscription or not, as gentlemen shall choose.

13. *Antiquities, Inscriptions, Chronology, the art of ascertaining dates, Numismatica or the science of Medals,* Mr. Cour de Gebelin, 1 vol. 4to.

Almost entirely new, as several of these articles are not mentioned in in the old book.

14. *History.* Mr. Gaillard of the French and Inf. Acad. 2 vols. 4to.

Had no business in the plan, but as it has once been introduced shall be a dictionary both of things and persons, the titles as well selected as attention can make them.

15. *Theology.* l'Abbé Bergier Confessor to Monsieur and Can. Notre-Dame.

In great measure new of course. A plan or prospectus of the Nomenclature according to the order of ideas.

16. *Ancient and Modern Philosophy* by Mr. Naigeon, 2 vols, 4to.

Mr. Diderot's articles to be left with all their virgin beauties, but very great improvements promised with regard to all the rest.

17. *Metaphysics, Logic, and Ethics.* Mr. Gueneau de Montbeillard, 1 vol. 4to.

Some additions, but more parings.

18. *Grammar and Belles-Lettres.* By a society of men of letters, at the head of whom are Messrs. Marmontel and Beauzée, of the French Academy.

A great deal of new, and great improvements from Marmontel and Voltaire.

19. *Jurisprudence.* Compiled by L'Abbé Remi, Counsellor at Law, from the works of a Society. Three volumes, 4to.

Much new matter, an order of reading, and a catalogue of the best books and best editions.

20. *Finances.* Mr. Digeon, Director of the Royal Farms, 1 vol. 4to.

Almost entirely new, treating the object with regard to every part of Europe, and some articles *apparently* written by a person who has had peculiar opportunities of being well informed.

21. *Political Oeconomy.* L'Abbé Baudeau. 1 vol. 4to.

Entirely new, as it made no part of the original plan.

22. *Naval Dictionary.* Mr. Vial de Clair-Bois, Ingenieur-Constructeur de la Marine, and of the Royal Naval Academy, and Mr. Blondeau, Professor of Mathematics and Hydrography at the Maritime Academy, of the Royal Academy, &c. &c.

Almost entirely new.

23. *Military Dictionary.* The ordnance part by Mr. Pommereuil, Captain of Artillery; the rest by Major Keralio, of the Academy of Inscriptions, 2 vols. 4to.

Will probably be most capitally done, as it is to be little more but extracts from the best approved writers, extraordinary well put together, with a list of the best words, and a notitia of the order in which the articles are to be read.

25. *The fine Arts, Painting, Sculpture Engraving, Architecture, Music and Dancing,* by L'Abbé Arnaud of the French

French and Inscr. Mr. Suard of the French Acad. with the assistance of Mr. Watelet and others.

Music excepted, the worst part of the old book. All the old writers to be consulted, and considerable assistance from different professors to be expected.

26. *Arts Mechanical, and Trades*. By a Society, 4 vol. 4to.

Above 300 admirably described by Mr. Diderot in the old book, but too much subdivision; no proper analogy between the text and the plates, and some omissions of a graver kind. These to be remedied by Mr. Roland de la Platriere, Inspector General of the Manufactures in Picardy, who has promised a great number of new articles, compiled from his own observation, and Mr. Peryer, who is to give the theory of fire engines, &c. &c.

27. *Universal Index*, 1 vol. 4s. Will contain a *most accurate* history of the accidents and fortunes of the Encyclopedia, from its first conception, with all the Prolegomena, and a copious Index, both of the articles and the capital words in them. This will be the first volume published.

In all 27 volumes, none of which will be to be had separate on any account.

It is but justice for the author of this Review to add, upon his own authority, that he knows the gentlemen employed in the present undertaking to be most of them very much looked up to in France for their abilities in their respective lines, ample specimens of which many of them have given.

DIVINITY AND ORIENTAL LEARNING.

Professor Schultz, at Halle, has printed the Hebrew translation of those parts of Daniel which are in Chaldaic.

An excellent sermon on the method of understanding scripture expressions, by Mr. Paley.

Fragmentum Copticum ex actis S. Coluthi Martyris erutum ex membranis vetustissimis sæculi V ac Latine redditum, quod nunc primum in lucem profert ex Museo suo, Stephanus Borgia a secretis sacræ congregationis de propaganda fide Romæ.

Mr. Borgia is preparing other Coptic fragments, particularly a Coptico-Greek fragment of the Gospel according to St. John, which will come out very soon.

De eo quod præstandum restat in litteris Orientalibus, Jacobus Bruns.

Epistola Samaritana Sichemitarum tertia ad Jobum Ludolphum ex autographo quod servatur in Bibliotheca Cl. Butneri, Professoris Goettingensis. Edidit Jacobus Bruns.

M E T A P H Y S I C S.

Ancient Metaphysics, vol. II. by Lord Monboddo. I am preparing an analysis of this sensible, entertaining, and characteristical book, of a respectable writer, who has a long chapter in favour of dreams, and a whole book against the principles of Sir Isaac Newton's astronomy, and yet what he says on either of the subjects is no laughing matter.

N A T U R A L H I S T O R Y.

Dr. Bloch of Berlin is publishing a natural history of fishes, of which I have heard a favourable account.— It appears in numbers, each consisting of six folio plates, and six or seven sheets of letter-press in quarto. At present it is only published in German, but a French translation is preparing. The price to subscribers is two rix-dollars (about six shillings) for each number, on royal paper, and with the prints coloured. The author expects the whole work will be comprized in ten or twelve numbers. Subscriptions are taken in at Mr. Bing's, No. 1, Shorter's-court, Throgmorton-street.

Dr. Brouffonet of Montpellier, now in England, is likewise preparing a general natural history of fishes, which he also intends to publish in numbers, each consisting of ten plates, and five sheets of letter-press, the description of every fish, in Latin, being comprized in half a sheet. The drawings and descriptions are all taken from real specimens, the Doctor having access to the principal collections, especially to those in which the greatest number of fishes lately brought from the South Sea are preserved. None of it is yet published, but the first decade is in great forwardness.

Those

Those who have read the Doctor's account of the *Ophidium Barbatum Linnæi*, in the last volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, must have a good opinion of his qualifications for the task he undertakes.

HISTORY.

I am really sorry I have let the month slip away so as not to have time to do more, at present, than thank Dr. Stewart for the pleasure and instruction which he has afforded me in an *History of Scotland*, which I am persuaded will hold its rank amongst *Histories* for ever, and of which I mean to say much more next month.

Histoire de Charlemagne, 4 vols. 12mo. This is published at Paris, but not yet come over, nor do I know its character.

Mémoires concernant l'histoire les sciences, les arts, les mœurs, les usages &c. des Chinois, par les Missionnaires de Pekin. Vol. VII. and VIII.

This continuation of a classical work shall likewise have an article assigned to it very speedily.

ASTRONOMY, GEOGRAPHY AND NAVIGATION.

Sixieme Livraison de la Geographie comparée, ou analyse de la Geographie ancienne et moderne de tous les pais et de tous les ages. Par Mr. Mentelle, Professeur Emerite d'Histoire et de Geographie de l'école *Royale Militaire*, &c. &c.

Espagne Ancienne.

This work, much wanted, now publishing by subscription in France, and which comes out in numbers, deserves a particular article, which I shall therefore give it in my next, as I hear a very good account of it from good judges.

Voyage dans les mers de l'Inde fait par ordre du Roi à l'occasion du passage de Venus sur le disque du Soleil le 6 Juin, 1761, et le 3 du meme mois 1769, par Mr. Le Gentil. Tome II. 1781.

Said to be an excellent book, particularly for the astronomy of the Chinese.

History of modern Astronomy, from the foundation of the school of Alexandria to 1730. Vol. III. 4to.

I shall take an opportunity of speaking much more at large of this elegant and much approved work, as well as of Mr. Baillis' History of Ancient Astronomy.

Supplement au Neptune Oriental par feu Mr. D'Après de Manneville.

M U S I C.

A general History of Musick, from the earliest Ages to the present Period. By Dr. Burney. Vol. II.

A fuller account of this will of course be given. The most curious things in it, at the first glance, are, several very scarce specimens of the compositions of the early contrapuntists on the continent, and a chapter of the origin of modern languages to which written melody and harmony were first applied. This takes in the Provençal language and songs, French, Italian, Cambro British, and English.

P A I N T I N G.

Anecdotes of Painting in England, 5 vols. 8vo. with additions. By Mr. Horace Walpole.

Volvenda dies en attulit! Long looked for come at last. This will likewise make a precious extract for the next number. Why must we complain so long of this great writer, *Haud hominum curare triumphos?* that he cares not to receive his laurels from his contemporaries, and will leave them to be bestowed by posterity. Where, in short, is the Mysterious Mother, those graves Camoenæ so often promised, so long expected, and so sure of not missing the bosoms at which they are directed?

P O E T R Y.

Poemetto di Catullo intorno alle nozze di Peleo e di Teti ed un Epitalamio dello stesso tradotti in versi Italiana.

This is sweetly done, particularly the fine lines on the virgin and flower. *Ut flos in pulchris*, which Ariosto imitated, Gay parodied in the Beggar's Opera, Hamilton the painter found such an elegant place for under his charming print of Innocence, and is again translated into English in the Gentleman's Magazine of this month, where, by the bye, are some very pretty verses of Mr. Cumberland's on the marriage of Miss

Sackville,

Sackville, much more decent, and almost as sweet as the famous Idyll to Helen. With the Catullus is a translation of the fine hymn to Jove by Cleanthes, which, fine as it is, is not above the neglected Mrs. Barbauld's address to the Divinity.

C H E M I S T R Y.

Opuscules Chymiques et Physiques de M. T. Beryman, traduits par Mr. de Morveau.

This is not strictly speaking new, having been published in the year 1780. But I am desir'd to mention it as an excellent book. It contains eleven separate dissertations on the following subjects. Aerial acid. Analysis of waters. Waters of Upsal. Acidulous fountains of the parish of Denmark. Sea-water. Cold artificial medicinal waters. Warm artificial medicinal waters. Acid of sugar. Preparation of allum. Antimonial Tartar, or Tartar emetick. Magnesia.

M E D I C I N E A N D M I D W I F R Y.

Mr. Spallanzani has lately published a work on digestion, which contains various experiments, and is said to be very curious.

L'Abbé Fontana has published two 4to. volumes on the effects of poisons, and their proper antidotes. By the account of it, this seems an extension of his papers printed in the transactions.

Traité sur divers accouchemens laborieux, et sur les Polypes de la Matrice, ouvrage dans lequel on trouve la description d'un nouveau Levier imité de celui de Roonhuysen et mis en parallele avec le forceps; ainsi que d'un nouvel instrument propre à la ligature des Polypes. Par Mr. Herbiniaux chirurgien, accoucheur, et lithotomiste à Bruxelles. 2 vols. 8vo.

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

Tableau de Paris, 4 vols. 8vo. 1712. This is the second edition of this work, just as large again as the first. That I ran over, and found it a strong satire on the writers country, in which there was a good deal of truth, a good deal of exaggeration, and a good deal of nonsense. May be useful, however, to such as want to know the present state of manners in France, and likewise to young travellers. And so may

N^o 46, 47, 48, of Le Conducteur François contenant les nouvelles Diligences, Messageries, et autres voitures publiques, avec un detail historique et topographique des endroits ou elles passent, meme de ceux qu'on peut appercevoir, des notes curieuses sur les chaines de montagnes qu'on rencoutre, &c. enrichi de Cartes Topographiques dont les routes sont distinguées par une couleurs. I. liv. 10s. or 1s. 3d. per number.

Recueil d'Epitaphes enrichi de notes, et d'Anecdotes historiques, 2 vols. 8vo.

Nobody will expect me to read this through to tell them what is in it: but I believe it good *influenza* reading.

Confessions de Jean Jaques Rousseau are published, and soon expected: as soon as they come over I shall, together with an account of what is new in the edition of which they make part, give a copious translated extract of them.

Another gentleman has sent me another didactic poem, the name of which I will not mention, because there is, as *usual* in didactic poems, the *principium scribendi rectè*, good sense and observation; but once more and it is *extremum quod vos alloquor*, good sense and observation, is not poetry. Why will not these gentlemen begin by translating one hundred lines of *Virgil's* Georgics, that they may have an idea of what ornaments such things require, and how they are to be obtained.

I should with great pleasure have inserted two letters, printed, as I believe, in the Bristol papers, about February or March 1771, and which I suspect to be the Dean of Gloucester's, relative to the cause of the troubles of Geneva; but though they meet my sense of things, and would, I am persuaded, give great satisfaction, I am afraid (for they are very long) of deviating too far from the purport of a literary journal.

The famous Father Beccaria is lately dead at Turin.

Dr. Lilienthal died at Konigsberg, March the 7th, 1782, aged 65.

I am sorry to acquaint the public, that the publication of the *Acta Eruditorum* of Leipzig (once a valuable work) is suspended.

A NEW REVIEW.

For J U N E, 1782.

ART. I. *Observations on the Nature, Kinds, Causes, and Prevention of Insanity, Lunacy, or Madness. By Thomas Arnold, M. D. In Two Volumes. Vol. I.*

THIS writer's plan will best be given in his own words: "To give a true and complete history
" of Insanity in all its variety of appearances,—to enter minutely and specifically into the investigation of
" its causes,—to lay down clear, exact, and sufficient rules of prevention,—to invent, and to delineate with
" accuracy and precision, experienced and efficacious methods of cure in every species of this disorder,—
" would require more than the labour of one man, or of one age; and whenever it shall be accomplished,
" must be the object of a much larger treatise than I have any thought of laying before the public at present. Hereafter I may endeavour to do something towards the completing of such a plan; and I am not without hope that the diligent observation even of one man, conducted with a steady attention to so great and important an object, may do more than could be expected when we take a retrospective view of the small advances that have hitherto been made, in a series of ages, by the numbers who have had no such plan in prospect: at least it is my intention, at some future period, if I have life and
VOL. I. U u " health,

“ health, to offer to the world as full and exact a de-
 “ scription of the Nature, Causes, and Cure of the
 “ various kinds of Insanity, as my small abilities, aided
 “ by no small experience in these deplorable maladies,
 “ will enable me to execute.—This essay will, in the
 “ mean time, sufficiently attain its end, if, by ac-
 “ quainting such of the less informed part of the pub-
 “ lic, whom it may most concern, with the great vari-
 “ ety of those disorders which are called by the gene-
 “ ral appellation of Madness, Insanity, or Lunacy;
 “ many of which, contrary to what seems commonly
 “ to be imagined, require very different, and some
 “ very opposite methods of cure; it shall in any degree
 “ contribute to put a stop to the usual practice of im-
 “ prudently trusting their unhappy friends, who have
 “ the misfortune to be afflicted with so various, terri-
 “ ble, and obstinate a disease, to the common empiri-
 “ cal practice of indiscriminate evacuation, not to
 “ mention harsh and cruel treatment, in the hands of
 “ any illiterate pretender:—and if, by more clearly
 “ explaining some points relative to the nature and
 “ symptoms of Madness, by enumerating its several
 “ causes, by cautioning against some which are in a
 “ great measure in our own power, and by pointing
 “ out probable methods of preventing so humiliating
 “ a degradation of our reasoning faculties, it shall not
 “ only tend to eradicate some errors and prejudices
 “ relative to these matters, which have been deeply
 “ rooted, and almost universally approved and propa-
 “ gated; and consequently to point out some improve-
 “ ments both in our knowledge, and practice, relative
 “ to this disorder; but shall be successful in persuad-
 “ ing many of my fellow creatures to that temperance
 “ and moderation in the whole of their thoughts and
 “ conduct, which will in every respect be conducive
 “ to their ease and happiness, and will almost infallibly
 “ secure to them those greatest of earthly blessings—
 “ a healthful body, and a sound mind.”

After some ingenious reasons why the French will
 never be much troubled with religious, amorous, or
 commercial

commercial melancholy, the last of which, as well as that arising from an excess of wealth and luxury, the author thinks more peculiar to this than to any other country, Dr. A. gives a criticism upon the common definitions and divisions of delirium and insanity, with none of which he is satisfied; to these, therefore, he substitutes his own: “ Insanity, as well as delirium, may be considered as divisible into two kinds; one of which may be called *ideal*,—and the other *notional insanity*.

“ “ Ideal insanity is that state of mind in which a person imagines he sees, hears, or otherwise perceives, or converses with, persons or things, which either have no external existence to his senses at that time; —or have no such external existence as they are then conceived to have;—or, if he perceives external objects as they really exist, has yet erroneous and absurd ideas of his own form, and other sensible qualities:—such a state of mind continuing for a considerable time; and being unaccompanied with any violent or adequate degree of fever.”

“ Insanity of this sort is sometimes attended with fear, sometimes with audacity, sometimes with neither; and may be either constant,—remittent,—or intermittent.—The constant has no very observable, nor any regular remissions:—the remittent usually grows milder once in twenty-four hours, generally in the day time, and has exacerbations in the evening:—the intermittent has considerable lucid intervals; and as the paroxysms of this sort of Madness have been commonly supposed to obey the full and change of the moon, it has therefore been peculiarly distinguished by the name of Lunacy;—a name which has, however, been indiscriminately extended to every species of Insanity.”

“ “ Notional Insanity is that state of mind in which a person sees, hears, or otherwise perceives external objects as they really exist, as objects of sense; yet conceives such notions of the powers, properties, designs, state, destination, importance, manner of existence, or the like, of things and persons, of him-

“ self and others, as appear obviously, and often gross-
 “ ly erroneous, or unreasonable, to the common sense
 “ of the sober and judicious part of mankind. It is
 “ of considerable duration ; is never accompanied with
 “ any great degree of fever, and very often with no
 “ fever at all.”

“ Notional, like ideal Insanity, may be either with
 “ or without fear, or audacity : it is usually constant ;
 “ —but in some cases it remits—and even intermits,—
 “ though for the most part with great uncertainty and
 “ irregularity.”

After 70 pages spent in explaining these, and introducing a good deal of criticism on the terms mania, melancholia, and furor, as used by classical writers of antiquity, the Author examines the famous question, Whether wisdom is so nearly allied to madness as is commonly thought, which he decides in the negative ; we have then the following table :

A Table of the Species of Insanity.

One Genus, ——— INSANITY.

Two Divisions, — IDEAL and NOTIONAL.

I. IDEAL INSANITY.

INSANITY	—	1. Phrenetic.
		2. Incoherent.
		3. Maniacal.
		4. Sensitive.

II. NOTIONAL INSANITY.

INSANITY	—	5. Delusive.
		6. Fanciful.
		7. Whimsical.
		8. Impulsive.
		9. Scheming.
		10. Vain, or self-important.
		11. Hypochondriacal.
		12. Pathetic.
		14. Appetitive.

A dissertation on each of these articles, methodically and sensibly written, and illustrated with the proper stories,

stories, concludes this first volume. The next will be employed in an examination of the causes and prevention of madness. As far as I can judge, these are valuable presents, as they contain a good deal of learning, a good deal of native good sense, and, what is as good perhaps as either, the result of great experience.

ART. II. *Lucubrations during a short Recess.* By Mr. Sinclair, Member for Caithnesshire. Price 1s. 6d.

MR. Sinclair, having stated the right which the people have to expect a great deal from the new ministers, proceeds to examine in what manner they can serve us; this, he imagines, will be most effectually done by amendments in the representation; for as to annual or triennial parliaments, he approves neither—not the former, because the business to be done, so different from that submitted to parliament in the days of our Edwards and Henrys (when such parliaments were in use), would not allow of the members getting acquainted even with the forms—nor the latter, because he thinks with Sir Richard Steele, that they would infallibly produce a triennial ministry, triennial alliances, and a triennial government.

Our resource then lies in a more adequate representation; but of what kind?—Not by an addition of 100 county members, for then the house would be too full;—nor by taking away a hundred members from the boroughs, for then it would be too empty: but by subtracting a certain number of borough members and giving them to the counties. This would not be an injustice, for sovereigns have parted with their privileges, when they were injurious to their people; and the heritable jurisdictions of Scotland have been taken from the proprietors they belonged to. Nor indeed is the right of those boroughs, which have the most probable chance of being disfranchised, so ancient as is pretended; for it appears by an old manuscript published by Mr. Willis,

lis*, that in 1446 there were not a hundred towns that sent members to parliament.—After all, compensation might be made to the sufferers—for as to the objections taken against what are called experiments in the government of the state, they can be of no avail against any plan tending to confirm those very principles on which the constitution is founded.

The difficulty then is, how this useful business is to be done? To get over this, the author gives us a list of the different cities and boroughs in England, with the supposed number of electors in each. It appears from this list (which is not absolutely exact and authentic, for this would be impossible without the assistance of parliament, but made on the authority of Willis's *Notitia Parliamentaria*), that the number of electors are about 95,000—a greater number, small as theorists may consider it, than ever before had great weight in the government of a state. The author then reasons in the following manner.—Some boroughs to be totally amputated—as Gatton and Old Sarum (which in fact have no existence at all), and such Cornish ones as are either most insignificant in themselves, or have been most recently invested with parliamentary privileges. This operation, which is to be extended to 15 boroughs, will give 30 members. In order to find the other 70, partially amputate (or take one member from) 70 other boroughs, a list of which the author gives us, and the number of electors in which only amount to 6034. These 6034, with the other 700, making in all 7000 voters, are surely a very small sacrifice to the rights and interest of eight millions of people. It might be still lessened by permitting the people thus affected to vote for county representatives.

After the assignment of a few reasons for the disfranchisement of particular boroughs more than others, our author considers how he shall dispose of the overflow of members thence arising. This he does, according to the following table.

* *Notit. Parl.* vol. I. Appendix.

	Members
Thirty-seven English counties at two each	74
Yorkshire and Middlesex four each	8
London and Westminster two each	4
Southwark	1
Warwickshire	3
Scotland	8
Wales	2
	<hr/>
	100
	<hr/>

He then gives us another table of the state of the counties as they will then stand.

The mode of proceeding in the business he means to be by a select committee of the House of Commons, who may give ten or twelve thousand pounds to boroughs which are private property (such as Gatton and Old Sarum) for the right of sending each representative, and 500l. a-year a member to the others—an expence that will be very trifling in comparison of the great good expected.

To effect this plan it is necessary that there be no jealousies of counties from a neighbouring shire having a member more than might be strictly its due, or any other little cause.

In an appendix the author gives us the plans suggested by Dr. Price, Major Cartwright, and Mr. Postlethwaite. To these he adds two tables; the one drawn up with a view of letting the reader see at a glance at what time the different cities, towns, and boroughs began to send representatives to parliament; and the second containing an abstract of the gradual alterations in the representation of the people.

ART. III. *The Works of Bishop Newton.*

[Continued from last Month.]

BISHOP Newton's Life is followed by an Appendix, which contains three numbers; the first is a speech designed for the House of Lords, against the Dissenters in 1772. This is severe, and, I think, weak; but, in the second, containing the sentiments of a moderate man, concerning toleration, the Bishop seems to have changed his opinion, and is willing to grant a free toleration, only obliging every dissenting minister, after taking the customary oaths, to write and subscribe some such declaration as this; "I A. B. now to be permitted to perform duty in such a place, do here, in the presence of Almighty God, and before this worshipful assembly, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, renounce and abjure the principles of Antinomians, Levellers, Fifth-monarchy-men, and Republicans, and all others hostile to the present government; and, in grateful return for the free exercise of my own religion, I solemnly promise and engage never, upon any account, to revile or disturb the religion established by law." This salvo once submitted to, the Bishop would only "exclude those who declare publicly for no king, no bishops, and no house of lords, thus propagating principles, which, if pursued to their consequences, would be destructive of all civil government and society."

Number three is a letter to the new parliament, with hints of some regulations which the nation hopes and expects from them. The following are the principal topics mentioned, viz. riots,---associations,---petitions,---papists,---dissenters (upon whom he is unnecessarily and cruelly severe),---qualifications of electors and elected,---an act to prevent the mob's coming on the hustings at elections,---proposals of a poll-tax, and of a limitation (but by no means a cessation) of franking---taxes upon public places (particularly the schools of oratory), and on batchelors---an equal land-tax,---a proposal for masters having a power of beating their servants, and justices

justices of peace to send them for soldiers, without any other process,---no servants to be taken without characters on a five shilling stamp,---no divorces, when husbands and wives are equally guilty, but to live together, and plague each other,---a revival of the *Lex Talionis*, so that every man be put to death in the manner he killed another---and *eke mangled as he hath mangled*,---libels against the king to be punished as high-treason,---a revival of ecclesiastical discipline, so that when prebends and rectors are called to reside, it may not be a question whether, like Owen Glendower's spirits, they will come at the call,---great additional powers to be conferred on the justices of the peace.—Whatever may be thought of it, this farrago is not dull.

The remainder of this volume contains dissertations on the Prophecies.

In Vol. II. and III. we have ninety dissertations on different subjects: these are the Bishop's Sermons, thrown into this form, and were evidently meant to contain a compleat system of revealed religion, as he examines all the great questions, and offers solutions of all the difficulties that have been made.

The most curious of these is undoubtedly the last, on the final state and condition of men.

The Bishop believes the existence of hell-fire in its literal sense, nor does he credit the doctrine of annihilation, or think that God's threats are not meant to be executed, or that by the word Eternal a proper Eternity is not meant.—Still, however, he believes (somewhat contradictorily indeed to what he has said before) that the sentence to be pronounced at the last day is not final; but that the righteous may fall off, and the wicked, even the Devil himself, repent, and be saved; for, as free moral agency must remain, and good men will be only like angels, *who did sin*, and none but God is perfect; so it is improbable that any body can be content to dwell with everlasting burnings---especially when their belief will be changed into evidence, their capacities enlarged, their temptations, for want of bodily organs, diminished, and their

habits subdued by incessant torture—then correction will be answered, and example be of no use; so that to think that God will continue to punish them is what you may imagine, but never seriously believe. And confirmations of this opinion are to be found in a treatise published in 1761, called “Universal Restitution a Scriptural Doctrine;” in Huet’s *Origeniana*, which contains all that Origen has said on the subject; and in Windet, *de Vita Functorum Statu*, where we have the account of the opinion of the Hebrew doctors; the great authority, however, the Bishop thinks, is to be sought for in Scripture; what is found there must therefore be given at length, at least what is found in the Gospel.

“But the great charter of universal redemption is the gospel, which will be found in the end what it was proclaimed in the beginning, (Luke ii. 14) “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men?” But what glory to God, to see a number of his creatures plunged in the depth of misery? What good will towards men, to consign so many of them to everlasting punishment? Our blessed Lord, in saying (Matt. v. 26.) “Thou shalt by no means come out thence” (out of prison) “till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing,” and (xviii. 34.) “his Lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him,” sufficiently implies, that some time or other satisfaction may be made, the debts of sin be discharged, and the sinner himself released out of prison.—It is the declared end and purpose of our blessed Saviour’s coming into the world to recover and to redeem lost mankind. “The Son of man,” as he saith himself, (Luke xix. 10.) “is come to seek and to save what is lost.” And shall the purpose of his coming be so far frustrated and defeated, as that the greater part of those whom he came to seek and save shall be lost and undone forever? How often he is styled “the Saviour of the world” in the full extent and meaning of the words! (John iii. 17.) “God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved:” (1 John iv. 14.) “We have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the World:” (1 Tim. ii. 4.) “God will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.” iv. 10.) “He is Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe:” (2 Pet. iii. 9.) “He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance:” (1 John ii. 1. 2.) “We have an advocate with

with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world :” (Luke iii. 6.) “ And all flesh shall see the salvation of God :” And after so many gracious promises and assurances of universal salvation, is he the Saviour of the world only intentionally, and not effectually ; or is he to save only the chosen few, and to leave the many under eternal condemnation ? His very enemies are reconciled to God by the merits and sufferings of his beloved Son. (Rom. v. 10.) “ When we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life :” (2 Cor. v. 19.) “ God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them :” (Col. i. 19, &c.) “ For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell ; And having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself, by him, I say, whether they be in earth or things in Heaven ; And you that were sometimes alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled, in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unproveable in his sight :” (Rom. xi. 32.)—“ God hath concluded all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all :” But what kind of peace and reconciliation is that where they still live in open enmity, and are treated as enemies, where vengeance still pursues them, and their misery has no end ?—For the reward of his sufferings God hath highly exalted his Son, and (Eph. i. 20, &c.) “ set him at his own right-hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, and put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all :” But he can never obtain those glorious ends, he can never be “ far above all principality and power,” or “ be head over all,” or “ fill all in all,” as long as there are evil angels and evil men, who are in rebellion against him, and to their utmost power resist and oppose his will.—(1 John iii. 8.) “ For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil :” But “ the works of the devil” cannot be said with truth to be “ destroyed,” as long as any wickedness subsists in the world.—It is repeated again and again that he must put “ all things under his feet ;” but the subjection of intelligent creatures consists not in being kept under by superior force and violence, but in the change of their affections and the submission of their wills (2 Cor. x. 5.), “ casting down

X x 2

imagination,

imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." In this manner must all creatures bow down to him, before the end come. (Philip. ii. 10, 11.) "At the name of Jesus Christ every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is the Lord, to the glory of God the Father." "And (Rev. v. 13.) every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea and all that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." As he was the Creator, so he will be the Saviour of all beings. For (John i. 3.) "all things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made." (Col. i. xvi. 17.) "By him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist:" And we may be certain that He who made the world will not suffer it to remain in eternal disorder, but will rectify and restore his own creation. "For he must reign (1 Cor. xv. 25, 26.) till he hath put all enemies under his feet: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." The death here intended is "the second death." For (Rev. xx. 14.) "death and hell" or hades "were cast into the lake of fire; this is the second death:" and (ver. 10) "the devil and the beast and the false prophet were cast into the lake of fire and brimstone; and (xxi. 8.) the fearful and unbelieving, are the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." It must be this "second death," therefore, that, after subduing all other enemies and bringing them to submission, shall itself at last be destroyed. When this penal and purging and purifying fire shall have accomplished the purposes for which it was intended, it shall be totally extinguished; and as there will be no more any creatures to be punished, so there will be no more any place of punishment. Then in the fullest sense (1 Cor. xv. 54.) "shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory;" and (Rev. xxi. 4.) "there shall be no more death." "Then cometh the end, (1 Cor. xv. 24, 28.) when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God even the Father, when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power; And when all things shall be sub-
dued

dued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." When all things shall thus "be made perfect in one" according to his prayer, (John xvii. 23.) then his mediatorial kingdom shall cease, but he shall reign as God for ever and ever (ver. 5.) "in the glory which he had with the Father before the world was."

The other dissertations, which from their titles may appear curious, are those on the daily service of the church—on the demoniacks—heresies and schisms—every one shall be salted with fire (shewing that the fire of hell is not metaphorical but real)—our Saviour's eloquence—the long life of St. John—the prevalence of popery—the nature and condition of angels—the infidelity of the present age—public worship—dreams—learned pride—and the philosophy of scripture.

We have then nine occasional sermons, and five charges: The sermons seem to contain nothing particular; but the four last charges, viz. on the increase of popery in 1766; on the licentiousness of the times, 1770; on the late attempts against the church (taking in the several petitions on the Nullum Tempus bill and tythes in 1773) and a dissuasive from schism in 1776 and 1777—contain of course interesting matter. If any of it shall appear particular enough to be worth noting, it shall be selected in a future extract.

ART. III. *The History of Scotland, from the establishment of the Reformation till the death of Queen Mary.* By Gilbert Stuart, LL.D. &c. Murray, 1 l. 5 s.

DR. STUART having in his History of the Reformation given an account of the events which happened during Mary's minority and residence in France, takes her up at her return from Scotland in 1560, and concludes his history with an account of her death in 1588. Dr. Robertson's is therefore a more compleat work, as it contains an abridgment of the whole Scottish history, and does not end untill the accession of James VI. to the crown of England.

As to the other merits of the two rival historians, each has some which are peculiar to himself. Dr. Robertson is more correct and more elegant; his digressions (which he delights in) have allowed him a fuller scope; he abounds more in nice observations of a general tendency; and he gives us more original state papers. Dr. Stuart, notwithstanding, pleases me better, not only because I think him in general more nervous and manly, more moral, more tragical, more awful*, in a word, more ethic; but because he gets out of the style of narration as often as he can, and makes the personages speak for themselves. —I learn much more of Queen Mary, of what she wrote and what she said, from him, than I do from the other, and he seldom fails in other cases to specify time, place, and circumstance, which gives such life to history that I wonder any body acquainted with ancient history can omit them.

With regard to the last melancholy scene, which the stupendous Clarendon calls—the blemish of the unparalleled act of blood—both historians have their merits, and both will be read with pleasure. But I am particularly obliged to Dr. Stuart for Mary's speech to Burleigh, and the names of her judges, and her last letter to Elizabeth†, and for having described her as coming out amidst the screams and lamentations of her women, and for her speech to Kent, when he discovered a reluctance to let her women attend her on the scaffold—
 “ I am cousin to your mistress, and descended from Henry
 “ VII. I am a dowager of France, and the anointed
 “ Queen of Scotland;” and for telling me “that when
 “ she named her son, her eyes were flooded with tears,
 “ which she could not repress, and she seemed to struggle
 “ with sorrow she could not reveal.” These circumstances, as also that of Rizzio's being old and ugly when he was

* See particularly Morton's catastrophe and character, Buchanan's character, and Knox's character, which is more shaded, and less favourable than Dr. Robertson's.

† This reminds us of the Homeric and Sophoclean *αδύνα ἐξήνεχσε γούνα.*
 5 murderer,

murderer, and of Mary then with child, looking upon her shape when he was murdering, are the writing of a man who knew very well what history ought to be. I own I am not so well pleased with the Queen's character, not because it is different from Dr. Robertson's as to the ground-work, for it could not be otherwise; but because it is too long, and not so well shaded as the rest, particularly as Morton's, which, as it is what Dr. S. may stand or fall by, I shall insert by way of specimen of his work, premising only a few words said of the same Morton before, as I think them remarkably fine, particularly the conclusion.

“ The naked deformity of his practices shocked and
“ astonished the nation. Terror, indignation, and ha-
“ tred, pervaded all the orders of men. The nobles, the
“ clergy, and the commons, concurred in wishing a deli-
“ verance from a domination, which had converted the
“ laws into an engine of iniquity, and which had de-
“ clared a relentless war against their natural and poli-
“ tical rights. His perfidiousness and cruelty, his rapa-
“ city and oppression, his public corruption and his pri-
“ vate vices, were held out to him in reproach. He
“ trembled with all the ensigns of command, and in the
“ midst of his wealth he heard the angry and instruc-
“ tive voice of the people; and he dreaded that power
“ which, mocking the proud imbecillity of the tyrant,
“ leads him out to the scaffold, and spills his blood to
“ teach wisdom to kings.

“ The Earl of Morton, the last of the Scottish Re-
“ gents, was low in stature, had an engaging counte-
“ nance, and possessed a form and habit vigorous and
“ active. His natural capacity and endowments were
“ uncommon; and his experience in the world, and in
“ business, was most ample. He had known the great-
“ est change of fortune; the evils of poverty and ex-
“ ile, the advantages of immense wealth and exorbitant
“ power, the blandishments of flattery, and the wretch-
“ edness of the most abject humiliation. He engaged
“ himself in the pursuits of ambition with a pertinacity
“ and ardour that could neither be repressed nor fa-
“ tigated; and he advanced in them with no fear of
“ shame,

“ shame, and no desire of glory. He was rather info-
“ lent than haughty, rather cunning than wise, and
“ more artificial than politic. In a period when every
“ statesman was a soldier, he had talents for war as well as
“ peace ; but his courage was more undaunted in the
“ cabinet than in the field. He was subtle, intriguing,
“ and treacherous. He was stained with rebellion and
“ murder ; and from the incurable malignity of his na-
“ ture, he was inclined to wanton in mischief, and to
“ take a delight in the enormities of wickedness. He
“ was close, cruel, covetous, and vindictive. He grati-
“ fied without scruple the madness of his passions, and
“ the whimsies of his caprice. His rapacity was heigh-
“ tened and deformed by insults. He was forward to
“ encounter every species of execration and odium. The
“ contempt of integrity which marked and polluted his
“ public conduct was also characteristic of his private
“ life ; and in both he disdained alike the censure and
“ disapprobation of his compatriots. But while the vi-
“ ces of the man were not so pernicious as the crimes of
“ the politician, they were accompanied with cultiva-
“ tion and lustre. His mode of living, though voluptu-
“ ous, was tasteful. His palaces and gardens were splen-
“ did beyond the fashion of his age. His luxury had the
“ charm of refinement ; and while an ardent propensity
“ carried him to the sex, his amours were delicate and
“ elegant. He relieved the agitations and the cares of
“ ambition, with the smiles of beauty and the solace-
“ ments of love. But while his passion for pleasure ap-
“ pears with some advantage amidst the deformities of his
“ character, it was little suited to the complexion of his
“ times. The austerity and gloom which the preachers
“ had excited in the body of the people, and which
“ stood in the place of religion, were hostile to gallantry
“ in the greatest degree. His sensualities, though the
“ most venial of all his errors, roused up against him
“ the most general and the most indignant resentment.
“ Odious with private corruptions, and execrable with
“ public crimes, he exhausted the patience of an age ac-
“ customed to the most enormous profligacy. The jea-
“ lousy

“ lousy of his enemies, and the justice of his nation cal-
 “ led him to expiate, upon the scaffold, the murder
 “ of his sovereign; and he ascended it without the con-
 “ solation of one virtue. He had yet reconciled himself
 “ to Heaven from the partialities natural to man; and
 “ he relied with an assured hope upon entering into a
 “ happy immortality in another existence. His bursts
 “ of repentance and remorse were humiliating and in-
 “ structive; and terminated with *propriety* the tenor of
 “ a life, which had never experienced the satisfaction
 “ and the transports of patriotism and probity.”

Such is my idea of this History in general; but as it is written with a professed view of vindicating the Queen from having had a share in the murder of her husband, it will be proper to lay before the reader the sum of the argument upon that subject, observing only, that there are answers to part of it in Dr. Robertson's dissertation concerning the murder of King Henry, and the genuineness of the Queen's letters to Bothwell, and referring those who choose to examine the question critically for themselves, to Mr Goodall's examination of the letters said to have been written from the Queen of Scots to Bothwell, to Mr. Titler's labours on the same subject, and to what Brantome and Ronfard have said of the impossibility of the sonnets being her composition. Indeed a critical knowledge of French, and of the criteria of French composition, would be of great assistance in deciding the question.

The evidence, with regard to Darnley's murder, resolves itself, it is well known, into two kinds; the circumstantial part, resulting from Mary's behaviour before the fact, and after it; and the positive, grounded upon some letters pretended by her friends to have been forged by Murray and Morton, the real contrivers of the murder. With regard to the former, though there are some shrewd observations in what Dr. Stuart has said, yet I cannot think that he has done the Queen very essential service. There were certainly many appearances of guilt on her, both before the murder and after. The strongest thing which I think

can be said, is, that it did not seem to sit heavy upon her mind in the hour when guilt should have oppressed her most, and when, if she was a hypocrite, she was a very determined and very hardy one indeed.—What is said of the letters, is far more satisfactory ; it is to the following purpose. If they were written to Bothwell, and taken as pretended on his servant, how came he, seeing that they contained such proofs of his guilt, not to destroy them when he had it in his power after his marriage, but to send for them at the time when the Governor of the castle, where they were, being his enemy, there was the greatest chance of a discovery? How came they, if discovered so early as the 20th of June, not to be mentioned, either in the subsequent proclamation to punish Bothwell, or to the French ambassador, when complaints of Mary were made to him, or to Throk Morton, or to the protestant clergy, or when the Queen resigned her crown, or when Murray made her his opprobrious visit at Lockleven? Or how, more extraordinary still, came the conspirators to attempt justifying their rising by letters said to be found in June, when they were in arms in May, called Bothwell the *ravisher* of their Queen on the 26th of May, on the 11th of July are known to have been only *thinking* of these letters, which they had even not yet produced, when Throg Morton took leave the 30th of August?

Again ; If the letters and sonnets and other papers were really genuine, why were they not mentioned all at once—but the letters first—and the sonnets after, as a subsequent discovery—and why are they first hinted at—then promised—then at length shewn—and this both in Scotland—and in England—where the same scene is repeated with little variation? Finally, how came Nic. Hubert, the carrier of these inelegant, coarse and unchronologic letters, of these letters written on days when Mary was differently employed, and in places where she was not present, of these letters, said to be written in French ; but the French of which is a translation from Buchanan, whose Latin is a translation from the Scotch ; how came, says Dr. Stuart, N. Hubert, the

the carrier of these letters, who was in prison at the time, not to be examined? How came he, and all other persons executed for the murder, uniformly to assert Mary's innocence at their deaths; and how came the Countess of Lenox, Darnley's mother, to ask her pardon, at an after-time, for the part she had taken against her?

This is the sum of the Doctor's arguments; but there are many things that make it still stronger, and do the greatest credit to his genius.

Though I hate taking up paper I want for better purposes, to speak of faults which I do not think very important, I must in duty say that I do not like 'being carried to happiness on the tide of passion,' nor, 'nations harnessed in opinions like horses to a carriage,' nor, 'the bursting heart and weeping eyes of history,' nor, 'conflict with the knowledge of,' instead of a person knew, nor 'compatriot (though used by Mr. Walpole, as well as fast and trift), instead of countryman.

ART. IV. *Anecdotes of Painting in England; collected by the late Mr. George Vertue, and now digested and published from his original MSS. with a Catalogue of Engravers. By Mr. Horace Walpole. 5 vols. 15s.*

Fortunati omnes!

Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aevo.

Names memorable long,
If well-wrought prose gives life as well as song.

WHOEVER, as he is walking about the capital, or travelling the country, loves to know by whom, to whom, and in what taste and spirit the monuments of other days have been raised; whoever wishes to know

where to meet with the numberless semblances that still remain of gorgeous dames and statesmen bold, from Geraldyn, Jane Shore, and the Black Prince, to Elizabeth Sydney, Strafford, and from the personages in Mabuse's marriage of Henry VII. to those which represent the long parliament and the battle of Naseby; whoever, finally, in his search for innocent and elegant entertainment alone, disdains not to be instructed by the latent anecdote, or deep tho' unexpectedly drawn moral, will feel himself much obliged to the friend of Gray, for having at length put this instructive work (first printed in 1762, but not published) within every man's compass of pocket, by taking out the prints, which made it dear, and thus reducing it to an ordinary price.

Mr. Walpole, in the work before us, after running over the materials which his friend Vertue had amassed, for deducing the history of English painting from the year 1228, and supplying out of his own stock the lacunæ left by him from the reign of Henry III. to that of Hen. VII. becomes in this last reign more particular. Opening it (as he does each of the succeeding ones) with a slight sketch of the character of the monarch, he next gives us a separate article for each painter who flourished in it, either Englishman or those who worked for England. He does the same for Architecture, Statuary, Carving, and Medals, and likewise in his fifth volume, for Engraving, concluding all with Hogarth and Vertue;—of living artists, mentioning only a few, lest it should look like flattery if he had mentioned more—not however omitting Mr. Strange lest it should look like the contrary.

Every article contains a short account of the fortunes of the artists; of the accidents which in his time befel his art, and of the pictures which he painted; together with an account of the places, Royal palaces (to see which with pleasure, the book is particularly calculated) and others where they are now to be found.

As this great and respectable list contains many names of persons in whose fate we are singularly interested, as

Holbein, Reubens, Vandyke, Jansen, Dobson, Kneller, Lely, Oliver, Cooper, Daffier, Dorigni, Faithorne, Petitot, Kent, Rysbrach, Roubiliac, Gibbons, Cibber, Herbert Earl of Pembroke, and Boyle Earl of Burlington, General Lambert, Vandewelde, Butler the author of *Hudibras*, Inigo Jones*, Wren†, &c. &c. ; so Mr. Walpole takes care to diversify his information about them. Like an original writer as he is, he either omits to tell us what we knew before, or tells it in such a manner as to strike us with something in it which we had not before taken notice of. When the anecdote of the man is exhausted, he calls up that of the day, and reminds us of some curious old custom, or conveys to us some piece of historical information. In every page he paints himself, and his style and sentiments, as well as his Strawberry-hill, are singularly his own : they are likewise very pleasing, except now-and-then that he imitates the faults, as well as the beauties, of our sprightly neighbours.

Having said thus much in general praise, nothing remains but to give a short justification of each of my opinions, and then commend the book to its destined place in every polite man's closet.

His Majesty Henry III's liquor was composed in consequence of the following warrants.

“ Claus. A°. 34. HEN. III. m. 19. De potibus deli-
 “ catis ad opus regis faciendis. Mandatum est custodi-
 “ bus vinorum regis Winton. quod de vinis regis quae

* “ Who, if a table of fame like that in the *Tatler*, were to be formed for men of real and undisputable genius in every country, would save England from the disgrace of not having her representative among the arts. She adopted Holbein and Vandyck, she borrowed Rubens, she produced Inigo Jones. Vitruvius drew up his Grammar, Palladio showed him the practice, Rome displayed a theatre worthy of his emulation, and King Charles was ready to encourage, employ, and reward his talents. This is the history of Inigo Jones as a genius.” Walpole.

† “ The length of his life enriched the reigns of several princes, and disgraced the last of them. At the age of 86, he was removed from being surveyor-general of the works by king George ! A variety of knowledge proclaims the universality, a multiplicity of works the abundance, St. Paul's the greatness of Sir Christopher's genius.” Walpole.

“ habent

“ habent in custodia sua, liberent Roberto de Monte
 “ Pessulano tanta et talia, qualia et quanta capere volu-
 “ erit, ad potus regis pretiosos delictatos inde faciendos.
 “ Teste rege apud Lutegareshall xxvi die Novembr.”

“ Claus. 96. HEN. III. m. 31. Mandatum est custo-
 “ dibus vinorum regis de Ebor. quod de melioribus vinis
 “ regis quae sunt in custodia sua faciant habere Roberto
 “ de Monte Pessulano duo dolia albi vini et Garhiofi-
 “ lacum, et unum dolium rubri vini ad claretum inde
 “ faciend. ad opus regis contra instans festum Nativita-
 “ tis Dominicae. Et mandatum est Rob. de Monte Pess-
 “ sulano quod festinanter accedat ad Ebor. et garhiofi-
 “ lac. et claret. predict. faciat sicut annis preteritis fa-
 “ cere consuevit.”

Nor was he altogether undeserving of good wine, for
 “ from all the testimonies above recited, Henry III. ap-
 “ pears in a new light from what has hitherto been
 “ known of him. That he was a weak prince in point
 “ of government, is indisputable. That he was a great
 “ encourager of the arts, these records demonstrate.—
 “ When historians talk of his profusion, they evidence
 “ only in what he dissipated on his favourites. But it
 “ is plain that the number and magnificence of his
 “ buildings and palaces must have swallowed great part
 “ of the sums, maliciously charged to the single article of
 “ unworthy favorites. It matters not how a prince
 “ squanders what he has tyrannically squeezed from the
 “ subject: If he exceeds his revenue, it is almost as ill
 “ spent on edifices as on ministers. But it is perhaps
 “ no more than justice to make some allowances for par-
 “ tial or exaggerated relations. Henry was not a wise
 “ prince—may I venture to say more—He was not a
 “ martial prince. Even in these more sensible ages one
 “ illustrious defect in a king converts all his other foi-
 “ bles into excellencies. It must have done so much
 “ more in a season of such heroic barbarism as that of
 “ Henry III. and the want of an enterprizing spirit in
 “ that prince made even his patronage of the arts be im-
 “ puted to effeminacy, or be overlooked. The extra-
 “ vagance of Louis XIV. in his buildings, gardens, wa-
 “ ter-works,

“ ter-works, passed for an object of glory under the ca-
“ non (if I may so say) of his ambition. Henry III.
“ had no conquests to illuminate his cieling, his halls,
“ his bas-reliefs. Yet perhaps the generous sentiment
“ implied in his motto, *Qui non dat quod habet, non ac-*
“ *cipit ille quod optat*, contained more true glory than all
“ the Fast couched under Louis’s emblem of the sun,
“ and his other ostentatious devices. But let me com-
“ pare Henry with one nearer to him. Henry’s reign
“ is one of the most ignominious in our annals; that of
“ Edward I. one of the most triumphant. Yet I would
“ ask by which of the two did the nation suffer most? By
“ sums lavished on favorites and buildings; or by sums
“ and blood wasted in unjust wars? If we look nar-
“ rowly into Edward’s reign, we shall scarce find fewer
“ representations against the tyranny of the son than
“ against the encroachments of the father. Who will
“ own that he had not rather employ master William
“ and Edward of Westminster to paint the gestes of the
“ kings of Antioch, than to imitate the son in his bar-
“ barities in Wales and usurpations in Scotland?”

Not that Mr. Walpole thinks virtù the be-all and the end-all of taste and knowledge; for after discussing whether John ab Eyck was really the first person who mixed his colours with oil (which he doubts, as there is at Hampton-Court in Herefordshire an undoubted original of Henry IV. who died within two years after John ab Eyck’s discovery) he adds, “I must beg not
“ to have it supposed that I am setting up any novel
“ pretensions for the honour of my own country. Where
“ the discovery was made, I do not pretend to guess: the
“ fact seems to be, that we had such a practice. Curi-
“ ous facts are all I aim at relating, never attempting to
“ establish an hypothesis, which of all kind of visions
“ can nourish itself the most easily without any. The
“ passions for systems did not introduce more errors into
“ the old philosophy, than hypothesis has crouded into
“ history and antiquities. It wrests all arguments to the
“ favourite point. A man who sees with Saxon eyes
“ sees a Saxon building in every molehill: a Mercian
“ virtuoso can discover kings lords and commons in the
“ tumultuary

“tumultuary conventions of the Wittenagemot; and an
 “enthusiast to the bards find primæval charms in the
 “rudest ballad that was bawled by the mob three or
 “four hundred years ago. But the truths we antiqua-
 “ries search for, do not seem of importance enough to
 “be supported by fictions: the world in general thinks
 “our studies of little consequence; they do not grow
 “more valuable by being stuffed with guesses and in-
 “vention.”

This is very well, and Mr. W. shews us, on another occasion, that he pays more respect to principle than to a love of painting.

“In 1651 Petitot married Margaret Cuper; the cele-
 “brated Drelincourt performed the ceremony at Cha-
 “renton; for Petitot was a zealous protestant, and
 “dreading the consequences of the revocation of the
 “edict of Nantes in 1685, he begged permission of the
 “King to retire to Geneva. Louis, who did not care to
 “part with so favorite a painter, and who perhaps
 “thought that an enameller’s religion was not composed
 “of sterner stuff than the great Turenne’s, eluded his
 “demand; and, at last, being pressed with repeated me-
 “morials, sent Petitot to Fort-l’evêque, and Bossuet to
 “convert him. The subtle apostle, who had woven
 “such a texture of devotion and ambition, that the lat-
 “ter was scarce distinguishable from the former, had
 “the mortification of not succeeding, and Petitot’s cha-
 “grin bringing on a fever, he at last obtained his liber-
 “ty, now almost arrived at the age of fourscore, which
 “makes it probable that his conversion rather than his
 “pencil had been the foundation of detaining him. He
 “no sooner was free, than he escaped with his wife to
 “Geneva in 1685. His children, who dreaded the
 “King’s wrath, remained at Paris, and throwing them-
 “selves at his feet, implored his protection. His Ma-
 “jesty, says my author, received them with great good-
 “ness, and told them, he willingly forgave an old man,
 “who had a whim of being buried with his fathers.—
 “I do not doubt but this is given, and passed at the
 “time, for a bon-mot—but a very flat witticism cannot
 “depreciate the glory of a confessor, who has suffered
 “imprisonment.”

“ imprisonment, resisted eloquence, and sacrificed the
 “ emoluments of court-favour to the uprightness of his
 “ conscience. Petitot did not wish to be buried with
 “ his fathers, but to die in their religion.”

Mr. Walpole's next care seems that of honour, sincerity, and friendship;—this is conspicuous throughout the whole article *Vertue*; the end of which I must not omit.

“ From Frederick he had now reason to flatter him-
 “ self with permanent fortune. He saw his fate linked
 “ with the revival of the arts he loved; he was useful
 “ to a prince who trod in the steps of the accomplished
 “ Charles; no Hugh Peters threatened havoc to the
 “ growing collection—but a silent and unexpected foe
 “ drew a veil over this scene of comfort, as it had over
 “ the former. Touched yet submissive, he says, after
 “ painting the prince's qualifications, and the hopes
 “ that his country had conceived of him,—but alas,
 “ *Mors ultima rerum!* O God, thy will be done! Un-
 “ happy day, Wednesday, March 20th, 1751!” His
 “ trembling hand inserts a few more memorandums of
 “ prints he engraved, and then he concludes his me-
 “ moires in melancholy and disjointed sentences,—“ Ob-
 “ servations on my indifferent health—and weakness of
 “ sight increasing—and loss of noble friends, and the en-
 “ couragement from them less and less daily—this year
 “ —and worse in appearance begins with 1752.”

He lost his friends; but his piety, mildness, and ingenuity never forsook him. He laboured almost to the last, solicitous to leave a decent competence to a wife with whom he had lived many years in tender harmony.”

After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour free from corruption,
 But such an honest Chronicler—as—Walpole.

I should not however choose to be the object of his ridicule, as he gives a good specimen of satire in

“ Ordered by the parliament, that all such pictures

“ as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon
 “ them, shall be forthwith burnt.

“ This was a worthy contrast to Archbishop Laud,
 “ who made a star chamber-business of a man who broke
 “ some painted glass in the cathedral at Salisbury. The
 “ cause of liberty was then, and is always, the only cause
 “ that can excuse a civil war : yet if Laud had not
 “ doated on trifles, and the presbyterians been squeam-
 “ ish about them, I question whether the nobler motives
 “ would have had sufficient influence to save us from ar-
 “ bitrary power. They are the slightest objects that
 “ make the deepest impression on the people. They sel-
 “ dom fight for a liberty of doing what they have a right
 “ to do, but because they are prohibited or enjoined
 “ some folly that they have or have not a mind to do.
 “ One comical instance of the humour of those times I
 “ find in Aubrey's history of Surrey ; one Bleeze was
 “ hired for half-a-crown a-day to break the painted
 “ glass windows of the church of Croydon. The man
 “ probably took care not to be too expeditious in the
 “ destruction.”

And again in what he says of portrait painting.

“ Portrait-painting has increased to so exuberant a
 “ degree in this age, that it would be difficult even to
 “ compute the number of limners that have appeared
 “ within the century. Consequently it is almost as ne-
 “ cessary that the representations of men should perish
 “ and quit the scene to their successors, as it is that the
 “ human race should give place to rising generations.
 “ And indeed the mortality is almost as rapid. Por-
 “ traits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that
 “ proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give
 “ way in the next generation to those of the new-mar-
 “ ried couple, descending into the parlour, where they
 “ are slightly mentioned as *my father's and mother's pic-
 “ tures*. When they become *my grandfather and grand-
 “ mother*, they mount to the two pair of stairs ; and
 “ then, unless dispatched to the mansion-house in the
 “ country, or crowded into the house-keeper's room,
 “ they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter
 “ into

“ into rags before a broker’s shop at the Seven Dials.—
 “ Such already has been the fate of some of those death-
 “ less beauties, who Pope promised his friend should
 “ Bloom in his colours for a thousand years.”

And finally, in the panegyric on the intrepid constancy of taste in the country gentlemen.

“ Thomas Hudson, the scholar and son-in-law of
 “ Richardson, enjoyed for many years the chief business
 “ of portrait-painting in the capital, after the favourite
 “ artists, his master and Jervas, were gone off the stage.
 “ Though Vanloo first, and Liotard afterwards, for a few years
 “ diverted the torrent of fashion from the established professor;
 “ still the country gentlemen were faithful to their compatriot,
 “ and were content with his honest similitudes, and with the fair
 “ tied wigs, blue velvet coats, and white satin waist-
 “ coats, which he bestowed liberally on his customers,
 “ and which with complacence they beheld multiplied
 “ in Faber’s mezzotintos. The better taste introduced
 “ by Sir Joshua Reynolds put an end to Hudson’s reign,
 “ who had the good sense to resign the throne soon after
 “ finishing his capital work, the family-piece of
 “ Charles Duke of Marlborough.”

Besides the topics professedly treated, the reader will find in this book a good dissertation on Gothic architecture and antiquarian knowledge; anecdotes of the revival of the taste for painted glass in England; the price of different tombs made by Stone the statuary in James I. time; a critique of Mr. Evelyn’s discourse on medals, and a panegyrick on him; some memorials on coining money by press instead of hammering; very copious accounts of the fate of Charles I.’s collection; a good dissertation on the writings of the Richardsons; an account of the invention of Mezzotintos by Prince Rupert; very copious and valuable lists of the works of Holbein, Faithorne, Vertue, and others; and a very curious parallel between Cooper, Oliver, and Vandyke, and between Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller—with which I conclude;

“ If a glass could expand Cooper’s pictures to the size of Vandyck’s,
 they would appear to have been painted for that proportion. If his

portrait of Cromwell could be so enlarged, I don't know but Vandyck would appear less great by the comparison. To make it fairly, one must not measure the Fleming by his most admired piece, cardinal Bentivoglio: The quick finesse of eye in a florid Italian writer was not a subject equal to the Protector; but it would be an amusing trial to balance Cooper's Oliver and Vandyck's Lord Strafford. To trace the lineaments of equal ambition, equal intrepidity, equal art, equal presumption, and to compare the skill of the masters in representing the one exalted to the height of his hopes, yet perplexed with a command he could scarce hold, did not dare to relinquish, and yet dared to exert; the other, dashed in his career, willing to avoid the precipice, searching all the recesses of so great a soul to break his fall, and yet ready to mount the scaffold with more dignity than the other ascended the throne. This parallel is not a picture drawn by fancy; if the artists had worked in competition, they could not have approached nigher to the points of view in which I have traced the characters of their heroes."

If I was to choose a single life, for instruction and pleasure both, it would be that of Holbein.

ART. VI. *An Essay on the Demon of Socrates*, by the Rev. R. Nares, M. A. Price 1 s. Payne.

MR. Nares's hypothesis is, "that Socrates, by the expressions usually understood to refer to his Demon, alluded only to some species of divination perfectly analogous to the omens of his age and country." Whatever becomes of the question, which it would be presumptuous to say any thing about without having time to run over Xenophon, and the rest of Mr. Nares's learned authorities, we may pronounce that he will acquire great credit for his learning and ingenuity, as well as for the hopes he gives of becoming a distinguished writer of his own language. I cannot at the same time but protest against that so common fashion of throwing the notes at the end of the book; the inevitable consequence of which (at least to me) is, that they are not read at all, or are read when the thread of the argument they are meant to illustrate is forgot.

ART. VII. *La Scienza della Legislazione*; del Cavalier Gaetano Filangieri, &c. Naples, vol. I. pages 274, 8vo, vol. II. 406 pages.

THIS work, of which only two volumes are hitherto published, is thus far different from Montesquieu's, that the author proposes to consider legislation not as it actually is, but as it ought to be, if it was established upon its true principles. With the view of doing this, he divides his whole work into seven books.

The first treats of laws, *general*, as deduced from the laws of God and Nature; and *relative*, as particular to the situations and wants of different countries. The second considers laws political and æconomical, with a reference to their two great objects, population and riches. In the third, he is to treat of criminal laws; and in the fourth of the laws of Education, of the methods of uniting wealth and manners, and of the means of disseminating instruction, and connecting the different orders of the state into a more intimate correspondence for the mutual advantage of each other. The fifth book is to be dedicated to the duties and rights of the ministers of religion. The sixth is destined to examine the regulations that might be made in the several laws in being relative to property; and in the seventh, the author proposes to treat of the rights of the man, as the father and master of a family. On this topic, he seems to promise interesting matter, as he is of opinion, that the bonds, which in Rome and other ancient countries, were confessedly too tight, are now, on the contrary, too much relaxed.

In volume the first, the author goes over much the usual ground, till he comes to consider the laws relative to the forms of government. Speaking of the English constitution in this chapter, he proposes improvements, by vesting the power of making peers in the house of peers, by forming a new code out of our at present

present numerous and contradictory laws, and by the establishment of the *Liberum Veto*, in making new laws, or changing the old ones.

In the chapter on the principles of action in governments of different kinds, he substitutes the love of power to Montesquieu's three principles, and shews how this is to be checked, or directed to the public good.

The chapter on the relation of laws to the genius of the people governed, contains some good remarks on the methods of directing the bent of the national character of the French and Spaniards to the public good. Amongst other improvements, he would have agriculture particularly encouraged in France, as it is what it disdains most, and thinks that, from the known honour of the Spaniard, fewer formalities in contracts and courts of justice might be dispensed with in Spain than in other countries.

In the chapter on the influence of climate, the author takes the middle way between Montesquieu and Hume; he thinks, that the climate influences the disposition as a relative, though not as an absolute cause; but that the difference is of no consequence in countries of a moderate temperature, and depends on various things besides the vicinity of the sun. He says sensible things on the method of counteracting this cause; the newest perhaps is the idea of drying marshes, and cutting down woods, to change the character of a people.

Colbert is blamed in the chapter on the nature of the soil, for making manufacturers of the French, whilst the country, not easily rendered fruitful without labour, required the use of its hands in agriculture; in the next chapter on the local situation and extent of country, Peter the first is blamed for instituting a carrying trade and a naval power, with an immense extent of territory, a small population and bad ports, and for polishing the country before he had delivered it from its wretchedness.

What Mr. F. says in the two next chapters, on the limitations of the rights of the priesthood, and on the time

of the maturity of the European nations being come, is sensible and just. These are the contents of Vol. I.

In Vol. II. after running over the laws in favour of matrimony among the ancients, in doing which he shews great classical knowledge, Mr. F. proceeds to examine the famous question, whether Europe is better peopled now than it was formerly? This he decides in the affirmative; but denies the population's bearing any proportion to what it might be, and appeals to the great quantity of uncultivated land in every country, for the proof of his assertion. The first cause he gives for the deficiency is, the great disproportion of landholders to those who are without land. He denies the possibility of bringing up a family upon six-pence a day, which is the price of day-labour in Italy; and asserts, that when it is attempted, the marriage either proves unfruitful, or the children all perish young for want of proper sustenance. In this chapter, he runs over all the laws in force among the ancients, to prevent property from accumulating in the same hands, beginning with the famous law of restitution in the Jubilee-year given to the Jews; but does not believe, that these would be a sufficient check to the evil, in the state things now are.

The first things to be done, he says, are to abolish the custom of the elder son's succeeding to land and of the daughters of the elder son succeeding to fiefs in prejudice to her brothers, and not to suffer feudal lands (which for the most part lay uncultivated) to be alienated, nor commons to be inclosed.

The author next speaks of standing armies and incontinence as the two grand restraints of population. Here he mentions two melancholy facts: the one, that the *peace*-establishment of Europe consists of a million two hundred thousand men; the other, that, on a calculation taken by a Mr. Sulmitz of the proportion of the married to the unmarried, the former is to the latter as 1 to 64 in Holland, 1 to 128 in Sweden, and 1 to 98, 115, or 178 in England. The author is
for

for abolishing standing armies entirely, which he thinks would strike at the root of both the evils; and he proposes another mode of defence.

In the next chapter, the author having stated agriculture as the true foundation of the riches of nations; and given a very instructive note on the present comparatively-low state of the Dutch for want of it, proceeds to inquire into the obstacles to its progress; these he divides into three heads, those which arise from the government, those which come from the laws, and those arising from the size of capital towns. Under the first head, he examines pretty much at length the great question of a free exportation, and decides entirely for it, seemingly with a good knowledge of what has been written on the subject, to which he adds something of his own; he just mentions the other causes, such as the frequent alterations of the land-tax—nature of taxes—the multiplicity of custom-house officers—and the military system of Europe—but these he proposes treating more fully of in other parts of the work.

The servitude of the glebe, the want of enclosures, the number of commons, the tythes given to the clergy, and the liberty to seize instruments of husbandry for debt, are stated as the inconveniences which arise from the laws.

Under the third head (the great growth of our capital cities) after blaming the law of a certain stat, which prohibits all farmers from coming to the capital, and which, he says, has only served to discourage agriculture, he states the true means of restoring the country to its honours; this is to be done by taking off the restraints laid on agriculture by prohibitory laws—by diminishing the number of landholders, which would naturally prevent the possibility of so many persons running to seek their own ruin, and that of their country, in the capital;—and by the establishment of great manufactures in different parts of the country.

Under the article of abusive laws to be remedied, he considers the power of appeal from the country courts
of

of justice—monopolies, which, if they are necessary, instead of being given to the court-dog, because he is nearest, and can bark, ought to be given to the country-lion—and laws limiting hospitals, mad-houses, and the retreats of the worn-out soldiers and sailors, to the neighbourhood of the capital.

As one positive encouragement of agriculture, he proposes the establishment of an order, which the sovereign himself should wear, and should distribute with the utmost impartiality to the man who had deserved best of his country in that branch.

What then is to become of arts and manufactures? With regard to the former, rising, as they will do, by the superabundance of idle people, when the country is once well cultivated, they must obtain such kind of encouragement as will keep the balance even between agriculture and commerce. This consists—in the encouragement given to the manufactures from materials of the soil, in preference to others (except in cases where the soil is so ungrateful as not to furnish a sufficiency for its inhabitants, in which case, another law is to be observed), and in suffering no monopolies, no exclusive privileges, no companies.

The author then proceeds to consider the different kinds of trade fitted to different countries, viz. that of carriage to small countries near the sea; that of manufactures for a happier and more extended territory, and that of arts for a little country without soil, such for instance as is Geneva. The former is, and ever has been, more flourishing under the government of the many, the other two under that of the few, from the single reason that virtue and frugality are necessary for the one, and that luxury, as long as it continues within tolerable bounds, does not hurt the others.

With regard to the encouragement to be given, he proposes the abolishing custom-houses, and a free trade to and from every country all over the world. After examining the consequences this would have with respect to the great powers of Europe, Spain, France,

Portugal, Russia, and Holland, he speaks of the dispute between England and her Colonies, and the war with all the world, in which the former is engaged. He speaks very severely of our tyranny; but is of opinion, that, if the Colonies become independant, it must end in the loss of the West, and in consequence of the East-India trade, to all Europe. The monopoly of their trade, he conceives, to be no advantage to us; but thinks that, if we treat them in other respects as citizens of the same empire, a tax on their lands would be both justifiable and productive.

Speaking, in the next chapter, of the restrictions so general on the exportation of raw materials, he is of opinion, that both England and France have lost by the restraints they have laid on the exportation of their raw silks and raw wools; as an instance, that that trade flourishes best with which government does not meddle at all, he tells us, that during the five years that the French government did not interfere with their East-India company, the latter got eighteen millions a year.

The frequency of bankruptcies, so injurious to credit, the author would restrain, by taking the power of deciding upon the fate of the debtor out of the hands of three-fourths of the creditors, and transferring it to the state; who should let the man go entirely free, if his failure turned out to be the consequence of misfortune; but render him infamous for ever, and punish him in other ways, if it proved to be owing to his own fraud or extravagance. To prevent the latter, the author recommends sumptuary laws for persons in trade, the violation of which should, however, only be penal in case the merchant afterwards failed, in which case he should be exposed to all the consequences of a fraudulent bankruptcy.

Speaking, in the next chapter, of the importance of good roads and canals to trade, the author informs us, that they are making them all over Calabria and the Two Sicilies. He then proposes to introduce the long-desired reform of having equal weights and measures all over Europe,

Europe, by fixing the former by the length of a pendulum, which beats seconds in a given latitude ; these things, together with a strict attention to the coinage, and the improvement of the naval force of a country, is what he thinks may be done towards giving trade active assistance.

The author next proceeds to examine taxation, and, after reprobating all the usual modes as oppressive, arbitrary, and destructive to agriculture and commerce, proposes to answer all the exigencies of the state by a land-tax. This, he thinks, will have the advantage of raising the price of the commodity in a direct ratio of the tax upon it, which can never be done in taxes on industry, as the poor man is obliged, for a considerable time, at least, to continue giving his labour at the usual price. The author gives an instance of the tyranny and vexation this would put an end to, by reminding us, that out of the 750 millions, raised on the people in the time of Lewis XIV. only 250 found their way to the royal treasury. He thinks that his tax will have all the advantages—of being easily raised—of being favourable to trade, the restraints on which it would take off—of being exactly proportioned to the faculties of those who are to pay it ;—of being raised on the known neat produce of the commodity, which cannot be done with regard to any other tax whatever—and of uniting the interests of the prince and the people, neither of whom would in that case fear imposition. He thinks too, that this might be brought about without raising the price of the product of the land in a dangerous proportion ; because the relief he would feel from the suppression of other taxes, would enable the farmer to bear it. As to the objection that would arise from the danger of the experiment to any nation, under their present circumstances, he thinks, they either can bear their present taxes and debts, or they cannot : if they cannot, ruin of some kind or other must ensue, venture a probable remedy or not ; if they can, it is only substituting one tax to the number which do, and must, as things now are, finally fall on the landholders ; besides,

from the very nature of the thing, it could not be done in a ruinous hurry; as it would be necessary first of all to procure an exact valuation of the lands; during which good writers might be set at work, to convince the people of their true interests, and then the other taxes might be taken off by degrees, and an adequate one set upon the lands till the whole operation should be complete. The great advantage would be, that the value of this property being fixed, permanent, and unalterable, the people might very easily raise the tax themselves, and so save the expence and oppressions resulting from having either farmers or tax gatherers.

With respect to extraordinary exigencies, after saying something preparatory on national debts, and that the English should pay theirs by a voluntary subscription, to remain open till the whole is discharged; the only scheme which, after stating them all, the author thinks practicable, is; that of having a fund always ready, and avoiding at the same time the loss arising from the money's lying unprofitably in a treasury, by government's annually lending the excess of its expences, without interest, on mortgages of lands, to safe persons.

With regard to the more equal distribution of property, i. e. that by labouring seven or eight hours a day, a man may support himself and family, for absolute equality he treats as a chimæra; the author thinks it ought to be brought about by an abolition of entails on elder sons, and by a law giving the man who has no land, the preference when lands are to be sold.

As to luxury in general, Mr. F. is of opinion, it may be either a good or an evil, as it is well or ill directed; and as to passive luxury, or the admission of foreign delicacies and fineries, he thinks it a sink without which the riches of a state (well-conducted in other respects) will in time grow so great as to ruin both agriculture and commerce, by making labour so dear, that the state will be out-sold in all the foreign markets.

Though, in general, there is a great deal too much declamation in this book, yet something is to be allowed

to a good man who writes on subjects highly interesting to his fellow creatures. The following short description of the peasant who is over-taxed is certainly fine:

“ All the tax gatherer can do for him is to give him a
“ little time to look about him; the consequence is
“ that the poor man doubles his labour, and lessens
“ his sustenance, that his children are victims of the
“ same injustice, that his wife’s share of the oppressive
“ task is to sell the few things that remain in the dis-
“ tressed cottage; the few wretched goods that neces-
“ sity had forced from misery, the tattered coat with
“ which he strove to hide it from his fellow creatures
“ on the sabbath of the Lord:—

“ The very bed which on his wedding-night

“ Receiv’d him to the arms of Belvidera.

This last, by the bye, is an image which Euripides would have envied Otway, as indeed he would the greatest part of the play, and especially

Heaven has already crown’d our faithful loves

With a young boy sweet as his mother’s beauty.

May he live to prove more gentle than his grandfire

And happier than his father!

Ὀτῶν γενοίω παῖτος εὐτυχέστερος, which Otway had not seen, any more than Mr. Filangieri had seen Otway.

ART. VIII. *Les Confessions de J. J. Rousseau, suivies des Reveries du Promeneur Solitaire*, 2 vols. 8vo.

The Confessions of J. J. Rousseau, with the Reveries of the Solitary Walker, 2 vols. 8vo.

THESE scandalously indelicate confessions, which it would have been prudent in Rousseau’s friends not to have published till they could have redeemed them (if haply that was possible) by giving the sequel, will not raise the philosopher of Geneva, in the opinion either of the virtuous, sensible, or elegant man. Much vanity,

much

much ignorance, and little principle of any kind, early in life,—the same vanity, and a dwelling with pleasure on what never ought to have been recollected, at least never ought to have been written, together with a great deal of trifling egotism, at a later period,—constitute the greatest part of what the common reader is to expect from this work, where however there will be found some food for the Moralist, as well as many things, though fewer in number than usual, which none but Rousseau could have written.

At the same time it is but fair to observe, that the man who having many things to blush at, writes all he has done for the instruction and example of posterity, is entitled to some indulgence for the faults, as well as some praise for the virtues he communicates*.

The story is briefly this; he was happy in his infancy, that is, well treated by his parents, and by his guardians after them, but being put a prentice to a harsh master, who beat him two or three times for boyish tricks, he run away into Savoy, and there turned Roman Catholic (as far as appears without much struggle or remorse), under the patronage and protection of a woman, with whom, after some other adventures of no great consequence, he lived in the triple capacity of friend, steward, and gallant. This woman, who appears to have had the morals of a common street-walker, and who made no scruple of living with two men at a time, to preserve one of them from getting into worse company, he has described as a model of wisdom and virtue. Here, however, he stayed, though not without a transient infidelity on his side, till at last, finding himself preferred to a journeyman hair-dresser, he determined to go to Paris, and try his fortune by a new method of writing musick, which he had discovered; a little after which, what he tells us were his early principles of heroism and virtue revived, and he became a very new as well as a very extraordinary

* Unhappily in the present case, the latter are reducible to common humanity, hatred of tyranny and oppression, and a never-shaken belief in the Supreme Being.

man. This and a few insignificant episodes, the most interesting of which is his being private tutor to a gentleman's son at Lyons, makes pretty nearly the whole book. The most remarkable things in it, in other respects, are, that he seems to have been ruined at six years old by his father's sitting up all night to read romances to him, but to have had the seeds of amendment sown in his heart at the same time by reading and growing fond of Plutarch—that, without any extraordinary care taken to inspire him with principle, as but too much appeared, he preserved his innocence with regard to women till past twenty: such were the effects of the sanctity of manners that prevailed in the now unhappy Geneva at that period,—and that, though early, constantly, and to the last, an accurate and acute observer both of himself and others, he does not seem to have had much acquired knowledge of any sort till after the period he describes in this book. We have also the originals of the Savoyard Vicar, as well as of many scattered thoughts in *Eloisa* and *Emilius*, which it is pleasing to read the birth of; *Madame Warens* is certainly the model of that *Madame Wolmar*.

Che non conobbe il mondo mentre che l'ebbe

Ma che conobbe lui che e rimasto qui a pianger.

With regard to the writing, there is great want of taste, particularly in the horrid and disgusting epithet of *Mother*, which he affectedly gives *Madame de Warens* almost every time he mentions her; he is likewise frequently tedious, from the great importance he attaches to whatever relates to himself, and the minutiae which he enters into; nor are there many of those great bursts of eloquence which so frequently disarm criticism in *Eloisa* and *Emilius*, and compel the reader to rank him amongst the greatest writers that ever existed. Still, however, there are some, and the reader will see the following with pleasure, as well as some other parts of the book, which, it is proper to say at the same time, is much too freely written, and of too dangerous principles to be put into the hands of young people, or women.

“ But

“ But before I give myself entirely up to the fate
“ that was awaiting me,” says he, as he is describing
his leaving Geneva, “ suffer me to cast a longing look
“ back to that which would probably have been my
“ lot had I happened to have had a better master.
“ Nothing was more congenial to my taste, nor more
“ likely to have made a happy man of me, than the
“ tranquil and respectable situation of an engraver at
“ Geneva. The profits of this business, sufficient to
“ secure an easy subsistence, though not large enough
“ to give a considerable fortune, at the same time that
“ they would have been the uttermost bounds of my
“ ambition for the remainder of my days, would have
“ allowed me sufficient leisure for the indulgence of
“ moderate gratifications, and have prevented my be-
“ ing permitted to go out of my own sphere. En-
“ dowed by All-bounteous Providence with an imagi-
“ nation fruitful enough to find out hobby-horses for
“ every situation in life, as well as to appropriate to
“ myself the blessings of each, the rank in which I
“ really was, would have been of little importance to
“ my happiness. No aerial castle could have been so
“ far from the place in which I was, but I could have
“ arrived at an apartment in it. It followed of course,
“ that the way of life which was the simplest, that
“ which gave the least turmoil and care, that which
“ left the mind most at liberty to follow its reveries,
“ was exactly the way of life that suited me, and it
“ was the way of life that awaited me. I should have
“ spent an uniform and placid life in the bosom of
“ my country, my religion, my family, and my
“ friends; with a society that I loved, and in an occu-
“ pation that was congenial to my way of thinking.
“ I should have been a good Christian, a good patriot,
“ a good father, a good friend, a good workman, and
“ a good man in every particular. I should have been
“ attached to, I should perhaps have been proud of
“ my profession; and after an obscure and humble,
“ but a serene and undisturbed life, I should have sunk
“ peaceably in the grave, in the midst of my own fa-
“ mily.

“mily; and though soon forgotten, I should at least have been regretted as long as I had been remembered.”

Instead of all this Good God, good God, what a story I am going to lay before the reader! but do not let me anticipate on the miseries of a life he will be but too well acquainted with*.

It is impossible, said a sensible and worthy man to the author of this review, to read this, and the remainder of the book, without applying the wise man's prayer—Give me neither moderate nor brilliant parts, but feed me with the food convenient for me, whether it be food corporeal or mental food.

* “Avant de m'abandonner à la fatalité de ma destinée, qu'on me permette de tourner un moment les yeux sur celle qui m'attendoit naturellement, si j'étois tombé dans les mains d'un meilleur maître. Rien n'étoit plus convenable à mon humeur ni plus propre à me rendre heureux que l'état tranquille & obscur d'un bon artisan, dans certaines classes sur-tout, telles qu'est à Genève celle des graveurs. Cet état, assez lucratif pour donner une subsistance aisée, & pas assez pour mener à la fortune, eût borné mon ambition pour le reste de mes jours, & me laissant un loisir honnête pour cultiver des goûts modérés, il m'eût contenu dans ma sphere sans m'offrir aucun moyen d'en sortir. Ayant une imagination assez riche pour orner de ses chimères tous les états, assez puissante pour me transporter, pour ainsi dire, à mon gré de l'un à l'autre, il m'importoit peu dans lequel je fusse en effet. Il ne pouvoit y avoir si loin du lieu où j'étois, au premier château en Espagne, qu'il ne me fût aisé de m'y établir. De cela seul il suivoit que l'état le plus simple, celui qui donnoit le moins de tracas & de soins, celui qui laissoit l'esprit le plus libre, étoit celui qui me convenoit le mieux, & c'étoit précisément le mien. J'aurois passé dans le sein de ma religion, de ma patrie, de ma famille & de mes amis, une vie paisible & douce, telle qu'il la falloit à mon caractère, dans l'uniformité d'un travail de mon goût, & d'une société selon mon cœur. J'aurois été bon chrétien, bon citoyen, bon pere de famille, bon ami, bon ouvrier, bon homme en toute chose. J'aurois aimé mon état, je l'aurois honoré peut-être; et après avoir passé une vie obscure & simple, mais égale & douce, je serois mort paisiblement dans le sein des miens. Bientôt oublié, sans doute, j'aurois été regretté du moins aussi long-tems qu'on se feroit souvenu de moi.

“Au lieu de cela quel tableau vais-je faire? Ah! n'anticipons point sur les miseres de ma vie, je n'occuperai que trop mes lecteurs de ce triste sujet.”

ART. IX. *Biographical and Literary Anecdotes of William Bowyer, Printer, F.S.A. and of many of his learned Friends. Containing an incidental View of the Progress and Advancement of Literature in this Kingdom from the Beginning of the present Century to the End of the Year 1777. By John Nichols, his Apprentice, Partner, and Successor. 646 Pages, with a good Portrait, and a copious Index, 1l. 1s. in boards.*

“ To preserve the memory of those who have been
 “ in any way serviceable to mankind, hath been
 “ always looked upon as discharging a debt which
 “ we owe to our benefactors; and it is but rea-
 “ sonable that they who contribute so much to the
 “ immortality of others, should have some share
 “ in it themselves.” *Oldisworth.*

FROBENIUS scattering flowers over the grave of Aldus, and taking the opportunity at the same time of paying literary honours to Erasmus, and the other worthies who made his learned press sweat under them;—in plainer words, an account of a very distinguished and very worthy printer, who repaid Literature what he had received from it, by that clause in his will which makes provision for the maintenance of a learned compositor of the press. Together with the account, are given anecdotes, some longer, some shorter, of the writers who printed at Mr. Bowyer's press, the Warburtons, the Sherlocks, the Marklands, the Jortins, the Taylors, the De Missys, the Gales, the Stukeleys, &c. &c. &c. The use of this work, which will grow more precious the older it grows, is, that several memorials of works and authors will hereby be preserved, which otherwise would have sunk in oblivion; and that even he, who has not time enough to consult the whole, may at any time satisfy himself of a literary date, or controverted fact, by recurring to the Index, which will easily lead him to what he wants.

ART.

ART. X. *Raccolta di Sonetti, &c. or a Collection of Italian Sonnets, translated into Latin Hexameters by Mr. Jasseus—continued.*

HAVING received what I think a very good translation of the first sonnet given in my last, and having been desired by a respectable correspondent to lay before the world specimens of the original, I have ventured to publish the translated one and another on *Helen seeing herself in a glass.*

S O N E T T O LXXIII.

Di Orazio Petrochi

Sulla incerteza della rovina d'un edificio.

Io chiezi al tempo : ed a chi forse il grande
Ampio Edificio, che qui al suol traesti ?
Ei non risponde, e piu veloci, e presti
Fuggitivo per l'aere i vanni spande.

Dico alla fama : O tu, che all'ammirande
Cose dai vita, e questi avanzi, e questi.....
China ella gl'occhi conturbati, e mesti
Qual chi dogliosi alti sospir tramande.

Io già volgea meravigliando il passo
Ma fu per l'alto mole altero in mostra
Visto girsen l'oblio di sasso in sasso.

E tu, gridai, forse apristi ? ah mostra.....
Ma in tuono ei m' in terruppe orrido e basso
Io di chi fu non curo : adesso è nostra.

I ask'd of Time, to whom was rear'd the mass,
Whose ruins now thou crumblest with the soil ?
He answer'd not ; but fiercer shook his glass,
And flew with swifter wing to wider spoil.

I ask'd of Fame ; O thou whose breath supplies
Life to high works of wonder ! what remains ?

Abash'd to earth she bent her mournful eyes,
 Like one who sighing silently complains:
 Lost in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside,
 When o'er each step I saw Oblivion stride,

With haughty mein, and air of deep design;
 Tho' then, I cried, may'st know;.... ah! deign declare.
 Stern she replied; hoarse thunder rent the air,
 Whose once it was, I seek not—now 'tis mine.

S O N E T T O CIII.

Elena vecchia si contempla
 Del fig Arcip Francesco Ant Tadini.

Queste le luci son vaghe, e serene
 E questo è pur quel volto, onde tant' arse
 Paris dopo quel di, che in su l'amene
 Pendici d'Ida a lui Venere apparse?

Quest'è colei, per cui d'Argo, e Micene
 Vide su' campi suoi tant'arme sparse
 Illo, e dopo sì lunge acerbe pene
 L'Altere mura sue distrutte, ed arse?

Ah che la mia beltà fuggi qual' ombra!
 Ma la memoria d'ogni grave eccesso
 Rimanfi, en l'Alma rea di duolo ingombra.

Così dicea l'Argiva Elena un giorno,
 Che nelle sue cangiate forme impresso.
 Il danno dell'età vide, e il suo scorno.

Are these the eyes so languishing and yet so bright?
 And is this the face for which Paris felt so much af-
 ter the day that Venus appeared to him on the beautiful
 hills of Mount Ida?

Is this the she on whose account Ilium, after having its
 plains long covered with the troops of Argos and Micene,
 beheld its city in flames, and its high towers leveled for-
 ever with the ground?

Ah, how the beauty I had has fled away like a sha-
 dow,

dow, whilst the remembrance of my fault remains, and fills my guilty soul with grief.

Thus spoke the Argive Helen, one day, that looking in her glass she beheld, in her altered figure, the ravages of age, and her own infamy.

This is very pretty; but it is not better than Waller's divine,

Then haste, that she
The wond'rous fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How short a space of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Et dubitamus adhuc? And will the minor poets of this day still wonder why we look upon their crude and in-harmonious repetitions of images and thoughts, which have been used since the beginning of the world, with coolness and contempt? Won't they see, that besides the beauty of the idea, in both the poets; the simplicity of the close in the one, and the sublimity of it in the other—there is not an idle word in either? Surely we should not be so pestered as we are, if those who either want sense enough, or have too much vanity, to compare their own productions with those of the masters, would only ask themselves these simple questions before they publish—What does this mean—does it mean any thing? Does it not mean what I have said before—Can't I recollect, even in my small stock of reading, some Cibber, or some Settle, who has said or sang the same?

ART. XI. *Storia Critica de Teatri Antiqui e Moderni, libri III. (or, a Critical History of Ancient and Modern Theatres, in Three Books) del Dottor Pietro Napoli Signorelli, 8vo. 442 pages and an Index.*

WHAT the reader will find in this book, which is written with sense, taste, and spirit, and a competent degree of knowledge upon most parts of the subject, is some good and short accounts of the distinctive merits of the Greek tragedians, together with well-translated specimens of their principal plays—and a very good account of the Spanish and Italian theatres, from the revival of letters. What the author says of the latter is particularly interesting, as he points out to us those few pieces which are most worth reading, assigns reasons for the character he gives them, and selects specimens, many of which are pleasing. As to his account of the French and English theatres, they are very superficial and full of blunders, which he ought the more to have avoided, as he is very severe upon the French, and particularly on poor Mr. de la Harpe, only for saying that “the French are a much more thinking nation than either the Italians or Greeks”—a thing which every one who has read Thucydides and Aristotle must be perfectly satisfied about.

Of a desultory work of this kind, it is impossible to give a long specimen. Take, however, what he says of the Ajax of Sophocles, and of that fine period which the Italians call the Cinque-cento.

“ We particularly admire three fine scenes in this
 “ play, that in which Ajax, being recovered from his
 “ madness, takes leave of Tecmessa, his little son Eu-
 “ rifices, that most capital of all fine paintings, his
 “ despair, and that greatest of pictures, which represents
 “ the arrival of Teucer too late, with Tecmessa and the
 “ Chorus weeping and lamenting over the dead body.—

“ Oh!

“ Oh ! how charming Nature appears, when she sits to a
 “ great master ; but how few there are in these days
 “ who know how to seize those beautiful tints which
 “ the ancients so well understood how to put upon can-
 “ vass !

“ What a glorious century was that known in Italy
 “ by the immortal name of the Cinque-cento ! What
 “ an exuberance of literary riches ! Then was there
 “ another Augustan age ; then the majestic sound
 “ of Calliope's trumpet was heard again ; then the
 “ sock and buskin were both of them with decency put
 “ on. But then, too, Greek learning was as familiar
 “ to those who pretended to the name of learned men,
 “ as modern French is now.”

Mr. Signorelli is very full on Trissino and Metastasio, recommends Ariosto's comedies, as abounding in comic characters and comic situations, and gives a good specimen of the sentiments of them taken from the prologue to the *Casina* ; he has been at pains to point out the few fine parts of Seneca the tragedian, and examines, with a good degree of precision and taste, into the merits and demerits of Aristophanes. There is also a very good note on the modern operas, which he vindicates on the same principles as Dr. Johnson has so well done (*O si sic omnia !*) Shakespeare's violation of the unities, i. e. from the tacit convention of the Spectator to give up a certain portion of probability for a certain portion of pleasure. What signifies indeed disputing whether it is not ridiculous to cry at Zacchini *deh conservate questa bel opra vostra eterni Dei !* or at Medea killing her children to treple time, when thousands and thousands have cried over both in every country in Europe ? Tous les genres sont bon, says Voltaire ; hors le genre ennuyeux—he might have added, et le genre indecent. I was very sorry to read in Mr. Signorelli speaking of the Amauti, the Garricks and Cibbers of the late serene highnesses the Incas of Peru. “ But the Amauti never degrade their
 “ talents with the obscenity of Aristophanes, or the Eng-
 “ lish.” Surely it is time not to expose ourselves any longer to the reproaches of an ultramontano like this,
 especially

especially as he allows us very liberally, *un gusto piu energico che altrove, il quale ama a vedere piu che a pensare* *, *una propensione al gaude al terribile, al tetro, al malincobico piu che agli amori, una vivacita, in somma, una robustezza, un amor del complicato piu che del semplice*, and is only sorry that the distress in Othello arises about an equivoco about a fazzoletto—a jumble about a pocket handkerchief.—But seriously, indecency is not wit; and they are not wits, nor the true supporters of the stage, either authors or spectators, who love indecency; and it is scandalous that we do not seriously think of cutting off this unchristian and unmanly gratification from the first of amusements and the second of instructions. I have often thought that if some good, but at the same time very sensible man, was to try the scheme of erecting a theatre, on which none but such plays “as Cato’s self would not disdain to hear,” should be played, it would succeed.

ART. XII. *The Moallakát, or Seven Arabian Poems, which were suspended on the Temple of Mecca; with a Translation, a Preliminary Discourse, and Notes Critical, Philosophical, Explanatory. By William Jones, Esq; 4to. 7s. 6d.*

THIS work is introduced by a dedication to Mr. Paradise. It consists of the original *Arabick*, and of a translation by Mr. Jones, to which is prefixed the following advertisement: “The purchasers of the
 “Seven Arabian Poems are desired not to bind their
 “books till the winter, when they will have the Preliminary Discourse and the Notes, which the author’s
 “engagements make it impossible for him to prepare
 “this season. The discourse will comprise observations on the antiquity of the Arabian language and

* The French will turn out the only nation *reflechissante* after all, but I suspect that as the author wrote from Spain, and could not look over the sheets, there must have been a false print, and he must have wrote *vedere* instead of *vedere*. *Cæterum de hoc viderint eruditi.*

“ letters; on the dialects and characters of Himyar
“ and Koraish, with accounts of some Himyarick po-
“ ets; on the manners of the Arabs in the age imme-
“ diately preceding that of Mahomed; on the temple
“ at Mecca, and the Moállakát, or pieces of poetry
“ suspended on its walls or gate; lastly, on the lives
“ of the Seven Poets, with a critical history of their
“ works, and the various copies or editions of them
“ preserved in Europe, Asia, and Africa.—The Notes
“ will contain authorities and reasons for the transla-
“ tion of controverted passages; will elucidate all the
“ obscure couplets, and exhibit or propose amend-
“ ments of the text; will direct the reader’s attention
“ to particular beauties, or point out remarkable de-
“ fects; and will throw light on the images, figures,
“ and allusions of the Arabian poets, by citations
“ either from writers of their own country, or from
“ our European travellers, as best illustrate the ideas
“ and customs of eastern nations.”

Before each translation is a short introductory argument, which contains the subject, points out the particular beauties of the poem, and gives an account of the species of metre in which it is written.

The execution is nervous and elegant, and, as far as I can judge without understanding the original, seems very faithful.

With regard to the poems themselves, they are rather to be considered as literary curiosities, and as connected with the study of languages which have been hitherto too much neglected, but from the revival of which much is to be expected, than as very pleasing things in themselves. There seems indeed to be great imagery in them, and very lively descriptions of manners, but they are deficient in the sublime and pathetic, and the manners are those of a people too different from ourselves, and with whom we are too little acquainted to take much interest in what befalls them; the similes too, which are abundant, so abundant as to tempt Mr. Jones sometimes to compare them with the

long-tailed-families * of the Greek and Roman Poets, are more remarkable for the insight they give into the custom of the country, than for any thing very apposite or amusing in themselves. What is more remarkable is, the strong vein of good sense, and knowledge of mankind, expressed in very strong proverbial language, a specimen of which I shall give to the reader, not only because, as Mr. Jones says, it is not unlike the Proverbs of Solomon, but because it seems to me the finest part of the book. It is taken from the end of the poem of Zohair, a very old man, in praise of Hareth and Harem, who had made peace for their country in difficult circumstances :

“ The poet, supposed to be travelling with a friend,
 “ recognises the place where the tent of his mistress
 “ had been pitched twenty years before : he finds it
 “ wild and desolate ; but his imagination is so warmed
 “ by associated ideas of former happiness, that he
 “ seems to discern a company of damsels, with his fa-
 “ vourite in the midst of them, of whose appearance
 “ and journey he gives a lively picture ; and thence
 “ passes, rather abruptly, to the praises of the two
 “ peace-makers and their tribe ; inveighs against the
 “ malignity of Hosein ; personifies War, the miseries
 “ of which he describes in a strain highly figurative ;
 “ and concludes with a number of fine maxims, not
 “ unlike the Proverbs of Solomon, which he repeats
 “ to his friend as a specimen of his wisdom acquired
 “ by long experience.

“ He said, I will accomplish my design ; and will
 “ secure myself from my foe with a thousand horses
 “ well caparisoned.

“ He made a fierce attack, nor feared the number
 “ of tents, where Death, the mother of vultures, had
 “ fixed her mansion ;

“ There the warrior stood armed at all points, fierce
 “ as a lion with strong muscles, with a flowing mane,
 “ with claws never blunted ;

* An expression applied to Homer by Perrault, who did not understand him ; which I could wish not to have seen adopted by Mr. Jones, who does.

“ A bold lion, who, when he is assailed, speedily
“ chastises the assailant; and, when no one attacks
“ him openly, often becomes the aggressor.

“ Yet I swear by thy life, my friend, that their
“ lances poured not forth the blood of Ibn Neheic,
“ nor of Mothallem cruelly slain :

“ Their javelins had no share in drinking the blood
“ of Naufel, nor that of Waheb, nor that of Ibn
“ Mojaddem.

“ The deaths of all those chiefs I myself have seen
“ expiated with camels free from blemish, ascending
“ the summits of rocks.

“ He, indeed, who rejects the blunt end of the
“ lance, which is presented as a token of peace, must
“ yield to the sharpness of the point, with which every
“ tall javelin is armed.

“ He, who keeps his promise, escapes blame; and
“ he, who directs his heart to the calm resting-place
“ of integrity, will never stammer nor quake in the
“ assemblies of his nation.

“ He, who trembles at all possible causes of death,
“ falls in their way; even though he desire to mount
“ the skies on a scaling ladder.

“ He, who possesses wealth or talents, and withholds
“ them from his countrymen, alienates their love, and
“ exposes himself to their obloquy.

“ He, who continually debases his mind by suffer-
“ ing others to ride over it, and never raises it from so
“ abject a state, will at last repent of his meanness.

“ He, who sojourns in foreign countries, mistakes
“ his enemy for his friend; and him, who exalts not
“ his own soul, the nation will not exalt.

“ He, who drives not invaders from his cistern with
“ strong arms, will see it demolished; and he, who
“ abstains ever so much from injuring others, will of-
“ ten himself be injured.

“ He, who conciliates not the hearts of men in a
“ variety of transactions, will be bitten by their sharp
“ teeth, and trampled on by their pasterns.

“ He, who shields his reputation by generous deeds,

“ will augment it; and he, who guards not himself
 “ from censure, will be censured.

“ I am weary of the hard burdens which life im-
 “ poses; and every man who, like me, has lived four-
 “ score years, will assuredly be no less weary.

“ I have seen Death herself stumble like a dim-
 “ lighted camel; but he, whom she strikes, falls;
 “ and he, whom she misses, grows old even to decre-
 “ pitude.

“ Whenever a man has a peculiar cast in his nature,
 “ although he supposes it concealed, it will soon be
 “ known.

“ Experience has taught me the events of this day
 “ and yesterday; but, as to the events of to-morrow, I
 “ confess my blindness.

“ Half of man is his tongue, and the other half is
 “ his heart: the rest is only an image composed of
 “ blood and flesh.

“ He, who confers benefits on persons unworthy of
 “ them, changes his praise to blame, and his joy to
 “ repentance.

“ How many men dost thou see, whose abundant
 “ merit is admired, when they are silent, but whose
 “ failings are discovered, as soon as they open their lips!

“ An old man never grows wise after his folly; but,
 “ when a youth has acted foolishly, he may attain wis-
 “ dom.

“ We asked, and you gave: we repeated our requests,
 “ and your gift also was repeated; but whoever fre-
 “ quently solicits, will at length meet with a refusal.”

The finest sentiment however, I think, is that which
 ends the Poem preceding this:

“ Too much wisdom is folly; for time will produce
 “ events, of which thou canst have no idea; and he,
 “ to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee
 “ unexpected news.”

ART. XIII. *Sermon at Gloucester.* Cadell, 6d.

THIS is a kind of gentle Philippic against the present administration, introduced with the *If* Hypothetical, "If they have done so and so, why then they will do so and so, if we do not prevent them." The compiler of the literature of the month has nothing to do with these harsher kinds of polemics; but the ministers will certainly say,

Talk'st thou to us of *ifs*?—Audacious traitor!

The Dean of Gloucester has suffixed to this work, with what purpose is evident enough, a good sensible account of the signs of the times at the breaking out of the great rebellion.

ART. XIV: *Curialia: or, An Historical Account of some Branches of the Royal Household, &c. &c. Part I. Consisting of two Dissertations addressed to the President of the Society of Antiquaries, London. Viz. 1. On the obsolete Office of the Esquires of the King's Body. 2. On the original Nature, Duty, &c. of the Gentlemen of the King's Most Honourable Privy Chamber. By Samuel Pegge, Esq. 4to. Leigh, 3s. 6d.*

EVERY thing that tends to clearing up points of English antiquities, especially before the materials, which are mouldering, are quite gone, is useful. Pray, Sir, of what use? Read Ferdinando Marsham's Account of the Order of All-Night, and of his breakfast on a good piece of boiled beef of fourteen pounds weight, and of the silk traverse, and of his bringing in the mortar to his majesty's bed-chamber, with his sword and cloak on, and of his refusing to give Lord Bristol the letter he had for Charles the First, and of Charles's saying, "The esquire is in the right; for he ought not to deliver a letter or message to any but myself: he being at this time the chief officer in my house, and if he had delivered the letter to any other, I should not have thought him fit for his place." Read this, I say, and then judge.

ART.

ART. XV. *A Journey from Chester to London.* By Mr. Pennant. White, 1l. 5s.

THESE are properly speaking two journaies taken in two different years; in the latter of which, the author quitted the common road at Daventry, and came to London by Northampton. The whole is written in an easy pleasing style, full of classical and historical allusion, and besides there is a great variety of scattered anecdotes, which he who goes over this ground will be glad to know; he will find very accurate accounts of Litchfield, Coventry, St. Alban's, and Northampton, and of the pictures, &c. at Wrest, Woburn-abbey, Hatfield, and Gorhambury, once the seat of Bacon, and which contains a collection of English statesmen, &c. which no lover of English antiquity should pass without seeing. Mr. Pennant is also very full about the vale of Shugborough, which he dwells on with great pleasure, as it gives him an opportunity of paying a tribute to friendship, in describing the seat of the late elegant and worthy Mr. Anson. In short it is to be hoped, that, for the convenience of the common traveller, who will be happy in such an opportunity of seeing his country with improvement to himself, we shall soon have an octavo edition of this work; though it be purchased even at the expence of several very curious and well-executed plates, both of places and persons.

ART. XVI. *History of the Town of Birmingham,* by Mr. Hutton, 7s. 6d.

THIS is the history of a town, by a man who seems to have genius enough to write the history of a people, as it is not a mere detail of what a man of taste might see, but contains a great deal of philosophy in it.

ART. XVII. *Les Jardins, ou L'art D'embellir les Paysages,*
Poeme par L'Abbé de Lisle, de l'Academie Françoise.
Gardens, on the Art of improving Landscapes, in
4 Cantos.

THIS charming didactic poem, of which I remember to have heard a part seven years ago, was written by l'Abbé de Lisle, at this time by much the best poet in France; and distinguished not only for a revival of the taste for nature and simplicity, which had been decaying apace since the days of Boileau, La Fontaine, and Racine, but also for a versification more vigorous and more poetical, than the language had before been thought capable of. Besides smaller works, the Abbé has already favoured the public with a translation of Virgil's Georgics, which I am almost tempted to believe the first translation of any classical author in any language; and he is preparing a translation of the *Æneis*, of which I have the greatest hopes.

Though a very elaborate criticism on a French poem might not be agreeable to the English reader, even were I capable of making a good one, yet I have thought that he would not be displeased with a short analysis of the plan of a foreigner, on a subject which interests all mankind, and which has been lately handled in this country by the never dying Muse which sang Caradacus. It will be some amusement to those who have read the two Gardens, to see how two ingenious men, of countries which differ much in matters of taste, and who have both formed themselves on the great writers of antiquity, have treated the same subject.

L'Abbé de Lisle's poem is divided into four cantos: In the first, after an introductory address to the Muse of Lucretius and Virgil, and an encomium on the gardens of Alcinous, and those of Babylon and of Rome, in the last of which those thunders of war the Scipios used to repose themselves 'donec decoqueretur olus,' he enters upon his subject.

The

The first thing, says he, is to be a painter—Have an eye to distinguish the beauties of nature, not only in frequented spots, but in such as are more secured from the vulgar eye or vulgar apprehension. Then study the fine gardens of the country, admire the elegant magnificence of Chantilli, Beloeil not less rich then splendid, Chanteloup still proud of the banishment of its lord, &c. &c. But attend to your site; do not spoil an Italian prospect by wanting to introduce it into France, nor make hills of valleys or valleys of hills, nor seek to introduce all the beauties of nature in a garden which contains not more than an acre of ground. Above all, let there be motion; suffer no sacrilegious hand to prevent the fine wave of your trees to the wind, by cutting down their tops; admit the pendant goat, the heavy ox, and the warlike horse *; have as few enclosures as possible, but either admit nature in all her pomp as she is seen at Ermonville, or take care to make the most of those of

* The Duke de Choiseuil:

Vous donc, dans vos tableaux amis du mouvement,
A vos arbres laissez leur doux balancement.
Qu'en mobiles objets la perspective abonde:
Faites courir, bondir & rejaillir cette onde.
Vous voyez ces vallons, ces bois, ces champs déserts;
Des différens troupeaux dans les sites divers
Envoyez, répandez les peuplades nombreuses.
Là, du sommet lointain des roches buissonneuses,
Je vois la chèvre pendre. Ici, de mille agneaux
L'écho porte les cris de côteaux en côteaux.
Dans ces prés abreuvés des eaux de la colline,
Couché sur ses genoux, le bœuf pesant rumine;
Tandis qu'impétueux, fier, inquiet, ardent,
Cet animal guerrier qu'enfanta le trident,
Déploie, en se jouant, dans un gras pâturage
Sa vigueur indomptée & sa grace sauvage.
Que j'aime & sa souplesse & son port animé;
Soit que dans le courant du fleuve accoutumé
En frissonnant il plonge, &, luttant contre l'onde,
Batte du pied le flot qui blanchit & qui gronde;
Soit qu'à travers les prés il s'échappe par bonds;
Soit que, livrant aux vents ses longs crins vagabonds,
Superbe, l'œil en feu, les narines fumantes,
Beau d'orgueil & d'amour, il vole à ses amantes!
Quand je ne le vois plus, mon œil le suit encor.

her beauties you do possess, such as a hanging wood, a fine river, or the sea, by varying the prospect of them with a short walk.

This Canto concludes with a comparison between Kent and Le Nostre; the merits of the one as shewn in Marli and Versailles, and those of the other in imitation of Milton's Garden of Eden, the seat of happy lovers. With this idea, which is likewise in Mr. Walpole's Essay on Gardening, the first Canto concludes.

The second treats of the beauties of trees—in clumps or single—old or young—of different habits and different manners. This introduces a most beautiful episode on the cutting down of the fine trees at Versailles, those noble trees, which witnesses to every human weakness, had survived. Corneille and Turenne had furnished laurels for the victorious Lewis, and had formed the bower of La Valliere and Love *. After some ingenious precepts on

* Ils sont détruits, ces bois, dont le front glorieux
Ombrageoit de Louis le front victorieux,
Ces bois où, célébrant de plus douces conquêtes,
Les arts voluptueux multiplioient les fêtes !
Amour, qu'est devenu cet asyle enchanté
Qui vit de Montespan soupirer la fierté ?
Qu'est devenu l'ombrage où, si belle & si tendre,
A son amant surpris & charmé de l'entendre
La Vallière apprenoit le secret de son cœur,
Et sans se croire aimée avouoit son vainqueur ?
Tout périt, tout succombe ; au bruit de ce ravage
Voyez-vous point s'enfuir les hôtes du bocage ?
Tout ce peuple d'oiseaux fiers d'habiter ces bois,
Qui chantoient leurs amours dans l'asyle des rois,
S'exilent à regret de leurs berceaux antiques.
Ces dieux, dont le ciseau peupla ces verts portiques,
D'un voile de verdure autrefois habillés,
Tous honteux aujourd'hui de se voir dépouillés.
Pleurent leur doux ombrage ; &, redoutant la vue,
Vénus, même une fois s'étonna d'être nue.
Croissez, hâtez votre ombre, & repeuplez ces champs,
Vous, jeunes arbrisseaux ; & vous, arbres mourans,
Consolez-vous. Témoins de la foiblesse humaine,
Vous avez vu périr & Corneille & Turenne :
Vous comptez cent printemps, hélas ! & nos beaux jours
S'envolent les premiers, s'envolent pour toujours !

the mixture of proper trees, and breaking the tints by this, we have a description of the fall of the leaf, in the style of and almost as fine as *the Poet's Penseroso*. Thence the author leads us to the shrubbery, hot-house, and botanic garden, where he finishes the canto with the beautiful story of Potaveri, the young native of Otaheite, who, when he was at Paris some years ago, being carried to the botanic garden, burst out a crying on seeing the trees of his own country. The thought is so fine, and the verses so noble, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing them at length.

Là, desplants assemblés des bouts de l'univers,
De la cime des monts, de la rive des mers,
Des portes du couchant, de celles de l'aurore,
Ceux que l'ardent midi, que le nord voit éclore,
Les enfans du soleil, les enfans des frimats,
Me font, en un lieu seul, parcourir cent climats.
Je voyage, entouré de leur foule choisie,
D'Amérique en Europe, & d'Afrique en Asie.
Tous, parmi nos vieux plants charmés de se ranger,
Chérissent notre ciel, & l'heureux étranger,
Des bords qu'il a quittés reconnoissant l'ombrage,
Doute de son exil à leur touchante image,
Et d'un doux souvenir sent son cœur attendri.
Je t'en prends à témoin, jeune Potaveri.
Des champs d'O-Taïti, si chers à son enfance,
Où l'amour, sans pudeur, n'est pas sans innocence,
Ce sauvage ingénu dans nos murs transporté,
Regrettoit en son cœur sa douce liberté,
Et son île riante, & ses plaisirs faciles.
Ebloui, mais lassé de l'éclat de nos villes,
Souvent il s'écrioit : "Rendez-moi mes forêts."
Un jour, dans ces jardins où Louis à grands frais
De vingt climats divers en un seul lieu rassemble
Ces peuples végétaux surpris de croître ensemble,
Qui, changeant à la fois de saison & de lieu,
Viennent tous à l'envi rendre hommage à Jussieu ;
L'Indien parcouroit leurs tribus réunies,
Quand tout-à-coup, parmi ces vertes colonies,
Un arbre qu'il connut dès ses plus jeunes ans
Frappe ses yeux. Soudain, avec des cris perçans

Il s'élançe, il l'embrasse, il le baigne de larmes,
 Le couvre de baisers. Mille objets pleins de charmes,
 Ces beaux champs, ce beau ciel qui le virent heureux,
 Le fleuve qu'il fendoit de ces bras vigoureux,
 La forêt dont ses traits perçoient l'hôte sauvage,
 Ces bananiers chargés & de fruits & d'ombrage
 Et le toit paternel, & les bois d'alentour,
 Ces bois qui répondoient à ses doux chants d'amour,
 Il croit les voir encore, & son ame attendrie,
 Du moins pour un instant, retrouva sa patrie.

I wish my respect for the English reader would allow me to do as much by the beautiful address to the Queen of France, on the birth of the Dauphin, which almost immediately goes before. This is happily introduced by the precept of planting your trees in remembrance of some friend, some dear host, some child, whom you have given to a happy husband. "But what do I say," cries the author, "the Dauphin is just born, I will go to Trianon*, and plant trees in honour of him! thy eyes, charming Queen! our glory, our hope, will see them grow, and thy son growing with them will often seek their fraternal shades.

Canto the third opens with the author's telling us, that the trumpet of war has sounded as he was singing; that all the heroes are gone to America, and that he will go out and prepare ringlets of flowers for their victorious brows. He then speaks of pastures, of flowers, and of immense rocks, with a small bridge at the bottom, which recall the stories of the Lost Traveller and the Lover's Jump, the belief of which still amuses the peasant in his winter evenings;—of cascades—and the melancholy-soothing rivulet. All this conducts him naturally to Vacluse, Laura, and Petrarch, who are sung upon the true poet's harp. But

* Was built for one of Lewis the XIVth's mistresses. The present King made a present of it to the Queen, with this elegant compliment: "My ancestor, Madam, gave it to his mistress, and I give it to mine." This is almost as fine as Augustus's *Vive nostri conjugii memora*.

Canto the 4th is the master-piece of the whole. After a poetical description of the Iliad, in which the universal Master of nature had not disdained to mix the waving fields of corn, and the shepherd telling his tale, with the hissing darts of either army, Terror putting to the horses of Achilles' chariot, and Neptune striking down the walls of Troy with his trident; the Abbé describes the ornaments of the garden: these are—the walk neither too straight and wide, nor too affectedly curved—the laughing lake, which seems to say, Stop here, where can you do better, changed suddenly for the hermitage, in which man recollects the past, anticipates the future, and thinks of the good and evil scattered with a pretty equal hand over his short day. From hence we are carried to the *Et ego in Arcadia*, '*Et moi je fus aussi dans l'heureuse Arcadie;*' but cautioned not to erect the imaginary urn, but rather, if we are fortunate enough never to have felt a real loss, that of the farmer or veteran, who, making fate blush at his destiny, served his God, his king, his country, his family, and made the chaste heart of his daughter the abode of virtue, innocence, and peace. Write, says he, upon his tomb,

*Qu'on y lise, Ci git le bon fils, le bon pere,
le bon epoux.*

All this part, which imitates Gray, as Gray imitated the ancients, is inexpressibly beautiful*. Hence we travel to the farm, where, like Shenstone's

Bring, bring the hobby that I strode,
When joyful round the room I rode,

the author recalls all the amusements of his youth.

Then

* *Ah! si d'aucun ami vous n'honorez la cendre,
Voyez sous ces vieux ifs la tombe où vont se rendre
Ceux qui, courbés pour vous sur des sillons ingrats,
Au sein de la misère espèrent le trépas.
Pourriez-vous d'orner leurs humbles sépultures?
Vous n'y pouvez graver d'illustres aventures,*

Then there follows a most splendid description indeed of the Menagerie, and the several beasts foreign and domestic who inhabit it, with an happy invocation of La Fontaine, to come and help describe their manners. This it is impossible to do any justice to, without inserting it at length, and therefore it must be sufficient to say, that it joins the poetry of Virgil to the philosophic precision of the Essay on man. The eight lines on the cock are equal to any thing in the latter; nor would Pindar himself disdain the prayer for the imprisoned eagle to be set at liberty. Hence, after passing an obelisk dedicated ‘à nos braves marins mourans pour la patrie,’ to the Manners’s and Baines’s of France; we pass on to ruins, which recall the memory of Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage, the two majestic ruins comforting each other.

Telle jadis Carthage

*Vit sur ses murs détruits Marius malheureux
Et ces deux grands debris se consoloient entr’eux.*

Sans doute. Depuis l’aube, où le coq matinal
Des rustiques travaux leur donne le signal,
Jusques à la veillée, où leur jeune famille
Environne avec eux le sarment qui pétille,
Dans les mêmes travaux roulent en paix leurs jours.
Des guerres, des traités n’en marquent point le cours.
Naître, souffrir, mourir, c’est toute leur histoire.
Mais leur cœur n’est point sourd au bruit de leur mémoire.
Quel homme vers la vie, au moment du départ,
Ne se tourne, & ne jette un triste & long regard,
A l’espoir d’un regret ne sent pas quelque charme,
Et des yeux d’un ami n’attend pas une larme ?
Pour consoler leur vie honorez donc leur mort :
Celui qui de son rang faisant rougit le fort,
Sert son Dieu, son Roi, son pays, sa famille,
Qui grava la pudeur sur le front de sa fille,
D’une pierre moins brute honorez son tombeau ;
Tracez-y ses vertus & les pleurs du hameau ;
Qu’on y lise : *Ci gît le bon fils, le bon père,
Le bon époux.*

This I fear is a little too bold ; but who would not forgive it for what goes before ?

Mais de ces monumens la brillante gaieté,
Et leur luxe moderne, & leur fraîche jeunesse,
Des antiques débris valent-ils la vieillesse ?
L'aspect désordonné de ces grands corps épars
Leur forme pittoresque attache les regards.
Par eux le cours des ans est marqué sur la terre.
Détruits par les volcans, ou l'orage ou la guerre,
Ils instruisent toujours, consolent quelquefois.
Ces masses qui du temps sentent aussi le poids,
Enseignent à céder à ce commun ravage,
A pardonner au fort. Telle jadis Carthage
Vit sur ses murs détruits Marius malheureux,
Et ces deux grands débris se consoloient entr'eux.

The next thing is the remains of a chapel, where

‘ Vierges, femmes enfans (pueri innuptaeque puel-
lae) sur un rustique autel,

‘ Venoient pour les moissons implorer l'Eternel.’

Thence we go to the dismantled fort, formerly the astonished witness of the deeds of arms of the Baiard's and Henry's, now the peaceful retreat of the nightingale who guards the fruits of her love, and of the little boy who plays chuck where his parents used to fight.

This leads us to Paraclete, where we meet again with Pope, but translated in such a manner as would have pleased himself to read.

Away, cries the muse-raised writer, away with those awkward imitations of antiquity, built only a week ago,—with the remains of the castle, which never existed, or could exist,—with the Gothic tower which totters to its fall, without being old. Oh, how venerable ! on the contrary, how interesting to the heart, is a real ruin, the companion of my unaffected ancestors ; how I like to converse with it, with what pleasure I listen to it as it repeats the histories of ages past, and people that have been. Oh Italy ! Oh Campagna of Rome ! but I am hurried away with the poet too ; and he who does not know French has only to learn it for the sake of what follows.

Mais

Mais un débris réel intéresse mes yeux.
Jadis contemporain de nos simples aïeux,
J'aime à l'interroger, je me plais à le croire.
Des peuples & des temps il me redit l'histoire.
Plus ces temps sont fameux, plus ces peuples sont grands,
Et plus j'admirerai ces restes imposans.
O champs de l'Italie ! ô campagnes de Rome !
Où dans tout son orgueil gît le néant de l'homme,
C'est là que des débris fameux par de grands noms,
Pleins de grands souvenirs & de hautes leçons,
Vous offrent ces aspects, trésors des paysages.
Voyez de toutes parts, comment le cours des âges
Dispersant, déchirant de précieux lambeaux,
Jettant temple sur temple, & tombeaux sur tombeaux,
De Rome étale au loin la ruine immortelle.
Ces portiques, ces arcs, où la pierre fidelle
Garde du peuple-roi les exploits éclatans ;
Leur masse indestructible a fatigué le temps.
Des fleuves suspendus ici mugissoit l'onde,
Sous ces portes passaient les dépouilles du monde ;
Par-tout confusément dans la poussière épars,
Les thermes, les palais, les tombeaux des Césars,
Tandis que de Virgile, & d'Ovide, & d'Horace,
La douce illusion nous montre encor la trace.
Heureux, cent fois heureux l'artiste des jardins,
Dont l'art peut s'emparer de ces restes divins.
Déjà la main du temps fourdement le seconde ;
Déjà sur les grandeurs de ces maîtres du monde
La nature se plaît à reprendre ses droits.
Au lieu même où Pompée, heureux vainqueur des Rois,
Étalait tant de faste, ainsi qu'aux jours d'Évandre,
La flûte des bergers revient se faire entendre.
Voyez rire ces champs au laboureur rendus,
Sur ces combles tremblans ces chevreaux suspendus,
L'orgueilleux obélisque au loin couché sur l'herbe,
L'humble ronce embrassant la colonne superbe ;
Ces forêts d'arbrisseaux, de plantes, de buissons,
Monant, tombant en grappe, en touffes, en festons,
Par le souffle des vents semés sur ces ruines,
Le figuier, l'olivier, de leurs foibles racines
Achèvent d'ébranler l'ouvrage des Romains ;
Et la vigne flexible, & le lierre aux cent mains,
Autour de ces débris rampans avec souplesse,
Semblent vouloir cacher ou parer leur vieillesse.

But let there be no Pans on bowling-greens, nor Tritons in the orangerie, nor Naiads where Dryads ought to be; above all, let none of the Cæsars approach the place which is dedicated to the forgetfulness of the evils of life, and of the tyrants who have been the occasion of them. Put me up Fenelon, put me up Henry raising Sully from the flowers, 'donnez, donnez des fleurs,' give, give me flowers, I will strew them over the busts of the sages who, in noble banishment, on distant coasts, either sought for or carried the arts which comfort mankind.

Donnez des fleurs, donnez; j'en couvrirai ces sages
 Qui, dans un noble exil, sur de lointains rivages
 Cherchoient ou répandoient les arts consolateurs.
 Toi sur-tout, brave Cook, qui, cher à tous les cœurs,
 Unis par les regrets la France & l'Angleterre;
 Toi qui, dans ces climats où le bruit du tonnerre
 Nous annonçoit jadis, Triptolème nouveau,
 Apportoï le courfier, la brebis, le taureau,
 Le soc cultivateur, les arts de ta patrie,
 Et des brigands d'Europe expiois la furie.
 Ta voile en arrivant leur annonçoit la paix,
 Et ta voile en partant leur laissoit des bienfaits.
 Reçois donc ce tribut d'un enfant de la France.
 Et que fait son pays à ma reconnoissance?
 Ses vertus en ont fait notre concitoyen.
 Imitons notre Roi, digne d'être le sien.
 Hélas! de quoi lui sert que deux fois son audace
 Ait vu des cieux brûlans, fendu des mers de glace;
 Que des peuples, divers, des ondes révére,
 Seul sur les vastes mers son vaisseau fût sacré;
 Que pour lui seul la guerre oubliât ses ravages?
 L'ami du monde, hélas! meurt en proie aux sauvages.
 Vous qui pleurez sa mort, fiers enfans d'Albion,
 Imites, il est tems, sa noble ambition.
 Pourquoi dans vos égaux cherchez-vous des esclaves;
 Portez leur des bienfaits & non pas des entraves.
 Le front ceint de lauriers cueillis par les François,
 La victoire aujourd'hui sollicite la paix.
 Descends; aimable paix, si long-temps attendue,
 Descends; que ta présence à l'univers rendue,
 Embellisse les lieux qu'ont célébrés mes vers;
 Viens; forme un peuple heureux de cent peuples divers.
 Rends l'abondance aux champs, rends le commerce aux ondes,
 Et la vie aux beaux arts, & le calme aux deux mondes.

I suppose

I suppose that since the ‘*Te veniente die, te decedente canebat,*’ there have not been such verses written as the eighth or ninth.

It may be worth the scholar’s while to compare the invocation to peace with Aristophanes’s fine ode. I think in the *Ἰππείης* or *Ἀχαρνών*.

I should be glad to see a translation of this charming piece, provided Dr. Beattie or Mrs. Barbauld will undertake it. Mr. Mason has taken ground of his own, and Mrs. Brooke unfortunately for us writes little but in prose.

ART. XVIII. *The Nineteen Tragedies and Fragments of Euripides, translated by Michael Wodhull, Esq; 4 vol. 8vo. 1 l. 1 s. and the First Volume of Euripides, translated by Mr. Potter, 4to. 1 l. 1 s.*

BEFORE I say any thing about the merits of the present rival translations, I think it not improper to premise a few words on the nature of translations in general, not with a view of saying any thing that is not known, but to enable the reader to judge of Mess. Wodhull and Potter for himself, and for the sake of young writers, to whom alone the few criticisms introduced in this work (intended more to give an account of what authors do, than to decide how they do it) are addressed.

In the first place then, as every translation is a composition in English, intended for English readers, who may be supposed to be some of them persons of taste, who understand no languages but their own, the first thing required in it is, that it be in English, both as to the words and the idiom. For let the translator understand his author ever so well, how is it possible he should afford me compleat pleasure, if he is deficient in the first thing by which I judge, and the only thing I can judge of, i. e. if his words are new, or mean, or coarse, or if his turns of phrase are foreign, and such as offend my ears. The first thing then, every translator, even of the humblest prose, has to attend to, is to write plain, and

good at least, and (if he chooses to excell) elegant English. The utmost that can be allowed him is now-and-then to coin a word he wants, or to venture the introduction of a bold turn from the language out of which he is translating. If he does this moderately, and with sufficient art, we are obliged to him, and the graces he thus introduces or steals into English, may sometimes gain an establishment by this means, which no original writer would have ventured to ask for them.

And thus much for the translation of prose.

For the same reason it is to be expected from a person who attempts to translate a poet into verse, that he be a poet himself. For the moment any man professes to give me something which is not prose, he professes to delight as well as instruct me; and how can he do this? how indeed, if I have any ear, can he fail of doing quite the contrary, if he is not master of harmony, or does not understand the varieties of the English numbers, or is not intimately familiar with those bold and glowing expressions which I expect to meet with in Lyric poetry more particularly, because I have been used to them in Dryden, and the other great artificers of my own native language.

These then, elegance and poetry, are absolute requisites for the translators of a poet, to place him above mediocrity; but there is a third, without which he never can reach excellence, and that is, the knowing what may be translated, and what may not, and the power or taste of rejection. All things will not bear in English, even such as were excellently written in French last year, much less what was written in Greek three thousand years ago, to a people whose manners and constitutions were in several respects different from ours, and whose language is so imperfectly understood, that even what cannot be rendered by us without appearing mean and trivial, might be excellent in the original, even in point of language. All things will not bear, I say—and therefore no man who does not feel in himself the boldness to reject sometimes, can be a translator. Still, however, though *all* things cannot bear, there is com-

monly an analogous idea in the modern languages, which the original writer would have made use of if he had lived in the age or country, and this it becomes the translator to find out and insert in his composition.

Milton translated upon these principles, as may be seen in particular by comparing the fine simile of the bees in the first book of *Paradise Lost* with the original in Homer. So Giustiniani translated the *Oedipus Tyrannus* into Italian with a felicity little inferior to that of the original; so L'Abbé de Lisle translated the *Georgics*; and such finally are Addison's translations in the *Spectator*, and Mr. Potter's own translation of *Æschylus*.

Having said thus much on the subject in general, I shall reserve the particular observations I have to make on the respective merits of the two translations, particularly on the lyric odes, till next month, and content myself at present with laying a specimen of each before the reader, that he may form a judgment of his own. This he will be the more obliged to me for, as I have chosen what is commonly supposed to be the most pathetic scene in antiquity, the parting of *Alcestis* and *Admetus*, in consequence of the former's having devoted herself to save her husband's life. I am aware indeed that criticism may nibble at the propriety of the thing's taking place, and think *Admetus* a very bad husband; but the situation (which I neither mean to defend or condemn) being given, I think the rules of taste will allow that it was impossible to make the two persons speak more in character, or more feelingly, than Euripides has done; and therefore I hope that none of my readers, especially those who have not opportunities of judging ancient composition in the original languages, will take exceptions at little imperfections of style (though it be indeed the first thing which strikes the ear), but that they will attend to the weight of sentiment, and flow of poetry, which as no translation can give fully, so no translation can take away. Those who read with this principle, will, I am persuaded, be pleased enough, to wish to read more of a writer, who has many scenes like this, in one or other of these translations.

Att. The best of wives indeed : who will gainsay it ?
 What could the brightest pattern of her sex
 Do more ? what greater proof give of the honour
 She bears her husband, than a ready will
 To die for him ? This all the city knows.
 How in the house she hath bemeaned herself
 Will claim thy admiration. When she knew,
 The destin'd day was come, in fountain-water,
 She bath'd her *lilly-tinctur'd limbs*, then took
 From his rich chest, of odorous cedar form'd,
 A splendid robe, and her most radiant dress :
 Thus gorgeously† array'd, she stood before
 The hallowed flames, and thus address'd her prayer ;
 O queen, I go to the infernal shades,
 Yet, ere I go, with reverence let me breathe
 My last request, protect my orphan children,
 Make my son happy with the wife he loves,
 And wed my daughter to a noble § husband :
 Nor let them, like the mother, to the tomb
 Untimely sink ; but, in their native land,
 || Be bless'd, through length'ned life, to honour'd age.
 Then to each altar in the royal house
 She went, and crown'd it, and address'd her vows,
 Plucking the myrtle-bough : nor tear, nor sigh,
 Came from her, neither did the approaching ill
 Change the fresh beauties of her vermeil cheek.
 Her chamber then visits, and her bed ;
 There her tears flow'd, and thus she spoke, O bed,
 To which, my wedded lord, for whom I die,
 Led me a virgin-bride, farewell ; to thee
 No blame do I impute, for me alone
 Hast thou destroy'd : disdaining to betray
 Thee, and my lord, I die : to thee shall come
 Some other woman, not more chaste **, perchance

* This is better than Mr. Wodhull ; for nobody thought of flandering her worth, nor is there room for it.

† “ With a modest grace,” is better, and nearer the original.

‡ Sancta ad vos anima.

§ Γενναίον ποσεις, both the translators have rendered “ noble ;” but it conveys a great deal more. It is opposed to the wife he loves for the son, and the sense is something like that of the fine epitaph,

“ All the sons were brave, and all the daughters virtuous.”

|| A beautiful line.

** The word Σωφρων, if I mistake not, contains a great deal more and includes almost every virtue that becomes a wife and mother.

Attend. Who dares to slander such unrival'd worth?
 Could aught have been done more by the most perfect
 Of her whole sex? what method is there left
 By which the *matron** for her lord can shew
 Stronger regard than choosing in his stead
 To suffer death? This fact hath been made known
 Thro' our whole city. With amazement hear
 In her apartment how she was employ'd.
 When she perceiv'd the fatal morn was come,
 She with the waters of the limpid rill
 Lav'd her fair limbs, and from the sculptur'd chest
 Assorting, with a modest grace attir'd
 Her person, and devoutly as she stood
 Before her Lares in these terms implor'd
The aid of Vesta: "O thou awful Queen,
 " For on a journey to the realms beneath
 " I now am bound; to thee with my last voice
 " These orphan children to protect, I sue;
 " With a lov'd bride in Hymen's bonds unite
 " My son, and on *this tender maid* bestow
 " A noble husband: nor, like her who bore them,
 " Suffer my hapless progeny t' expire
 " Thus immaturely: but by every bliss
 " Accompanied, in their paternal land
 " Permit them to fill up the lengthen'd measure
 " Of a delicious life." To all the altars
 Within Admetus' palace then she came,
 Deck'd them with garlands, offer'd up her vows
 And from the branches of the myrtle stripp'd
 Their foliage; yet meanwhile nor wept, nor groan'd,
 Nor did the evil which was close at hand
 Change the complexion of her blooming cheeks,
 Till she at length into the chamber burst,
 Fell on her couch, *then stream'd the plenteous tear*†,
 And she exclaim'd; "Thou *inauspicious bed*‡,
 " On which the favour'd youth, *for whom I die* ||,
 " Unbound my virgin zone, farewell, no hate,
 " To thee I bear, because thou hast destroy'd

* *Matron* spoils all, and makes it ludicrous.

† Neither of the translators have sufficiently marked the beautiful circumstance of her bearing all unmov'd till she came to the bridal chamber.

‡ Euripides says just the contrary.

|| Inelegant and gross in English.

More happy : as she lay, she kiss'd the couch,
 And bath'd it with a flood of tears : that past,
 She left her chamber, then return'd, and oft
 She left it, oft return'd, and on the couch
 Fondly, each time she enter'd, cast herself.
 Her children, as they hung upon her robes,
 Weeping, she rais'd, and clasp'd them to her breast
 Each after each, as now about to die.
 Each servant through the house burst into tears,
 In pity of their mistress ; she to each
 Stretch'd her right-hand ; nor was there one so mean
 To whom she spoke not, *and admitted him* *
To speak to her again. Within the house,
 These are our griefs. Admetus must have died,
 Have perished : but, escaping is immers'd
 In sorrows, which his heart shall ne'er forget.

The Chorus and Attendant converse a little, and then

ALCESTIS, ADMETUS, EUMELUS, CHORUS.

Alc. Thou sun †, and thou fair light of day, ye clouds,
 That in quick eddies whirl along the sky !

Adm. Sees thee and me, most wretched, yet in nought
 Offending 'gainst the gods, that thou should'st die.

Alc. O earth, ye towred roofs, thou bridal bed,
 Rais'd in Iolcos, my paternal seat !

Adm. O thou poor sufferer, raise thee, leave me not ;
 Entreat the pow'rful gods to pity thee.

Alc. I see the two-oar'd boat, the Stygian barge ;
 And he that wafts the dead grasps in his hand
 His pole, and calls me, why dost thou delay ?

* This is not the sense. There is nothing of "admitted to speak." Euripides says, she was answered by the servants, whether of their own accord, because they were used to it, (for the Athenians, for whom Euripides wrote, respected their servants) ; or because the sense of what they were so soon to lose got the better of every other consideration.

† Her favourite servant had said, she was coming out to see the sun for the last time, which explains this opening. Racine, who was as great, as happy, and perhaps as unconscious a borrower as the immortal Gray, has made a fine use of this in the fine scene of Phædra, which I could almost say, as to this scene, is Euripides improved, where he introduces her, with

" Noble et brillant auteur de ma triste famille.

" — — — — —

" — — — — —

" Soleil ! je te viens voir pour la dernière fois."

Virgil had the whole of the introduction in view, in the

" Sancta ad vos anima atque infixa culpa."

“ Me singly : for I perish through a dread
 “ Thee and my dearest husband to betray :
 “ But thou by a new bride, tho’ not more *chaste*,
 “ Happier perchance than me, shalt be possess’d !”
 Thus lay she, and oft kiss’d it till the couch
 Was wholly with her gushing tears bedew’d ;
 Then satiated with weeping, started up,
 And oft from her apartment issued forth,
 Yet *ever and anon* did she return,
 And threw herself upon the *wonted* couch †.
 Meantime the children on their mother’s robe
 Hung weeping, but she rais’d them in her arms
 As now aware of her impending death,
 And kiss’d them oft, while thro’ the palace wept,
 Pitying their mistress, the whole menial train ;
 With courtesy she held forth her right-hand
 To each, nor was there any one so mean
 Whom she accosted not, or to whose words
She in her turn vouchsaf’d not to reply.
 Such are the evils of Admetus’s house,
 By dying he had perish’d only once,
 But now, from death escaping, is involv’d
 In sorrows such as time can ne’er efface.

ALCESTIS, ADMETUS, EUMELUS, CHORUS.

Alc. O Sun, O thou resplendant light of day,
 And ye, O fleecy clouds, with swift career
 Whirl’d thro’ the heavens !

Adm. Our sufferings they behold,
 Altho’ we have committed ’gainst the Gods
 No sin, for which thou might’st deserve to die.

Alc. Thou too, O Earth, ye roofs of stately domes,
 And gay apartments which in bridal pomp
 My native land lolcos ‡ erst array’d.

Adm. Unhappy woman, from thy couch arise,
 Forake me not ; but to the Powers Supreme
 Sue for their pity.

Alc. Furnish’d with two oars
 I view the boat, and him who ferries o’er
 The silent dead ; his hand the lengthen’d pole
 Sustains : by Charon am I summon’d hence,

† Almost indecent. There is nothing of this in Euripides.

‡ Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Haste thee ! thou linger'st ! All is ready here.
Charon, impatient, speeds me to be gone.

Adm. A melancholy voyage this to me.

O thou unhappy, what a fate is ours,

Alc. He drags me, some one drags me to the gates
That close upon the dead ! Dost thou not see him,
How stern he frowns beneath his gloomy brow.
Th' impetuous Pluto ? What wou'dst thou with me ?
Off ! let me go ! Ah ! what a dreary path !
Wretched, most wretched ! Must I downwards go ?

Adm. To thy friends mournful, most to me, and these
Thy children, who with me this sorrow share.

Alc. No longer hold me up, hold me no longer,
Here lay me down : I have not strength to stand :
Death is hard by : dark night creeps o'er my eyes.
My children, O my children, now no more,
Your mother is no more ! Farewell. May you,
More happy, see the golden light of heaven !

Adm. Ah, what a mournful world is this ! to me
Than any death more painful : by the gods,
For sake me not ; shou'dst thou be taken from me,
I were no more ; in thee I live ; thy love,
Thy sweet society my soul revere.

Alc. Thou seest, Admetus, what to me the Fates
Assign ; yet, e'er I die, I wish to tell thee
What lies most near my heart. I honour'd thee,
And, in exchange for thine, my forfeit life
Devoted ; now I die for thee, though free
Not to have died, but from Theffalia's chiefs
Preferring whom I pleas'd, in royal state,
To have liv'd happy here : I had no will
To live bereft of thee with these poor orphans :
I die without reluctance ; though the gifts
Of youth are mine, to make life grateful to me :
Yet he that gave thee birth, and she that bore thee,
Deerted thee, though well it had bescem'd them,
With honour to have dy'd for thee, t' have sav'd
Their son with honour, glorious in their death.
They had no child but thee, they had no hope
Of other offspring, shou'd thou die ; and I
Might thus have liv'd, thou mightst have liv'd till age,
Crept slowly on, nor wou'dst thou heave the sigh,
Thus of thy wife depriv'd, nor train alone
Thy orphan children : but some god appointed
It should be thus : thus be it : thou to me

He cries ; “What means these fond delays ? uprise,
 “Thou stay’st behind when all things else are ready.”
 Thus eagerly he hastens my career.

Adm. The voyage which thou speak’st of is to me
 Most bitter. Ah, how grievous are our woes !

Alc. He leads me (see’st thou ?) to yon hall of death * :
 ’Tis winged Pluto who with glaring eyes
 Darts horror. What art thou about ? release me.
 Thro’ what strange paths most wretched am I borne !

Adm. By every friend, yet most of all, by me,
 And these our offspring, partners in my grief,
 Lamented.

Alc. Loose me, loose me, lay me down,
 I have no strength, grim Pluto is at hand,
 And thickest night o’erspreads these eyes. My children,
 Your mother, O my children, is no more :
 May ye with joy this radiant sun behold !

Adm. Ah me ! the words I hear are to my soul
 More grievous far than death in any form.
 Forsake me not, I by the Gods implore,
 And by our children, who of thee bereft
 Will mourn their orphan state ; but O resume
 Thy spirits : for I, after thou art dead,
 No longer can exist ; on thee alone
 Depends it, whether I yet live, or quit
 This world ; for thee I love and thee revere.

Alc. To thee, Admetus, I my last behests
 (Thou see’st my situation) ere I die
 Wish to unfold : thro’ my esteem for thee,
 On whom in my own stead I have conferr’d
 The privilege of life, I now expire ;
 Yet in my option, was I to have shunn’d
 The stroke of death, and from the noblest youths
 Of Thessaly selecting a new husband,
 Dwelt in this palace, blest with regal power :
 But I, to hold my being on such terms
 As being torn from thee by fate,
 And left with these poor orphans, have refus’d.
 On me the bounteous Hebe shower’d her gifts,
 Fond pledges of delight, myself I spar’d not :

* These three or four speeches of a dying mother, who from the temporary delirium, recovers to look her last, and say her last, to the dear object round her bed side, have never, I suppose, been surpassed by any writer.

Requite this kindness ; never shall I ask
 An equal retribution, nothing bears
 A value high as life : yet my request
 Is just, thou wilt confess it ; for thy love
 To these our children equals mine, thy soul,
 If wisdom tempers : in their mother's house
 Let them be lords : wed not again, to set
 A step-dame o'er my children, some base woman
 That wants my virtue ; she, through jealousy,
 Will work against their lives, because to thee
 I bore them : do not this ; I beg thee do not :
 For to the offspring of a former bed,
 A stepdame comes sharp as a serpent's tooth.
 My son, that holds endearing converse with thee,
 Hath in his father a secure protection.
 But who, my daughter, shall with honour guide
 Thy virgin years ? What woman shalt thou find,
 New-wedded to thy father, whose vile arts
 Will not with scandalous falsehoods taint thy name,
 And blast thy nuptials in youth's freshest bloom ?
 For never shall thy mother see thee led
 A bride, nor at thy throws speak comfort to thee,
 Then present, when a mother's tenderness
 Is most alive : for I must die ; the ill
 Waits not a day, but quickly shall I be
 Number'd amongst the dead. Farewell ; be happy.
 And thou, my husband, may'st with honour boast,
 Thou hast been wedded to a virtuous wife,
 And you, my children, glory in your mother.

Chor. Fear not, I boldly pledge my faith, that this
 He will perform, if reason holds her seat.

Adm. This shall be done ; let not such fears disturb thee :
 It shall be done ; for living thou was mine,
 And dead *thou only* shalt be call'd my wife.
 Never, in thy dear place, Thessalian bride
 Shall call me husband : no ; nor other woman,
 Though from a line of antient kings she draws
 Her noble birth, and boasts each peerless grace
 Of native beauty. I am blest with children,
 Nor wish I more ; in these I pray the gods
 I may have joy ; since all my joy in thee
 Is lost. This mourning, not one single year,
 But to life's last period shall be borne.
 How hateful are my parents ! for their words
 Alone were friendly, not their deeds ; whilst thou,
 Paying the dearest forfeit for my life,

But thee the very father who forgot,
 The mother too that bore thee have betray'd,
 Mature in age, when they to save their son,
 Might like heroic spirits have expir'd.
 For thou wert all they had, nor could the hope
 Of any farther issue, to replace
 Thy loss still harbour in their aged breasts.
 Myself and thou might also hence have liv'd
 The residue of our allotted time,
 Nor would'st thou have bewail'd thy Consort's loss,
 Without maternal aid constrain'd to rear
 A brood of children. Yet are these events
 By one of the immortal gods dispos'd.
 I acquiesce ; but let thy grateful soul
 A memory of this favor still retain.
 But I for no equivalent will ask,
 Nor could there be discover'd aught, than life,
 Of greater value : yet will thou confess
 That it is just (for, if thou think aright,
 The love thou bear'st these children equals mine)
 In thee to make our race the future lords
 Of these abodes, in which I now am Queen.
 Nor subject to the step-dame's harsh controul
 Our progeny, lest such a woman, sway'd
 By principles less virtuous, should attempt
 Against our offspring, thro' an envious rage,
 Some deed of violence. Beware, my lord,
 And act not thus, to thee I humbly sue :
 For when the step-dame, an inveterate foe
 To the first race succeeds, she, like the viper,
 Is merciless. As for the boy, he finds
 A fortress to protect him in his fire,
 With whom he oft the mutual converse holds :
 But, O my daughter, by what means canst thou
 Be nurtur'd as illustrious virgins ought ?
 May not thy fire be coupled to a bride
 Who, tainting with disgrace thy spotless name,
 E'en in the bloom of youth thy nuptial joys
 Will frustrate ? for no mother shall preside
 O'er thy espousals, nor midst child-birrh's pangs
 When the maternal tenderness exerts
 Its utmost force, support thy drooping soul.
 For I must die, nor is this ill postpon'd
 E'en till to-morrow, nor the moon's third day :
 But in a moment, with the silent dead

Hast sav'd me? Shall I ever cease to mourn,
 Depriv'd of such a wife? * Hence I renounce
 The feast, the chearful guest, the flow'ry wreath,
 And song that us'd to echo through my house:
 For never will I touch the lyre again,
 Nor to the Libyan flute's sweet measure raise
 My voice, with thee all my delights are dead.
 Thy beauteous figure, by the artist's hand
 Skilfully wrought, shall in my bed be laid;
 By that reclining, I will clasp it to me,
 And call it by thy name, and think I hold
 My dear wife in my arms, and have her yet,
 Though now no more I have her: cold delight
 I ween; yet thus th' affliction of my soul
 Shall I relieve; and, visiting my dreams,
 Shalt thou delight me; for to see a friend,
 Is grateful to the soul, come when he will,
 Though an unreal vision of the night.
 Had I the voice of Orpheus, and his skill,
 Of power to soothe with my melodious strains
 The daughter of bright Ceres, or her husband,
 That from their realms I might receive thee back,
 I would go down, nor should th' infernal dog,
 Nor the stern Charon, sitting at his oar,
 To waft the dead, restrain me, till thy life
 I had restor'd to the fair light of day.
 But there await me till I die; prepare
 A mansion for me, as again with me †
 To dwell; for in thy tomb will I be laid,
 In the same cedar, by thy side compos'd:
 For, e'en in death, I will not be disjoin'd
 From thee, who hast alone been faithful to me.

Chor. For her sake, thy sorrows will I share,
 As friend with friend, and she is worthy of it.

* "Othello's occupation gone." I suppose there can be nobody so unaccustomed to the language of nature, or so dead to its emotions, as not to feel the beauties of these speeches of the husband and wife to the inmost soul. If so, let them thank the translators who have opened innumerable treasures to them, not in the least inferior in value to these, as they will find; and let them learn to value truth and nature. As to the political touches, and those of general morality, sometimes thrown in, they must forgive the poet, who wrote for a people who delighted in allusions, and who were willing to be called off to moral instruction, even in the midst of their pleasures.

See a fine use made of this charming thought by the author of the *Story of Marathon and Yaratilda*, published, I think in the *Adventurer*.

Shall I be number'd. Fare ye well, take comfort :
Thou, O my husband, hast sufficient cause
To boast thou didst possess the best of wives,
Ye, too, my children, glory that ye sprung
From such a mother.

Chor.

Courage : I for him
Dread not to answer, that he will perform
These thy requests, unless he lose his reason.

Adm. They shall be executed, yes they shall :
Harbor no groundless fears, for thou thro' life
Hast been, and in the grave shalt still remain,
My only comfort ; no Thessalian nymph
Shall in thy stead by the endearing name
Of Husband e'er accost me, tho' she spring
From an illustrious father, and transcend
All other women in her graceful form.
Of children I already have enough,
And pray the gods that them I may enjoy,
Since all enjoyment I of thee have lost !
Nor shall my mourning to the usual space
Of one short year be limited, but last
Long as my life indures ; e'en her who bore me
I loathe, and to my father am a foe ;
For they in empty words, and not in deeds,
Have been my friends : but thou, by yielding up
What mortals hold most dear, hast sav'd my life.
Have not I cause sufficient for these groans,
When of a wife-like thee I am bereft ?
Henceforth, I from the banquet will abstain,
From social converse o'er the flowing bowl.
These brows no wreath shall crown, th' enlivening song
No longer echo thro' my vaulted roofs,
For I will never more attempt to touch
The sounding lyre, nor to the Libyan flute
Raise the symphonious warblings of my voice ;
All the delights of life with thee are fled.
But by the hand of skilful artists form'd,
Thy image shall be plac'd upon my couch,
That over thy resemblance while I bow,
With eager arms infold it, on thy name
Still calling, I my wife may seem to clasp,
Tho' I in fact possess thee not : cold joys
I deem are these, yet thus may I alleviate
The burden which hangs heavy on my soul.
By visiting my dreams thou wilt delight me,

Alc. You hear, my children, what your father's words
Have promised, not to wed another woman
To your discomfort, nor dishonour me.

Adm. I now repeat it ; firm shall be my faith.

Alc. On this receive thy children from my hand.

Adm. A much-lov'd gift, and from a much-lov'd hand*.

Alc. Be now instead of me, a mother to them.

Adm. If they lose thee, it must indeed be so.

Alc. When I should live, I sink among the dead.

Adm. Ah me ! what shall I do bereft of thee !

Alc. Time will abate thy grief : the dead are nothing.

Adm. O lead me, by the gods, lead me down with thee !

Alc. It is enough that I die for thee,

Adm. Oh Fate ! of what a wife dost thou deprive me !

Alc. An heavy weight hangs on my darken'd eye.

Adm. If thou forsake me, I am lost indeed.

Alc. As one that is no more, I now am nothing.

Adm. Ah, raise thy face ! do not forsake thy children !

Alc. It must be so perforce : farewell, my children.

Adm. Look on them, but a look.

Alc. ————— I am no more.

Adm. How dost thou ? Wilt thou leave us then ?

Alc. ————— Farewell.

Adm. And what a wretch, what a lost wretch, am I !

Chor. She's gone. Thy wife, Admetus, is no more !

Eum. Oh my unhappy fate !

My mother * sinks to the dark realms of light,

Nor longer views this golden light ;

But, to the ills of life expos'd,

Leaves my poor orphan state.

Her eyes, my father, see, her eyes are clos'd,

And her hand nerveless falls.

Yet, hear me, oh my mother, hear my cries !

It is thy son that calls,

Who, prostrate on the earth, breathes on thy lips his sighs†.

Adm. On one that hears not, sees not : I and you

Must bend beneath affliction's heaviest load.

* Query, If Maia be not something softer and tenderer than Mother, something more like our word, which is so charming in the mouth of a young child, Mama.

† Neither of the translators has attended to the peculiar beauty of the *O σός ἀδελφὸς πῶς γινώσκῃ νεκρὸς*, "thy unfledged boy falling on his knees."

For it is grateful to see those we love
At any hour, e'en in the midnight gloom.
Had I the tongue and the melodious strains
Of Orpheus, could I, softening by my song
Or Ceres' Daughter or her haughty Lord,
Redeem thee from the dreary shades beneath,
I thither should descend, nor should the hound
Of Pluto, nor the ferryman of ghosts,
Unwearied Charon who still plies the oar,
Prevent me, till I to the realms of light,
A living consort, thee again had borne:
But wait thou there till the appointed time
Of my departure, and a house prepare,
For thou with me for ever shalt reside.
In the same cedar chest which shall contain
Thy body, I these servants will direct
Mine side by side to place: for e'en in death
From thee I would not part, since thou alone
To me hast faithful prov'd.

Chor. I, like a friend
Who for his friend is interested, will share
Your griefs, for she deserves to be lamented.

Alc. Ye, O my children, must, no doubt, have heard
Your sire professing he will never take
A second wife to tyrannise o'er you,
Nor to my memory offer such an insult.

Adm. This promise I repeat, and will perform.

Alc. On such conditions, at my hands receive
Our children.

Adm. These dear pledges I accept;
By that dear hand entrusted to my care.

Alc. Be thou to them a mother in my stead.

Adm. This sad behest, when thou art torn away,
It greatly doth import me to fulfill.

Alc. I, O my children, to the shades descend
When my life most was needed.

Adm. What resource,
Alas, have I, when thus of thee bereft?

Alc. Time will assuage thy sorrows: but the dead
Sink into nothing.

Adm. Take me, by the Gods,
Take, I entreat thee, to the realms beneath.

Alc. Sufficient is it that I die to save thee.

Adm. Of what a virtuous wife, O ruthless fate
Art thou depriving me!

Eum. Ah, she hath left my youth !
My mother, my dear mother, is no more !
Left me my sufferings to deplore ;
Who shall my sorrows sooth ?
Thou too, my sister, thy full share shalt know
Of grief, thy heart to rend.
Vain, oh my father, vain thy nuptial vows,
Brought to this speedy end ;
For when my mother dy'd, in ruin sunk thy house.

Chor. Admetus, thou perforce must bear these ills
Thou'rt not the first, nor shalt thou be the last,
Of mortal men, to loose a virtuous wife :
For know, death is a debt we all must pay.

Alc. Thick darkness hangs
Upon those eyelids with a leaden weight.

Adm. I utterly am lost, if thou should'st leave me.

Alc. Well may'st thou call me now a thing of nought,
As ceasing to exist.

Adm. Look up, nor quit
Thy children.

Alc. 'Tis not with my own consent,
But I to them must bid a long adieu.

Adm. Cast but one look upon them, one kind look.

Alc. To very nothing now am I reduc'd.

Adm. What mean'st thou? wilt thou leave me thus?

Alc. Farewell! [She dies.]

Adm. Wretch that I am! I perish.

Ch. There she died;

The Consort of Admetus is no more.

Eum. I. Woe is me! my mother's gone

Down the banks of Acheron;

For her, th' auspicious orb of day

No more its radiance shall display:

Her life to fate hath she resign'd,

And me an orphan leaves behind.

'The lustre of those eyes behold

Extinct, those hands unnerv'd and cold.

O mother, listen to my prayer,

Nor let those vows be lost in air;

Thy tender son, 'tis I that speak,

Imprinting kisses on thy cheek.

Adm. On her thou call'st who neither hears thy voice

Nor sees thy tears: both you and I, my children,

Are smitten by the ponderous arm of fate.

Eum. II. Of maternal care bereft,

I, O my sire, in youth am left:

O how severe, how past all cure

Are the afflictions I endure!

You, O my sister, also bear

In this calamity a share.

My father, thou in vain, in vain,

The best of Comforts dost obtain,

Nor to the goal of age hast led,

For she is prematurely dead:

And, O my dearest mother, all

This ruin'd house partakes thy fall.

ART. XIX. *Proofs that Great Britain was successful against each of her numerous Enemies before the late Victory of Sir George Brydges Rodney.* Nichols, Price 2 s.

WHATEVER is thought of the hypothesis advanced by this sincere lover of his country, who had also opportunities of getting good intelligence, every body will be pleased with reading a pamphlet which contains so much matter of fact, and has little declamation or party spirit in it. The author assumes Voltaire's famous assertion about the glorious year 1758, The English victorious in the four parts of the world; and endeavours to establish it by an exact account of debtor and creditor with the Americans, Spanish, Dutch, and French. The account of the ships taken on either side is extracted from the Gazette; after which he pursues the enemy through their territorial losses and acquisitions, their naval stores, their shipping, their trade, &c. &c. The only article he professes not to meddle with is finance. Amongst other innumerable facts, flattering, if they be true, he asserts that we can do without the colonies; that whatever boasts of repairing their navy the French make, it cannot be done; and that, by the loss of their possessions in the East Indies, both they and the Dutch will be destitute of salt-petre. Unluckily he passes over our loss of the Grenades.

ART. XX. *Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds' painted Window at New College, Oxford.*

VERY elegant.—It may, however, be doubted whether “the brawny prophets”—“the martyrdoms of unenlightened days,”—and “the miracles that now no wonders raise,” be not a mixture of styles. But

“The festive rites, the knightly play,
“That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day”—

Together with

“The mouldering halls of barons bold,
“And the rough castle cast in giant mould”—
make ample amends.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

HISTORY.

HISTOIRE de France, par l'Abbé Garnier, v. 27, 28. 2 volumes, 2s. 6d. per volume.

These two volumes of the best history of France extant begin with the year 1555, and go down to the death of Francis II.

Storia antica del Messico. By Don Francisco Xavier Clavigero. 3 vols. 4to. Cesena.

This history, which I have not seen, is said to be well written, though with the professed design of extenuating the cruelties of the Spaniards in America.

Storia Politica e Letteraria della Grecia. By Carlo Denina. 2 vols. 8vo. Florence. 1781.

This work, which I shall give a farther account of, if it deserves it, as well as of the following one on the same plan*, is by the author of *Vicende della Letteratura Italiana*, and other admired works. If it is well done, it may be useful as a compendium to young people who have read, or to old ones, who have not time to read again. This is all that can be expected from abridgments of ancient history.

GEOGRAPHY.

Geographie comparée, ou Analyse de la Geographie Ancienne et Moderne, des peuples de tous les pays & de tous les ages. Par Mr. Mentelle, professeur emerite d'Histoire et de Geographie à l'Ecole Royale Militaire, &c. &c.

* Histoire générale & particulière de la Grece, contenant l'origine, le progrès, la décadence des loix, des sciences, des arts & des lettres, de la philosophie, &c. précédée d'une description géographique, des dissertations sur la chronologie, les mesures, la mythologie, &c. & terminée par le parallèle des Grecs anciens avec les Grecs modernes; par M. Cousin Despréaux, de l'académie des sciences, belles-lettres & arts de Rouen, &c. A Rouen, chez le Boucher; & à Paris, chez Durand.

This work has been extremely well received in France. The subscription has been very numerous, and the most respectable names in the country, in point of science, have contributed towards rendering it perfect. It begins with two introductory discourses; the one contains the astronomical principles of geography; the other is a general abridgment of geography, with a concise view of the natural history of the earth. The treatise of spherics in the first of these (which I have not seen, it having unfortunately been lost out of the set which has come into my hands) is probably very good, as the author, besides having had recourse to Messrs. Le Monnier and De Lalande's astronomy, Mr. D'Alembert's treatise on the precession of the equinoxes, and two treatises of Mr. De-Sejour's on comets and Saturn's ring, has received great assistance from Messrs. La Place and Jaurat of the Academy of Sciences. In the second introductory treatise he has given Messrs. Buffon's and Buache's general principles of the history of the earth, and the sum of what Varenus and Desmarets have said about the waters. Two chapters, one on the cause of the saltiness of the sea, and another on the tides, are followed by the general principles of geography and natural history, and a meridian table, extracted from the *Connoissance des Temps*, making in all 138 pages.

The parts of the work which have already appeared are, *Ancient Italy*, 336 pages 8vo; *Modern Italy*, 468 pages, 8vo; *Turkey in Europe*, 180 pages, 8vo; and *Ancient Spain*, 388 pages, 8vo. With each book is given a set of maps.

The author's method is this. He first gives us the mathematical geography of the country; then a table of the political geography, containing the ancient and modern divisions; then the natural history of the country; on the most remarkable objects of the latter there is a short chapter, compiled from the most approved writers on the subject, such as Desmarets on the glaciers and volcanoes of Italy, De Luc, Arduini, and Ferber on the

the Alps, Mr. Bowles on Spain, &c. &c. This generally takes from 60 to 100 pages. Afterwards the author resumes his ancient divisions, giving with each territory or city a concise sketch of the principal events that have happened to it, soberly extracted from the most approved classical authors. He then goes to modern geography, and gives a short account of each country, its productions, manners, commerce, &c. &c. observing to set out by marking exactly what the great divisions, known by the same or different names, have lost or gained in point of territory. Then comes a chronological or historical analysis of the principal states which have existed, or do exist, in the country; which takes up about half the volume. With the description of Italy are given three very useful tables, one of the different nations who first peopled the country; a very learned one on the government, religion, manners, and customs of the Romans; and the third exhibiting the census established by Servius Tullius.

With each volume is given three or sometimes more maps, quarto size. These commonly consist of a map of the mountains, rivers, &c. of the country, a modern map, an ancient map, and a map in which the modern and ancient divisions of the country, and the modern and ancient names are both of them marked, being distinguished by different colours. This last will be of great utility to those who read ancient history in reference to modern, or modern history in reference to ancient; and had never hitherto been executed, at least with the same degree of accuracy.

Though Mr. Danville and Buching have commonly been Mr. Mentel's guides, yet he does not swear *in verba magistri*, nor disdain other helps when they are offered. Accordingly he has given the course of the Peneus in Theffaly (and of some other rivers in Greece) not according to Mr. Danville, but as it has been given by Mr. Choiseuil-Gouffier in his maps. This he tells us agrees better with what Pococke says, as well as with a
passage

passage in Livy, lib. XLIV. chap. 6. He also corrects D'Aville's account of the course of the Dniester, to the North of Kotchim, from a plan of the city, taken by Prince Galitzin, and communicated by Mr. Keralio.

The subscription having been closed since 1779, the price is a little higher now than it was to the first subscribers. It is something between five and eight shillings a volume, and varies according to the size.

Besides this work, the author has published *Elementary Cosmography*; *Elements of Roman History*; and an abridged *Geography of Greece*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Essay Historique sur la Bibliotheque du Roi, et sur les differens fonds qui la composent, avec la description des batimens et des objects les plus curieux à voir dans ces depots, on y joint la liste historique des bibliotheques publiques et particulieres de Paris, avec l'indication des jours ou des heures ou elles sont ouvertes. 1 vol. 12mo. 400. 2s.

LAW.

Traité de la peine de mort traduit de l'Italien de Mr. Paolo Vergari qui parut à Milan en 1780, suivi d'un discours sur la justice criminelle. Par Cousan. 2l. 8s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Bibliographie instructive, vol. X. being a supplement to Mr. De Bure's Bibliography, and his catalogue of Mr. Gaignat's books, with several additions to these works, and a discourse on bibliography, and the duties of a bibliographer. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

New Analysis of Bayle, or Bayle's attacks on religion and manners refuted from his own writings, with a dissertation on Suicide, by L'Abbé de Launay. French. 4 livres.

CHEMISTRY.

Count Sickengen, a respectable chemist, has found out a new manner of purifying platina, by means of the Prussian alkali, and finds that its bitterness and infusibility are chiefly owing to a large proportion of iron.

When

When separated from the iron, it is more ductile than even gold, and its specific gravity is to that of gold as 27 to 25.

Dr. Ingenhoufz has lately communicated to the Royal Society some new experiments on the property vegetables have to produce pure dephlogisticated air. These experiments were made in answer to Dr. Priestley and Messrs. Cavallo, who were of opinion that the air was not produced by the plants, but by a property in vegetables to purify air which comes in contact with them. The most interesting thing in the paper is, that the doctor thinks it might be a very wholesome thing to sprinkle the water in which air has been produced from vegetables on the floor of close rooms, or even to keep it in the room and stir it frequently. This he imagines might purify the air tainted by frequent respiration.

ENGRAVINGS.

Plan of the siege at Minorca, with the camps and works of the Spaniards, with explanations in French and Spanish. By J. P. Sarrazin, engineer to the duke de Crillon. 1l. 10s.

The two following collections are offered for sale:
1. A set of upwards of 8000 maps and topographical charts and drawings. It consists of the best original maps of every country in a regular series, from the year 1595 to 1747. Amongst them are the great works of Ortelius, Schenk, Hondius, Janſſon, Moll, Coronelli, Otten, Nolin, Blaeu, &c. The single maps and drawings amount to about 6000, some of which are rarely to be met with, such as those of Kepler, Ab Langrèn, Kærius, Gaſtaldi, Vadagnino, de Rubis, Forlani, &c.

2. A collection of upwards of 11000 engraven portraits of illustrious men. Among other valuable books of heads it contains Benavidii imag, &c. Venet. 1567. Capriolo cento capitani illuſtri Roma 1596. Curtii eſlogia Eremit. Auguſtin. Antw. 1636. The single plates are about 7000 in number, all in good condition.

Those who wish for farther information are to apply to Professor Zimmerman at Brunſwic.

NOVELS.

Le danger des Liaisons. A lame imitation of Clarissa, forbidden at Paris, from, I suppose, some resemblance to true history. 4 vols. 8vo.

POETRY.

Poems by Mr. Scott. Buckland, 10s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Materials desired by Dr. Disney of Swinderby for the Life of Dr. Sykes.

Essays sur la Physiognomie, by Mr. Lavater.

THE first volume of this singular work, of which I gave an account in my last number (which I mean soon to resume), is just come over, and is to be had of Elmsly, for Three Guineas. The author gives notice, that, as some of the Vignettes in this Volume are not so well executed as he could wish, the subscribers to the whole, which is to consist of three Volumes, and contain upwards of an hundred plates, with four hundred vignettes, will have other vignettes given them with the second volume. We are likewise informed by the author, that this is not a bare translation from the German; but that he has himself changed the order of several pieces in the original, and made very considerable additions.

There is just published at Paris, an Eulogium on Count Maurepas, late prime minister of France, read at a public meeting of the Academy of Sciences; and, on account of the importance of the subject, permitted by that Academy to be separately published, contrary to their usual rule. As Count Maurepas was at the head of all the literary labours of his countrymen, and as he also raised the storm which now shakes Europe, I shall procure the work, and, if I find it deserving, speak more fully of it in my next. The author is The Marquis Condorcet, distinguished both as a mathematician and elegant writer, now secretary to the Academy.

I N D E X

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